PROMOTERS' OUTLOOK by JIMMY JOHNSTON

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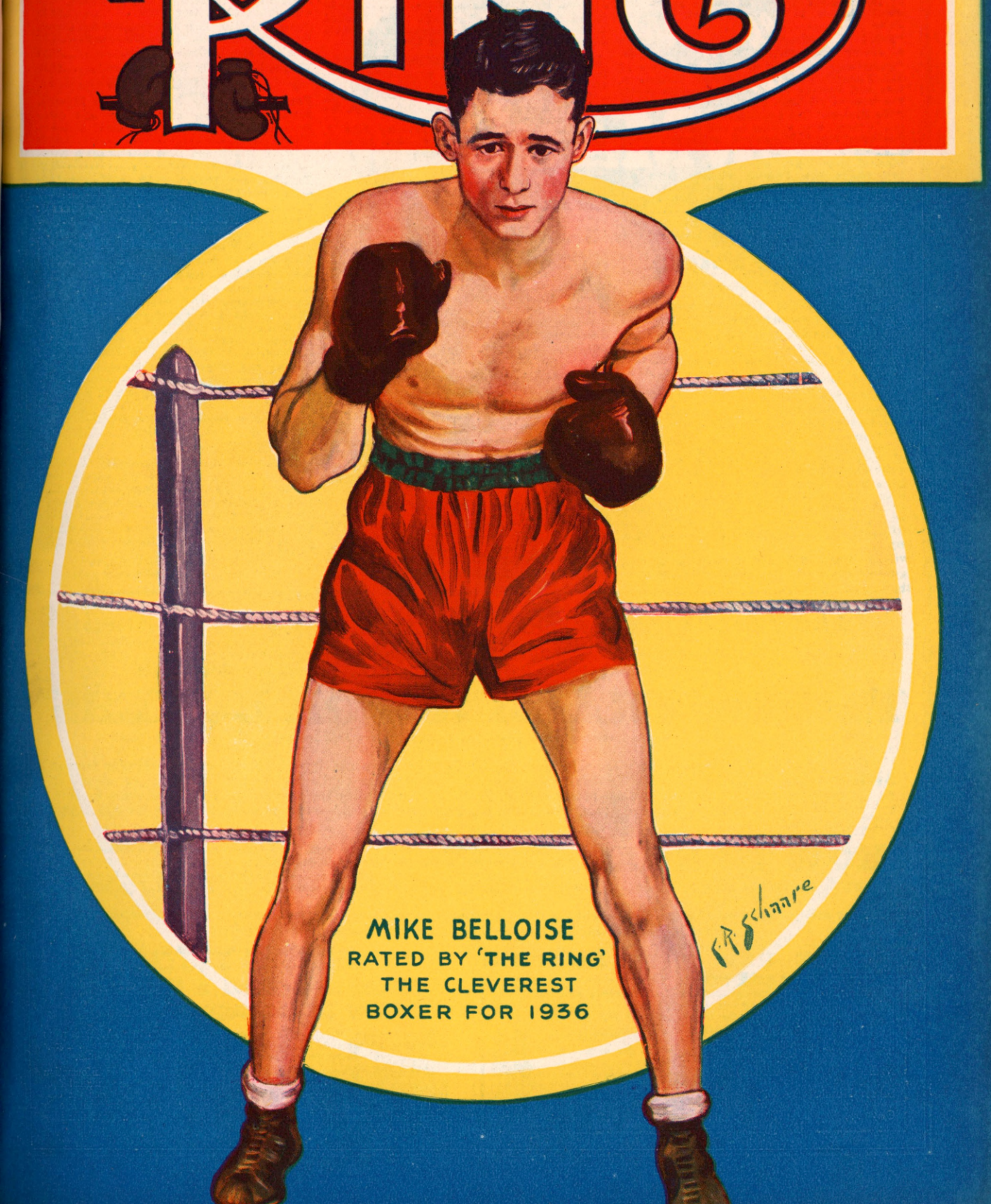

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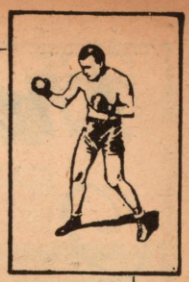

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In Our Next Issue

The Louis-Pastor fight is over. This contest, the most important staged in New York since the Schmeling-Louis battle has a direct bearing on the world heavyweight championship contest next June. Read the resume and study the pictures which will feature the April issue.

The Knockout and its Mental Reactions again has come to the fore. The recent quick kayoes suffered by Lorenzo Pack, Eddie Simms, Erich Seelig and Indian Quintana among others brings back the old question—Can a fighter who has been the recipient of a sleep producing wallop regain his form in subsequent battles. You will find this thoroughly covered in a digest by The Ring Publisher.

Winning punches of heavyweight champions. Have you ever given a thought to the favorite blows of the great fighters of the past and present? Have you ever realized that the best battlers perfect one type of punch and use that more frequently than others in order to reach their goal. You'll find an article on this by George T. Pardy most interesting.

These, in addition to special features by Hype Igoe, Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden, T. W. McNiel and other stars of the Ring staff.

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The PROMOTER SPEAKS

ONCE a year, following his annual rating of boxers, Nat Fleischer, Editor of this magazine, asks an outstanding boxing promoter to list twenty or more fights, fit for the big time tents—

According to his instructions, the fights must be of such magnitude, that only the leading clubs of the country could afford to stage them. In short, his assignment called for the listing of contests fit for the Garden or its leading rivals, bouts either for a championship or those which would lead to a championship match.

Of course the task is far from a simple one, because there aren't enough high class boxers in the entire World, in my opinion, to enable a promoter to get twenty-five really first class fights, the kind that would fill the Garden, and then again, even if the one to whom the assignment is given, were able to get that many bouts together, what chance would he have actually to sign even half that number. I was sitting in my office arguing my head off with the scribes on The Ring's Ratings which had just appeared in the papers, when my secretary, Margie Regan, stepped over to my chair and said:

"Nat Fleischer is here to see you. Says it's important. Wants to discuss with you an article on big bouts for 1937."

"Just the fellow I want to see," I answered, as I almost leaped from my chair, set to have him explain what I thought was an unjust ranking of Bob Pastor in twelfth position among the heavyweights. Needless to say, Nat's addition to the group added flame to the fire that I had started, but my excitement over Pastor's rating got me nowhere with THE RING Editor, who stood pat while I tried hard to prove Pastor's case. And then Nat calmly said:

"Jimmy, if you don't like m rating, why not get up one you self and release it to the papers But before you do that, pleas agree to write something fo THE RING—a story on the Bi Time Promoter's Dream Figh for 1937. You know what mean, Jimmy," he continue "The kind of fights which yo would like to see in the Garde this year, the kind that will lea to big championship bouts fo 1937."

* * *

WELL, even though couldn't agree with TH RING Editor on his ratings, s far as the heavyweights wer concerned, I couldn't hold tha against him. I thought tha Pastor belonged in Barlund place and that Ettore, likewis belonged above Barlund an Haynes, but I consented to carr out his special assignment, s here goes.

By way of explanation, l me say that while the big sh promoter at all times is tryin to garner the best fights in th world for his arena, as is th case of myself in the Garden, h encounters many obstacles whic ultimately prevent more tha sixty per cent of the matches h attempts to make, to materializ

If those on the outside wer to sit at my desk and observ the inner workings of a pro moter's office, they would soo learn of our difficulties. We en counter hazards of all kinds.

First, we find the champio who is loath to defend h crown. He, unlike the champio of old who fought as often a a good opponent could be ob tained for him, likes to rest o his laurels for a year or mor and while doing so, he auto matically halts the progress i his division because the incentiv which a contender might hav otherwise, is lost.

Then we have as a secon great hazard, the fight manage who outsmarts himself by in sisting on pitting his boy onl against palookas, the fighter who either are raw novices wh don't belong in the same clas with the champion, or the vet eran who has passed from th scene and should have retire long ago.

And then we have the stub born fight manager who woul rather pit his champ against a

Johnston's List of "Dream Matches"

HERE are the outstanding fights which Jimmy Johnston says he would like to see in 1937:

Matches Already Arranged

Joe Louis, Detroit, vs. Bob Pastor, New York.

Max Schmeling, Germany, vs. Jimmy Braddock, New Jersey.

Matches in the Making

Jack Trammell, Youngstown, vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.
John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, vs. Al Ettore (return bout).
John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, vs. Gunnar Barlund, Finland.
John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, New York.
Joe Louis, Detroit, vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, New York.
Joe Louis, Detroit, vs. Jack Trammell, Youngstown.
Joe Louis, Detroit, vs. Gunnar Barlund, Finland.
*John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, vs. Al Gainer, New Haven.
*Freddy Steele, Tacoma, vs. Solly Krieger, New York.
*Freddy Steele, Tacoma, vs. Fred Apostoli, San Francisco.
*Freddy Steele, Tacoma, vs. Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh.
*Freddy Steele, Tacoma, vs. Marcel Thil, France.
*Freddy Steele, Tacoma, vs. Babe Risko, Syracuse.
*Barney Ross, Chicago, vs. Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver.
*Barney Ross, Chicago, vs. Ceferino Garcia, Philippines.
*Barney Ross, Chicago, vs. Jack Carroll, Australia.
*Lou Ambers, Herkimer, vs. Pedro Montanez, Porto Rico.
*Lou Ambers, Herkimer, vs. Enrico Venturi, Italy.
*Lou Ambers, Herkimer, vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.
*Lou Ambers, Herkimer, vs. Laurie Stevens, So. Africa.
*Lou Ambers, Herkimer, vs. Jimmy Walsh, England.
*Petey Sarron, Birmingham, vs. Mike Belloise, New York.
*Petey Sarron, Birmingham, vs. Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles.
Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles, vs. Mike Belloise, New York.
Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico, vs. Mike Belloise, New York.
*Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico, vs. Frankie Martin, Canada.
*Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico, vs. Harry Jaffra, Baltimore.
*Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico, vs. Johnny King, England.
Izzy Jannazzo, New York, vs. Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles.
Enrico Venturi, Italy, vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.
Ceferino Garcia, Philippines, vs. Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles.
Phil Brubaker, San Francisco, vs. Andre Lenglet, France.
Sonny Boy Walker, Phoenix, vs. Gunnar Barlund, Finland.
Sonny Boy Walker, Phoenix, vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.
Jorge Brescia, Argentina, vs. Gunnar Barlund, Finland.
Jorge Brescia, Argentina, vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.
Jorge Brescia, Argentina, vs. Jack Trammell, Youngstown.
Arturo Godoy, Chile, vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.
Bob Pastor, New York, vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.
Bob Pastor, New York, vs. Arturo Godoy, Chile.
Bob Pastor, New York, vs. Gunnar Barlund, Finland.
Gunnar Barlund, Finland, vs. Arturo Godoy, Chile.
Gunnar Barlund, Finland, vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.

*Denotes title bout.

JOHNSTON'S DREAM CARDS

Garden Impresario Draws Up List of Outstanding Matches Which Seem Possible for 1937

By JIMMY JOHNSTON

Matchmaker of Madison Square Garden

Among the outstanding matches of the year Johnston lists the Braddock-Schmeling event already arranged. Here we see Braddock just after he had won the title from Max Baer.

opponent in an over-the-weight match than accept a championship bout with the chance of making four times as much money.

And finally, we are confronted with the manager who turns down a lucrative fight in a place like the Garden, with the title at stake, or in a non-championship fight, to meet some unknown in a hick town for a few hundred dollars, only to find that his headaches begin when the so-called easy shot has either scored a surprising victory over the champ or the title-holder has found himself gypped of a legitimate victory by the so-called home-town verdict.

Such was the case only a few weeks ago when John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight king, was

Max Schmeling, who is one of the standouts in the Johnston list.

deprived of a deserved victory and the decision was given by a two-to-one vote to Al Ettore.

* * *

I MENTION these to show what the chances are for a promoter like myself to clinch even fifty per cent of the fights I have listed.

Our task is far from an easy one. It might not be so, were only champions involved, but to get a title-holder into the ring, one must be able to present to him a proper opponent—a real challenger—and to get the challenger is the promoters' task. In my office I carry a book with the name of every fighter of note in the world of fisticuffs listed. Daily my assistants go over the lists of fight reports to enable me to keep up to the times, and where we find an outstanding performance, we go after that performer. It is in that way that we start a series that eventually leads to the elimination bouts right up to a championship mill.

If my listing of the "Promoters' Dream Fights" should come true, even to the extent of fifty per cent, I'll have done wonders. I'll feel very proud, even if I can arrange only a dozen of the many bouts I propose, for even that percentage would be far beyond my fondest hopes.

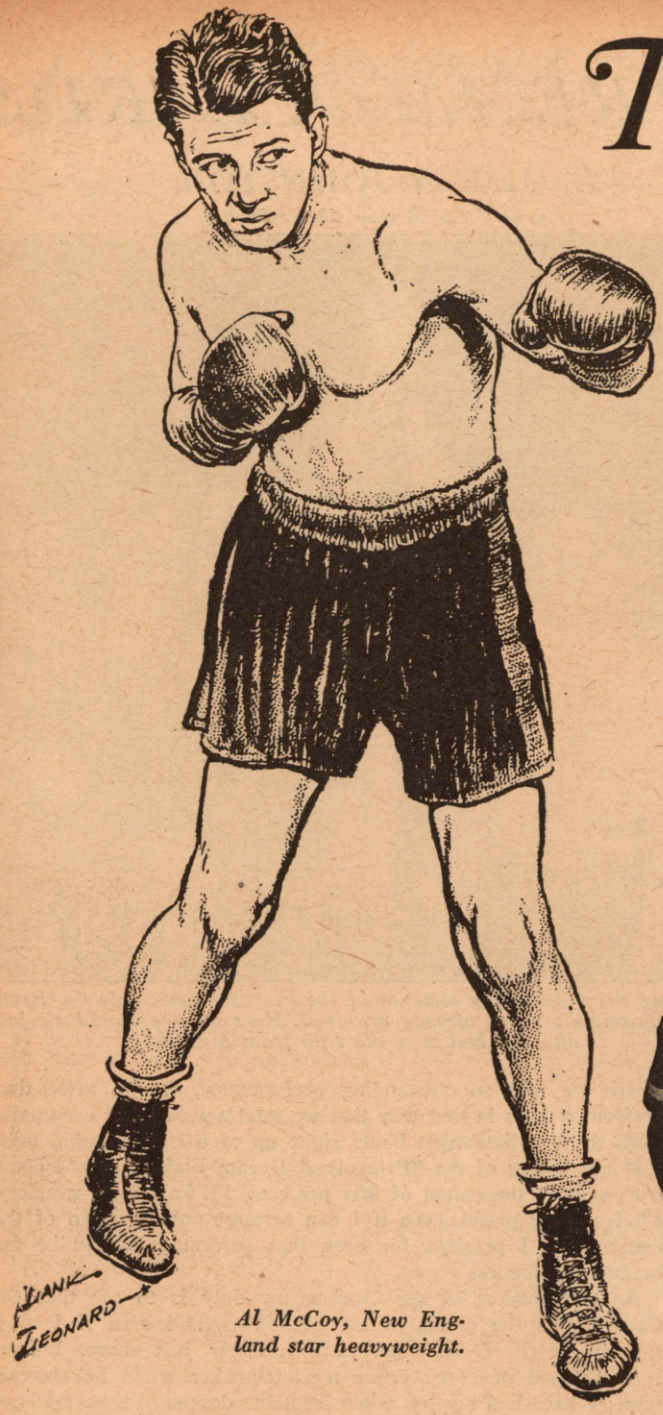
As matchmaker of the Garden, my duty is to see that the Garden gets the cream of the big fights, and even if I must say so myself, I think we have had our just share. I have been accused of every crime a matchmaker could be charged with; I have had my job taken from me dozens of times; I have been charged repeatedly with using only fighters in which either I or members of my family had control. Yet the fact remains that for six years—the longest period any promoter has been in charge of the Garden—I have stood by my guns, and today I still retain my post.

That would indicate that I must know something about my business. I think I should qualify after my many years of association with fights and fighters.

There is nothing more pleasing to a promoter than to realize that he has clinched a match of international importance. And particularly do I appreciate the fight manager who talks my talk—the type that does not haggle over terms, does not insist on selecting suckers for his champ or near-champ and tries to understand my position when discussing a proposed match in which his fighter is involved. Such a manager is Sammy Goldman, who handles the affairs of Tony Canzoneri, Lew Feldman and Leonard Del Genio.

In making up my list of fights, I have named two which I have clinched—the Joe Louis vs. Pastor fight, which took place the last week of January, and the world heavyweight championship bout between Schmeling and Braddock, booked for June 8.

The FANS



Al McCoy, New England star heavyweight.

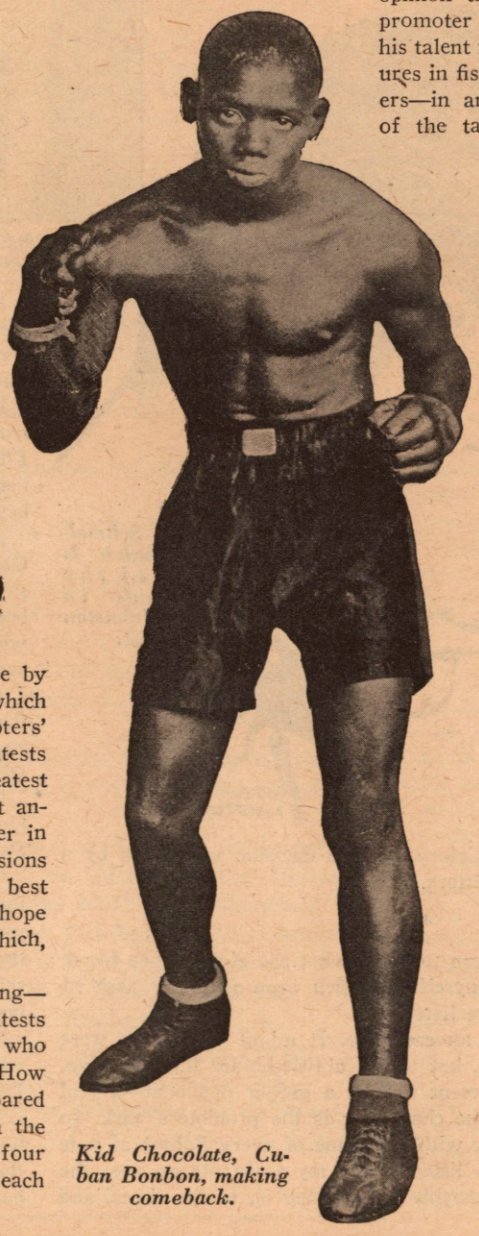
ELSEWHERE in this issue, you will find an article by James J. Johnston, matchmaker of the Garden, in which he tells you of the bouts that would fulfill the promoters' dream for the coming year. In it, he names the contests which from a promotional point of view, would yield the greatest income, and which from an angle of importance, would best answer the demand to pit the leading talent against each other in an effort to bring to an end the controversy in various divisions regarding supremacy. While Jimmy's selections of the world's best fights for the new year meet all for which a promoter could hope to wish, yet there are a number of those important contests which, from the fans' point of view, are not 100 per cent.

What about the fan—the man who pays the freight in boxing—and 1937? What fights would he best like to see? What contests among club battlers, the boys who give and take, the lads who fight three minutes of every bout would he like to see? How about the ringmen who do not stand out in class, as compared to the great men of each division, yet offer more thrills in the smaller clubs in one week, than are ordinarily on view in four months in bouts in which the big shots are pitted against each other? That's something worth considering, isn't it?

RECENTLY, a gathering of newspapermen in Jimmy J ston's office in the Garden started a discussion on ing bouts they had seen. Al Buck, former Maine who now is the boxing writer for the New York *Post*, rupted a hot argument between Caswell Adams of the New *Tribune* and Walter Stewart of the New York *Telegram*, mark: "I've seen many stirring fights around this city since I down from Maine, but there have been only a handful of thr here that were more hair-raising than some of the fights I to cover up in Portland. Take the Louis-Schmeling fight example. How often do you get a thriller like that? The Bals Seelig, Balsamo-Krieger, McLarnin-Canzoneri, Escobar-M fight and a few others were spine ticklers, but for every one seen of that type in New York, I think I can name three I thought were more stirring in action in the small club o home town."

And that led on to a discussion of the promotion of fights i small clubs and the reason for such fights being better on whole than the average card usually presented at the big c Al Weill, who besides handling the affairs of Lou Ambers, w lightweight king, also is a matchmaker of note, gave it a opinion that whereas the big promoter and matchmaker must his talent from among the leading ures in fisticuffs—the top flight f ers—in an effort to eliminate s of the talent so that eventuall good championship m may be reached, the who makes the mat for the smaller organ tions, clubs like the Nicholas and Ridgew of New York, the Pr dence Arena of Rh Island, the Mecha Hall of Boston, the M treal Arena and so throughout the cou must look for his figh from among the lads are crowd pleasers in locality where the clu situated.

"When I made mat for the Queensboro C and the New Ha Club," said Weill, didn't go hunting a champions or contend First, I knew that couldn't afford to pay price for such lads, next, I knew that in or to make some money myself, I had to get b who were colorful c fighters, either home ent or fighters who ha reputation for putting thrilling performances that's why I always m my ventures pay. If y want the real differe between the big time p moter and matchma and the man who has smaller clubs to cont



Kid Chocolate, Cuban Bonbon, making comeback.

and 1937

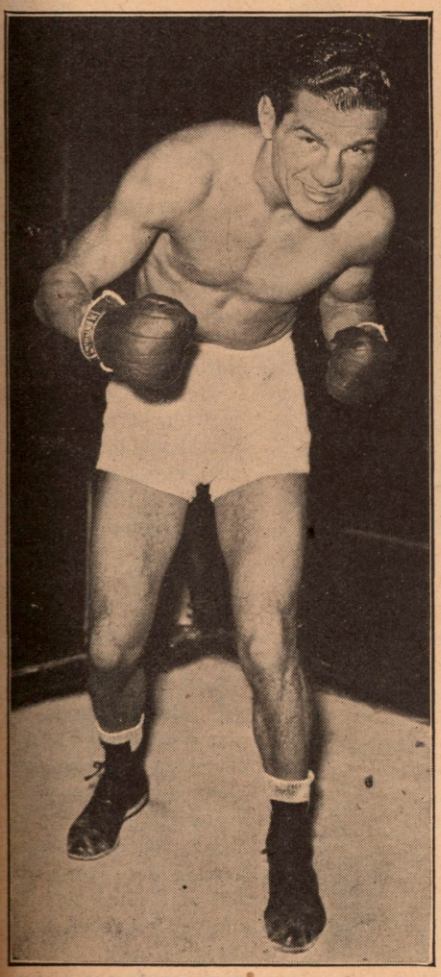
By NAT FLEISCHER

with, I'll tell you that the big shot doesn't have to look for a colorful match so much as the small time promoter. The big shot, even though he knows that he is facing a loss, must pit fighters of recognized ability against each other, while the chap who is in charge of the small organization must seek club talent—the boys who will put up a thrilling bout, regardless of reputation. Reputation, except from the point of view of 'give-and-take' doesn't enter into such promotion. I know, because I've been through the mill."

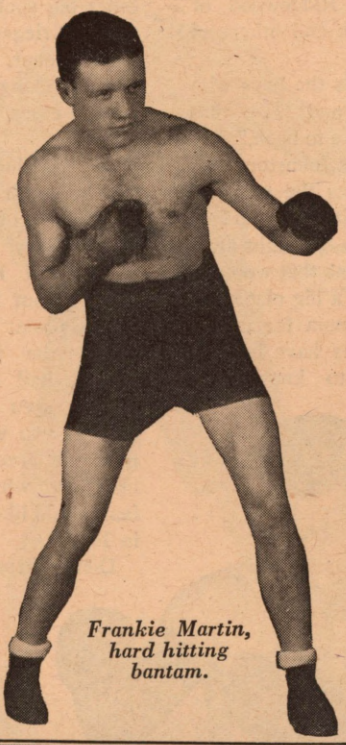
* * *

AND there can be no doubt about the accuracy of Al Weill's statement. While the Garden, the New York Hippodrome, the Boston Arena, the Olympia Stadium of Detroit, the Chicago Stadium and Coliseum, the St. Louis Garden and other clubs of large seating capacity throughout the country on many occasions have catered to far less than capacity crowds, the St. Nicholas Club of New York and the Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Olympic of Hollywood have had capacity or near capacity houses on almost every fight night throughout the year. Why?

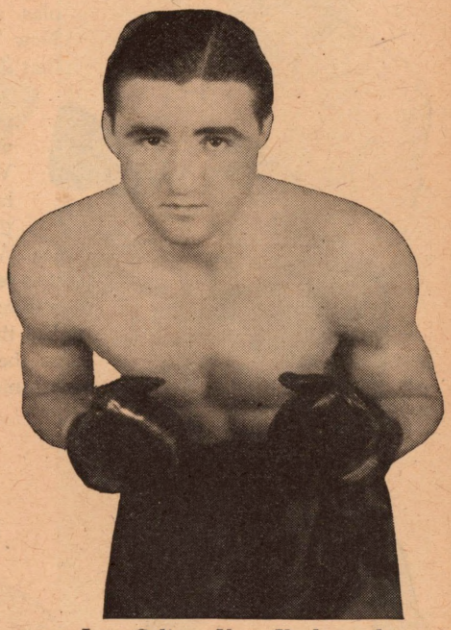
Because the matchmakers have taken the fans into their confidence. They have catered to the fight fans' wishes. They have arranged bouts between boys who are "action personified." They have pitted lads against each other, who, regardless of how many defeats one or both has suffered, give the assembly its money's worth. That's why, Joe Waterman out on the Pacific Coast, stands out today as one of America's foremost promoters. He caters to the fans' wishes.



Aldo Spoldi, Italy's lightweight contender.

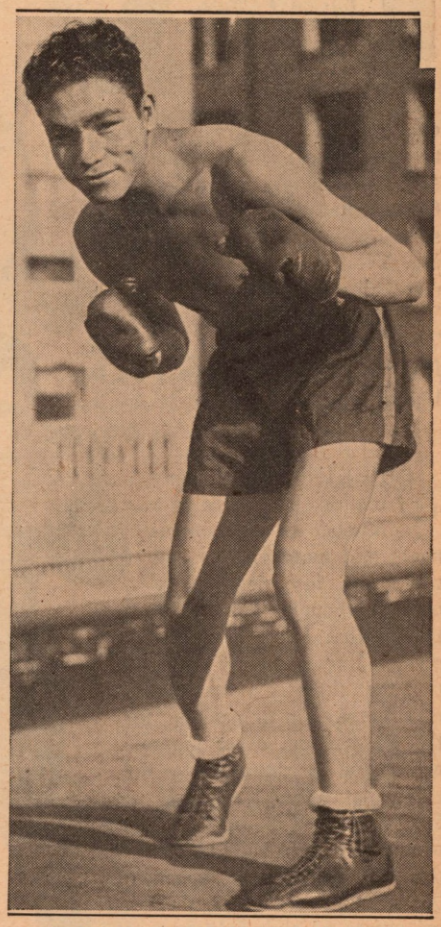


Frankie Martin, hard hitting bantam.



Lou Salica, New Yorker who stands high on Coast.

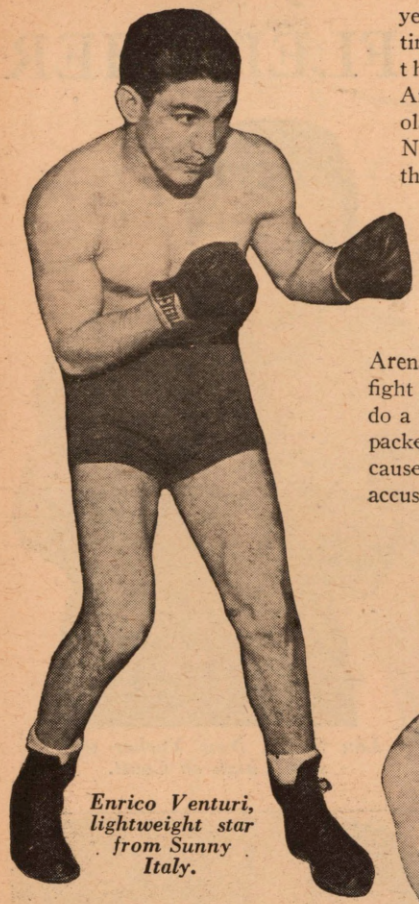
Joe Penino, hard-hitting Brooklyn welterweight.



Baby Casanova, Mexican bantam.

"Great fight." "Boy what a humdinger." "I'd go a long way to see that fight over again."

Those and many similar remarks are heard as the fans leave the hall, with satisfaction written on the faces of every ticket holder. Possibly not a single top flight fighter was on any of the cards, yet every fight the fans had witnessed was of a variety that kept the assemblage on edge from the moment the first gong was sounded until the last tap of the bell. That is the reason for the success of the smaller clubs during 1936 and judging by the calibre of the fights being arranged for this



Enrico Venturi, lightweight star from Sunny Italy.

year, I can foresee a continuation of success for the Olympic in Los Angeles, the St. Nicholas and Ridgewood of New York and others of that ilk.

"It's the boys who give and take, that we like to book," said Willie Johnston, who handles the reins of the St. Nicholas Arena. We've had fight after fight at our club that wouldn't do a thing in a big place, yet packed the arena for us because the fans have become accustomed to know that every time those boys are booked, they'll get real action. Take those same fellows and put them in the Garden, and as a rule they put up such a poor fight that it is mystifying. Yet the reason for their sommersault should be easily explained. The club atmosphere is different. They become rattled or wary for fear that they won't make good in the big house and they don't."

* * *

SEEKING further information, I appealed to a number of fight managers and matchmakers and when my interviews were over, I thought I had obtained what I had gone out to seek. I learned to my satisfaction that there is a vast difference between matchmaking for the Garden and other gigantic arenas and matchmaking for the clubs that house from 1500 to 5000 persons. I learned that in one, the aim is to build up championship matches or topnotch bouts, and in the other, the development of club fighters was the issue. If you don't think that John Public has much to say in the matchmaking department of a small organization, then you've got another guess coming. After the build-up at the smaller clubs, the survivors of the hot battles so often witnessed, graduate to the Garden, Hippodrome and other big spots. Balsamo, Krieger, Garcia, Escobar, Salica, Louis among other notable cases, are examples.

Mr. Matchmaker, I am herewith giving you a list of fights that if they can be made, will fill the club of your locality—the place from which the fighters named, hail or are usually seen in action. If you want to fill your arena, pay heed to what the fans would like to see in 1937.

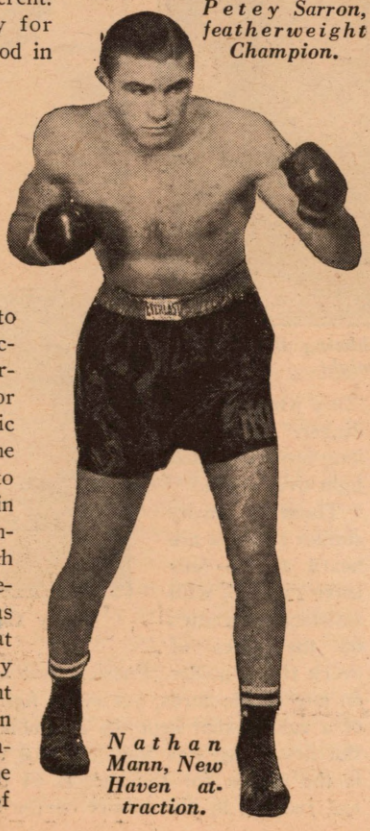
Don't shrug your shoulders and say "Wha's the use—it looks good on paper but they won't to make the match." Go after your men. They will listen to reason and when you garner the bouts that the fans crave, joy, you'll be sharing some of the prosperity that should be yours and will be that of other promoters—your rivals—during the coming year.

Here they are, you matchmakers—fights that should be colorful—club fights that should draw—contests that are named by fighters, managers and fight fans who know what the public demands and is eager to see.

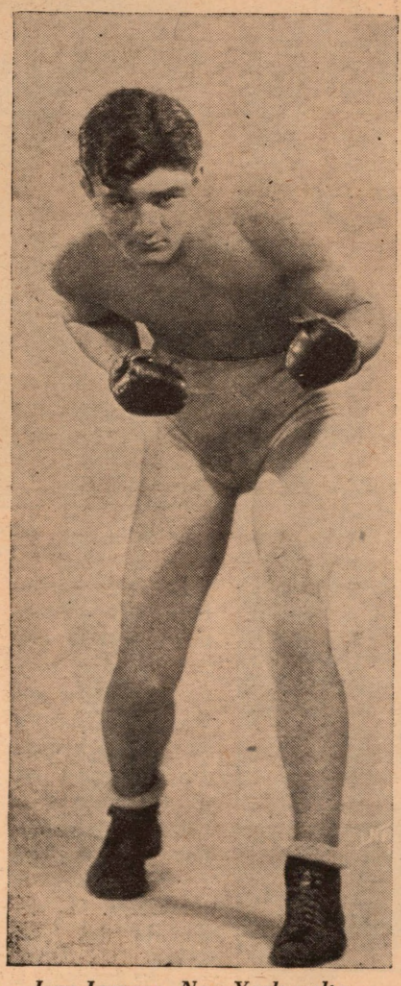
* * *

YOU have often heard it said by the promoters and matchmakers alike, that there is insufficient good material from which to make enough matches for a club to keep itself out of the red by running shows regularly. I disagree with them. I don't profess to be

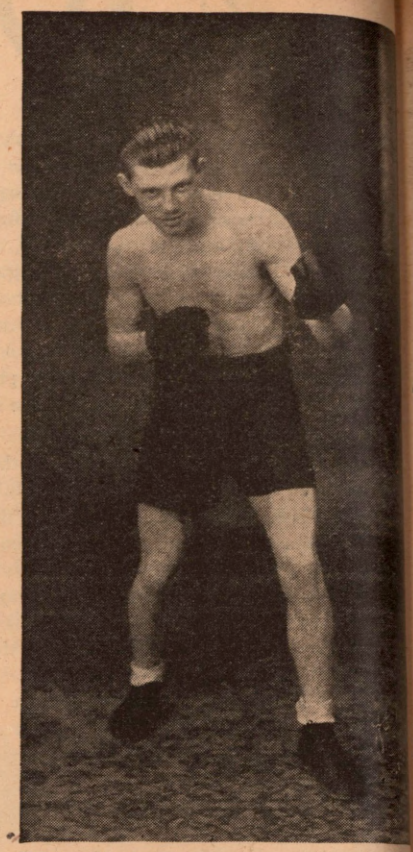
Petey Sarron, featherweight Champion.



Nathan Mann, New Haven attraction.

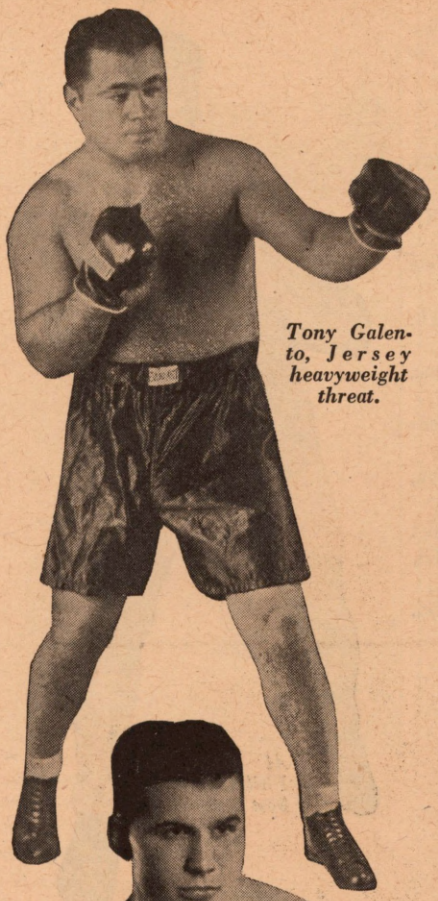


Izzy Jannazo, New York welter.

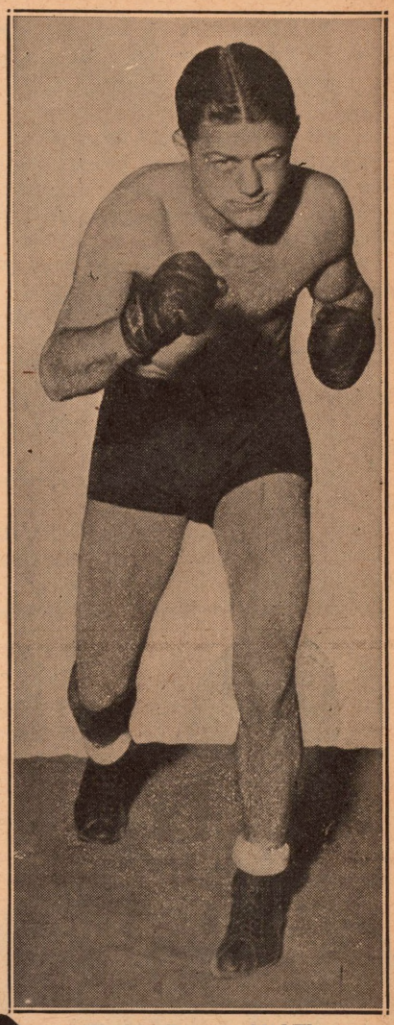


Eddie Mader, who goes strong in New England.

Maxie Rosenbloom, still idol of fans.



Tony Galento, Jersey heavyweight threat.



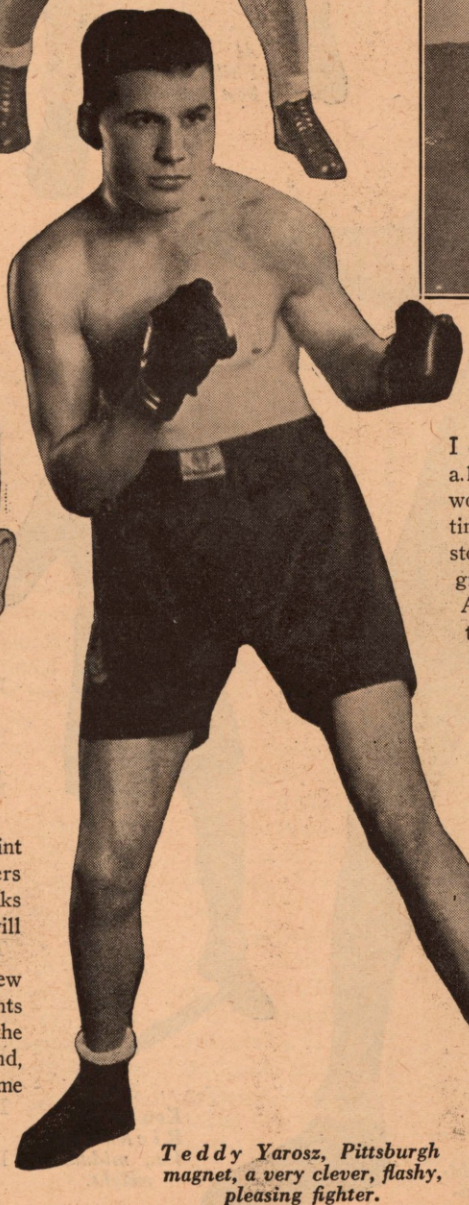
Wesley Ramey, Mid-West lightweight.

promoter. I don't profess to know enough about the intricacies of the fight game to be able to go out and corner a dozen of the matches I have listed here. But that is not my job. That is the promoters' job.

In gathering 140 contests which I believe can be made, I have only scratched the surface. Granted that it would be too much to expect that each of the 140 bouts could be arranged, I am certain that fifty will be clinched within a month after my list appears in print and that when the new year is half over, promoters throughout the land will send me a vote of thanks for the new interest in boxing which I'm sure I will have created by this novel experiment of mine.

Ceferino Garcia,, welter contender.

I gathered the list by questioning fight fans in New York and other localities, by asking my correspondents for a list of fights which they thought would fill the clubs in their city and then, without showing my hand, I asked fight managers and promoters to tell me what fights they would like to get for their clubs. Thus, I was able to gauge partiality, and after weeding out the names of those whom I knew were being foisted upon me because of a deep interest



Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh magnet, a very clever, flashy, pleasing fighter.

which promoter, fighter or manager might have in a lad, I came to the conclusion that I had a list of fights which, if made in 1937, would, in conjunction with the big time matches which Jimmy Johnston has listed, give to this year its greatest boom in a decade.

Already I've been told, even before this article went to print, that Bill Johnston of the St. Nicholas Club of New York, Johnny Attell of the Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn, Joe McKenna of the Coliseum and Tom McArdle, and Jackie Farrell of Jersey City, to each of whom I had shown my list, already have cornered nine of the fights named. That shows what can be done and what will be accomplished by the promoters as soon as they study the fights demanded by the fans of their city.

Well, you promoters and matchmakers, here is the fight fans' dream of 140 fights scheduled for 33

cities, the leading fistic localities in America. Make certain that you get at least one of these shows for your club.

New York City

Aldo Spoldi, Italy vs. Irving Eldridge, New York City.

Nathan Mann, New Haven vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.

Pete Scalzo, Brooklyn vs. Al Reed, New York.

Pete Scalzo, Brooklyn vs. Joey Wach, New York.

Pete Scalzo, Brooklyn vs. Nickey Jerome, Brooklyn.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba vs. Phil Baker, Norwalk.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba vs. Baby Casanova, Mexico City.

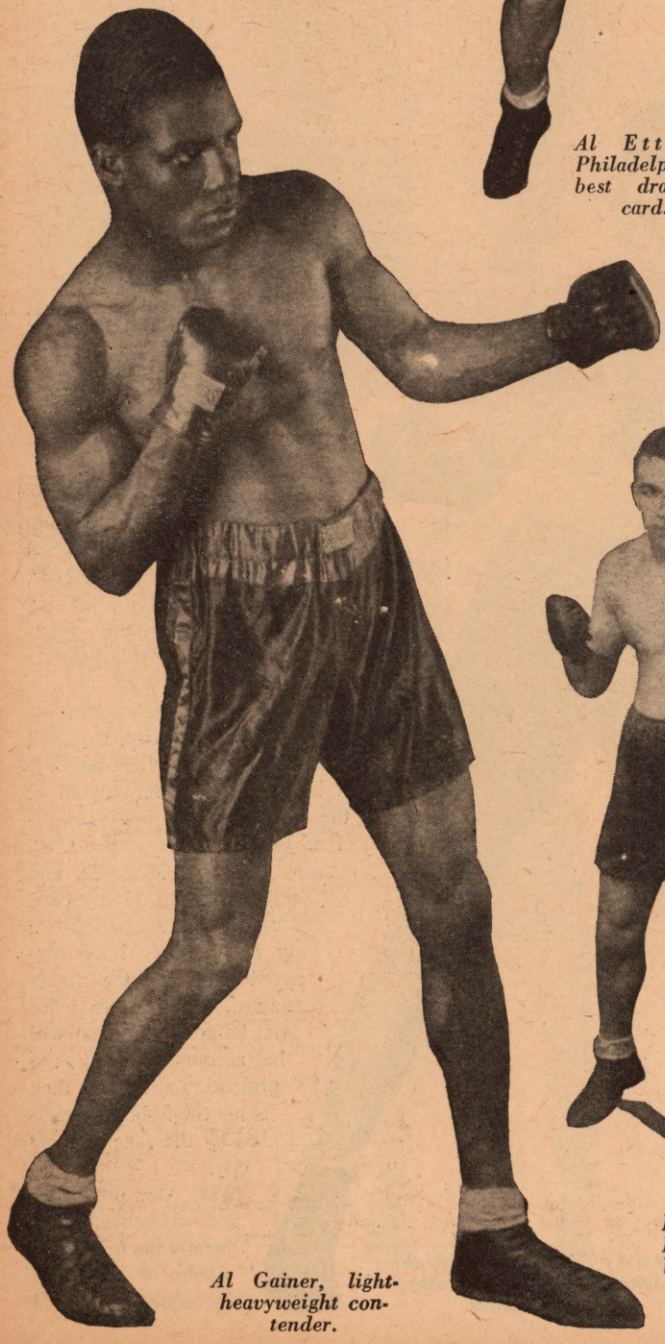
Enrico Venturi, Italy vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.

Lew Feldman, Brooklyn vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.

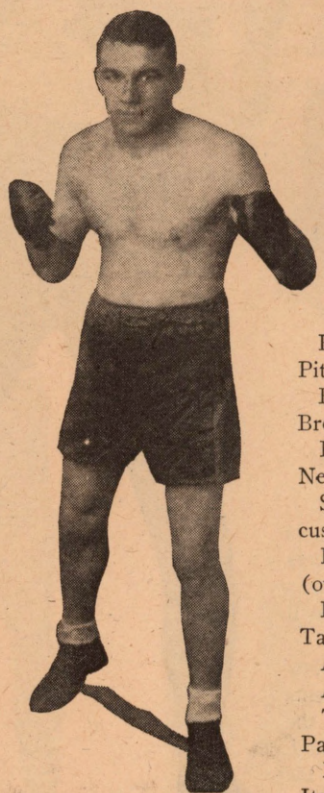
Lew Feldman, Brooklyn vs. Billy Beauhold.

Al Ettore, Philadelphia's best drawing card.

Bob Nestle, California's latest heavyweight star.



Al Gainer, light-heavyweight contender.



Ken Overlin, Richmond, Va., middleweight.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco vs. Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco vs. Solly Krieger, Brooklyn.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco vs. Harry Balsamo, New York City.

Solly Krieger, Brooklyn vs. Babe Risko, Syracuse.

Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles vs. Lou Ambers, (overweight.)

Phil Baker, Norwalk, Conn. vs. Red Guggino, Tampa.

Aldo Spoldi, Italy vs. Phil Baker, Stamford.

Aldo Spoldi, Italy vs. Red Guggino, Tampa.

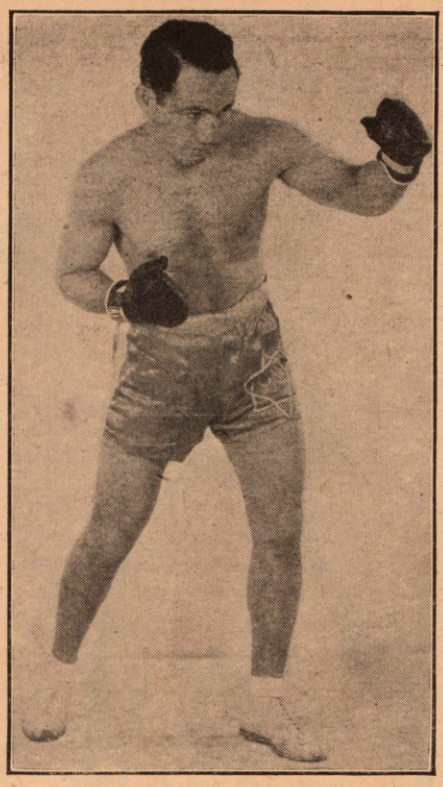
Tony Marino, Pittsburgh vs. Indian Quintana, Panama.

Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.

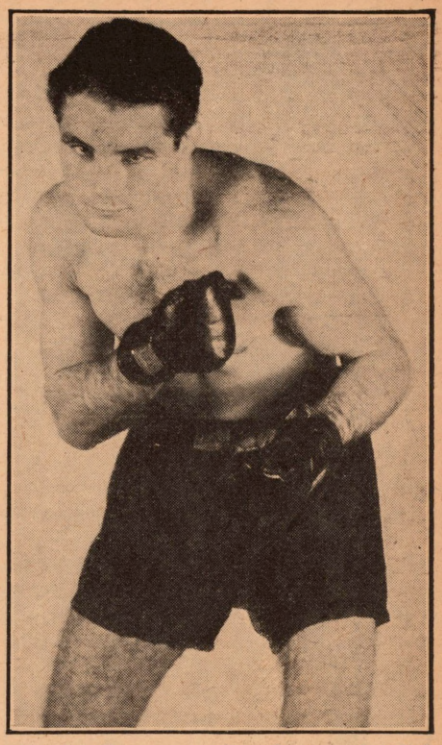
Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico vs. Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles, (140 pounds.)

Ceferino Garcia, L. A. vs. Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles.

Johnny Cabello, classy New York 130 pounder.



Jack Portney, Baltimore southpaw, who is drawing card with leading welterweights.



Charley Gomer, rough and aggressive Baltimore lightweight, who is making rapid headway.

Newark, N. J.

Tony Galento, Newark vs. Joe Louis, Detroit.
Tony Galento, Newark vs. Eddie Mader, New York City.
Tony Galento, Newark vs. Marty Gallagher, Washington.
Tony Galento, Newark vs. Steve Dudas, Jersey City.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lew Feldman, Brooklyn vs. Charley Gomar, Brooklyn.

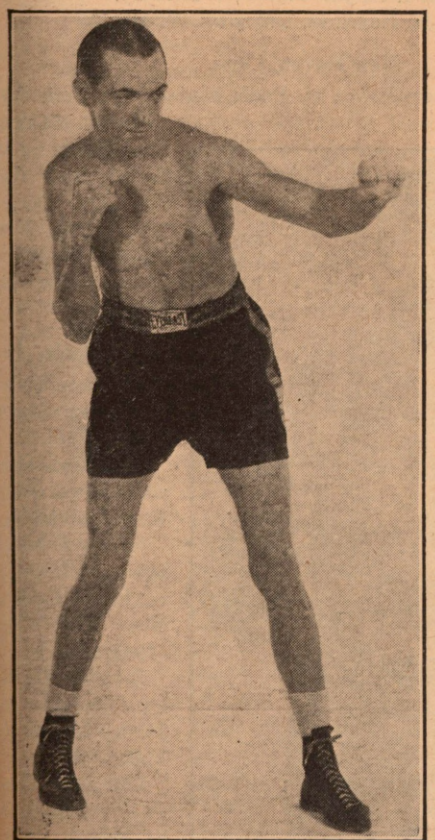
Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles vs. Joe Pennino, Brooklyn.

Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles vs Tony Falco, Philadelphia.

Indian Quintana, Panama vs. Nickey Jerome, Brooklyn.

Jack Portney, Baltimore vs. Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale, Pa.

Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale, Pa. vs. Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles.



Eddie Zivic, the lightweight of the Zivic clan, is ranked among the topnotch lightweights.

Washington, D. C.

Howard Scott, Washington vs. Chino Alvarez, Tampa.

Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y. vs. Howard Scott, Washington.

Marty Gallagher, Washington vs. Jack Roper, Los Angeles.

Jack Portney, Baltimore vs. Phil Furr, Washington, D. C.

Chicago, Ill.

King Levinsky, Chicago vs. Harry Thomas, Los Angeles.
Davey Day, Chicago vs. Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y.
Davey Day, Chicago vs. Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico.
Davey Day, Chicago vs. Enrico Venturi, Italy.
Barney Ross, Chicago vs. Milt Aron, Dubuque, Iowa.
Milt Aron, Dubuque, Iowa vs. Eddie Carroll, Toronto.

Dallas, Texas

Tom Beaupre, Dallas vs. Al Ettore, Philadelphia.

Max Roesch, Texas vs. Dewey Kimrey, Texas.

Houston, Texas

Tom Beaupre, Dallas vs. Max Roesch, Dallas.

Jersey City, N. J.

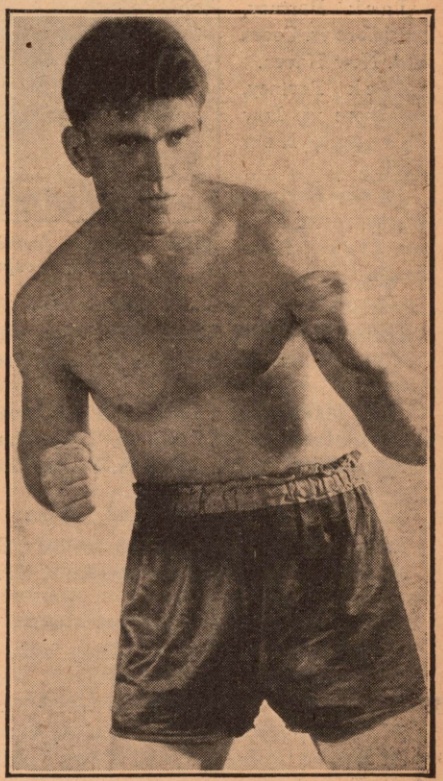
Billy Beauhold, Jersey City vs. Lew Feldman, Brooklyn.

Billy Beauhold, Jersey City vs. Joey Ferrando, Jersey City.

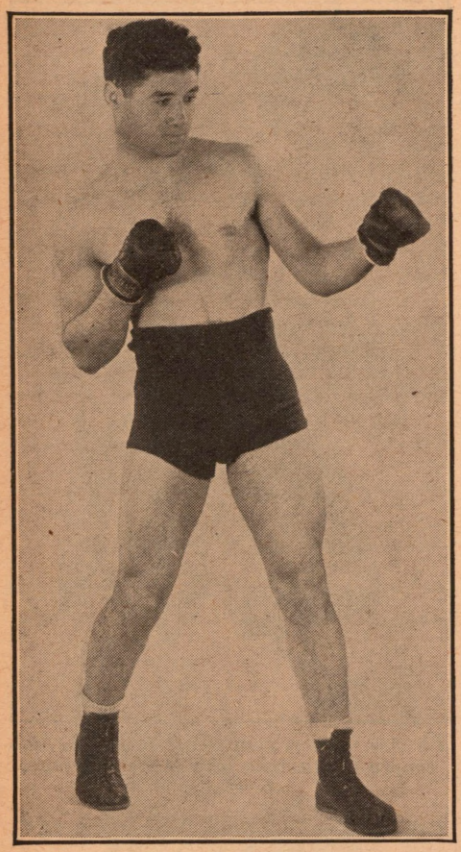
Billy Beauhold, Jersey City vs. Enrico Venturi, Italy.

Billy Beauhold, Jersey City vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.

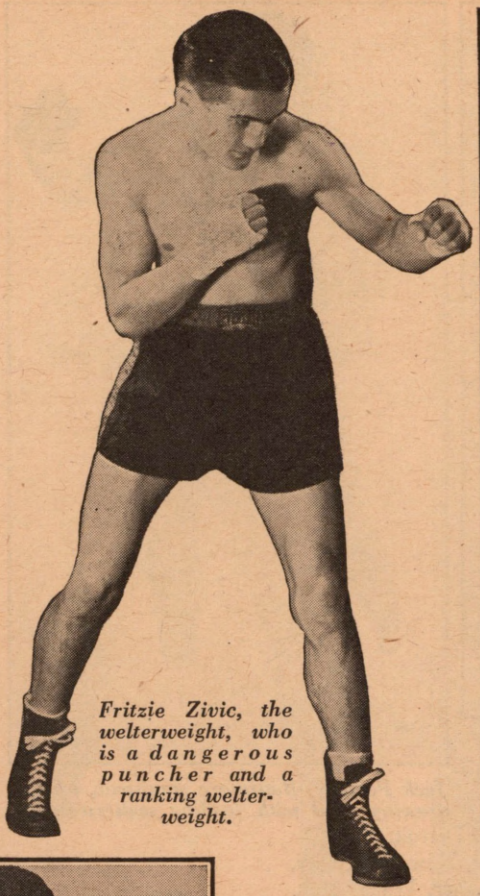
Young Zazzerino, Jersey City vs. Billy Beauhold, Jersey City.



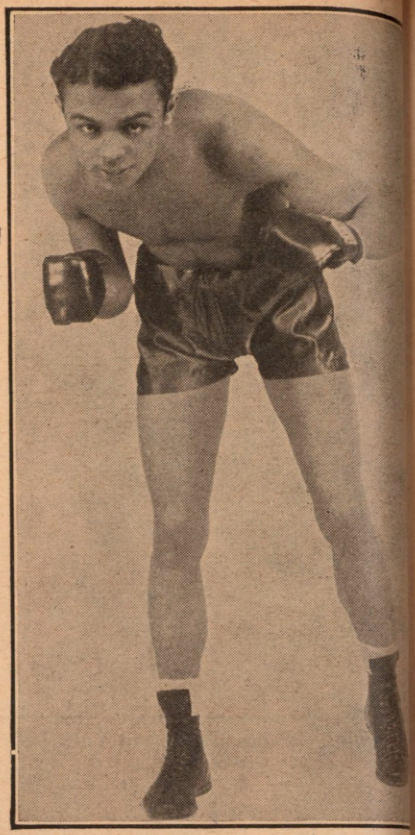
Steve Dudas, slam-bang Jersey heavyweight, who can always be relied upon for action.



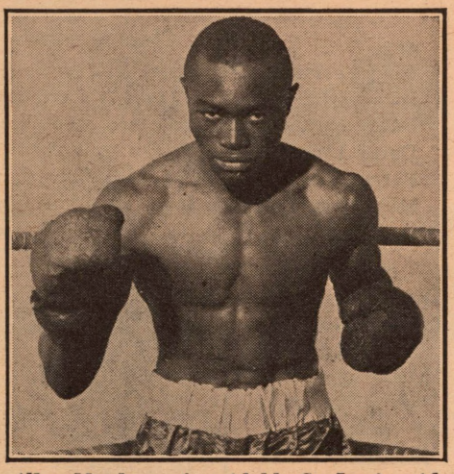
Andrea Jessurun, classy New York welterweight, who is improving.



Fritzie Zivic, the welterweight, who is a dangerous puncher and a ranking welterweight.



Victor Vallee, one of the cleverest youngsters in New York, in the featherweight division.



Allen Matthews, formidable St. Louis middleweight, a capable performer.

Baltimore, Md.

Jack Portney, Baltimore vs. Cleto Locatelli, Italy.

Jack Portney, Baltimore vs. Cocoa Kid, New Haven.

Jack Portney, Baltimore vs. Izzy Jannazo, New York.

Jack Portney, Baltimore vs. Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh.

St. Louis, Mo.

Henry Armstrong, St. Louis vs. Billy Beauhold, Jersey City.

Tony Chavez, California vs. Young Everette Rightmire, Sioux City.

Allen Matthews, St. Louis vs. Fred Apostoli, San Francisco.

Allen Matthews, St. Louis vs. Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh.

Allen Matthews, St. Louis vs. Freddy Steele, Tacoma.

Portland, Maine

Paul Junior, Maine vs. Honey Mellody, Boston.

Al McCoy, Maine vs. Bud Mignault, Brockton, Mass.

Holyoke, Mass.

Saverio Turiello, Italy vs. Jimmy Leto, Hartford.

Boston, Mass.

Al McCoy, Maine vs. Tony Shucco, Boston.

Al McCoy, Maine vs. John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.

Providence, R. I.

Joey Archibald, Providence vs. Sixto Escobar, Puerto Rico.

Joey Archibald, Providence vs. Frankie Martin, Montreal.

Waterbury, Conn.

Phil Baker, Norwalk vs. Joe Vignali, Waterbury.

Nathan Mann, New Haven vs. Unknown Winston.

New Haven, Conn.

Nathan Mann, New Haven vs. Eddie Mader, New York C

Nathan Ma
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Haven vs. Jo
Henry Lew
Phoenix.

Solly Krieger, hard hitting Brooklyn middleweight, classed among the top rung

Philadelphia, P

Al Ettore, Phi
delphia vs. Art
Goday, Chili.

Eddie Cool, Ph
adelphia vs. Ber
Bass, Philadelphi

Johnny Hutch
son, Philadelp
vs. Johnny Cabe
New York C
(Return bout)

Bobby Gre
Philadelphia
Johnny Marcelli
Philadelphia.

Johnny Hutch
son, Philadelp
vs. Freddie Mil
Cincinnati.

Johnny Hutch

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BOXING and ITS APPEAL

By AL BUCK

BOXING is universal in its appeal, perhaps because a punch on the nose is understood the world over. It would seem, therefore, an easy thing to compare the fistic activities of New York with those of London, from where I only recently returned. It would be, too, if one did not have to allow for the different viewpoints with which the fans of two great nations look upon their favorite sport.

The Englishman understands a punch on the nose as well as does a resident of New York. But the Englishman looks upon the game as a sport with rules to be abided by, even though a penalty may cut short his evening's entertainment.

In one Sunday afternoon's fighting at "The Ring," the first four contests resulted in claims of foul. This would never be tolerated in the St. Nicholas Palace or in the Ridgewood Grove of our city. On the other hand, the Englishman would never tolerate our no-foul rule.

One has to go into the gallery at an arena such as Wembley Pool to get a viewpoint similar to the American. Although John Henry Lewis, in defending the light-heavyweight championship, won twelve of the fifteen rounds, the gallery booed the verdict in the Negro's favor. Pride in home and country was expressing itself.

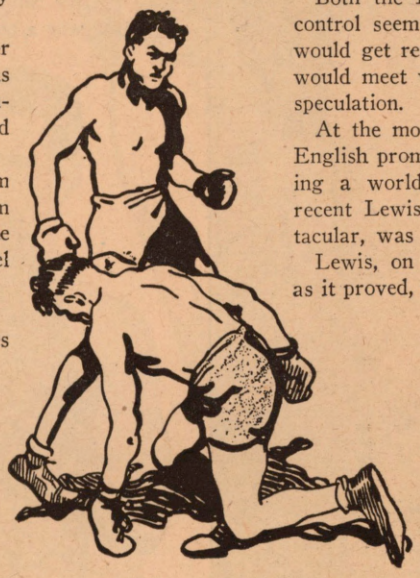
Englishmen, seated around the ringside in dinner clothes, expressed regret at what they regarded as an unfortunate incident. The British papers condemned such vocal expression as unsporting and unfair.

And yet such a demonstration did not seem strange to one who has seen bottles thrown from the gallery of Madison Square Garden as was done the night Pedro Montanez fought Leonard Del Genio.

* * *

FROM what I observed of the English referees in action I would say that they are neither better nor worse than those we have in the United States.

Rather they are different. They do not go between the boxers on a break; in fact, to do so would be dangerous as the British rules permit hitting on the break. They assert their authority by their voice, the boxers obeying their commands on threats of disqualification. An English referee does not hesitate to rule a foul and disqualify the offender. In doing so he has the support of the public.



Our referees work harder than do their English brothers. They move more during the contest. They sometimes pull and haul to force boxers out of a clinch. And they do not seem to enjoy as much authority as do those working in England.

An American crowd would never stand for the English type of referee. Still, I doubt if the English would stand for the way one of our officials works.

Nevertheless, in his way Jack Smith, the man who refereed the Lewis-Harvey fight, is quite as capable as Arthur Donovan. Here again you are up against a point of view.

London, like New York, has its gigantic arenas, its Wembleys and Earl's Court, which, on the whole, compare favorably to the Garden. They are big, spacious and clean. There the boxer performs before the best people, just as they do in the Garden. He is also sure he will be paid for his services and that he will get an honest count from the house.

There are also in London smaller clubs, feeding grounds for the bigger arenas that run weekly shows, as do the St. Nick and the Grove. In fact, in this respect the English set-up is similar to ours, even to the extent that a comparison may be drawn between Albert Hall and the Hippodrome, both top-ranking clubs with limited seating capacity.

The governing body in England is the British Board of Boxing Control. It differs from the various commissions on this side of the Atlantic, in that it is a self-constituted body that rules with the approval of the promoters. Boxing is not legal in England. Neither is it illegal. British law simply ignores its existence.

The nobility, serving on the Board of Control, really give it the power it exercises although there is opposition, headed at the moment by Jimmy Wilde, the former flyweight champion, who represents the British Boxers' Union.

Nevertheless, the leading promoters pay a tax to the Board of Control. The body licenses referees, but their selection is left to the boxers and the promoter. One result of this is greater publicity. Lewis and Harvey wrangled for a week over the official. The British even gave serious consideration at one time to the suggestion that James J. Johnston, the Madison Square Garden promoter, be named the third man in the ring.

Of course, such a situation could hardly exist in the United States, although George Blake was called in to handle the Max Schmeling-W. L. Young Stribling bout at Cleveland in 1931. In New York, as well as in the majority of states, the boxing commission is created by law, politically appointed and invested with certain definite powers, among them the right to select officials.

Both the English and American system of boxing control seem to work, but whether the British style would get results here or whether the American way would meet with approval in London is a matter for speculation.

At the moment Arthur J. Elvin is the outstanding English promoter. He assumed that position by bringing a world's championship fight to England, the recent Lewis-Harvey battle, which, though not spectacular, was hard fought throughout.

Lewis, on foreign soil and several unfounded and, as it proved, needless fears as to what he might expect in the way of hostile officials, fought a smart, crafty battle. Harvey, in the twilight of his career, turned in what for him was the best possible fight. Though losing, he paced himself beautifully and had enough left for a rally in the last two rounds.

In fact, his flash caught the fancy of the gallery and upstairs, if not that of those seated closer to the ring. Lewis, feeling his way, lost the first two rounds, but after solving Harvey's style, came on to win the next eleven sessions. He may have been nosed out in the hectic fourteenth when Len rallied, only to come back and more than hold his own in the final chapter.

* * *

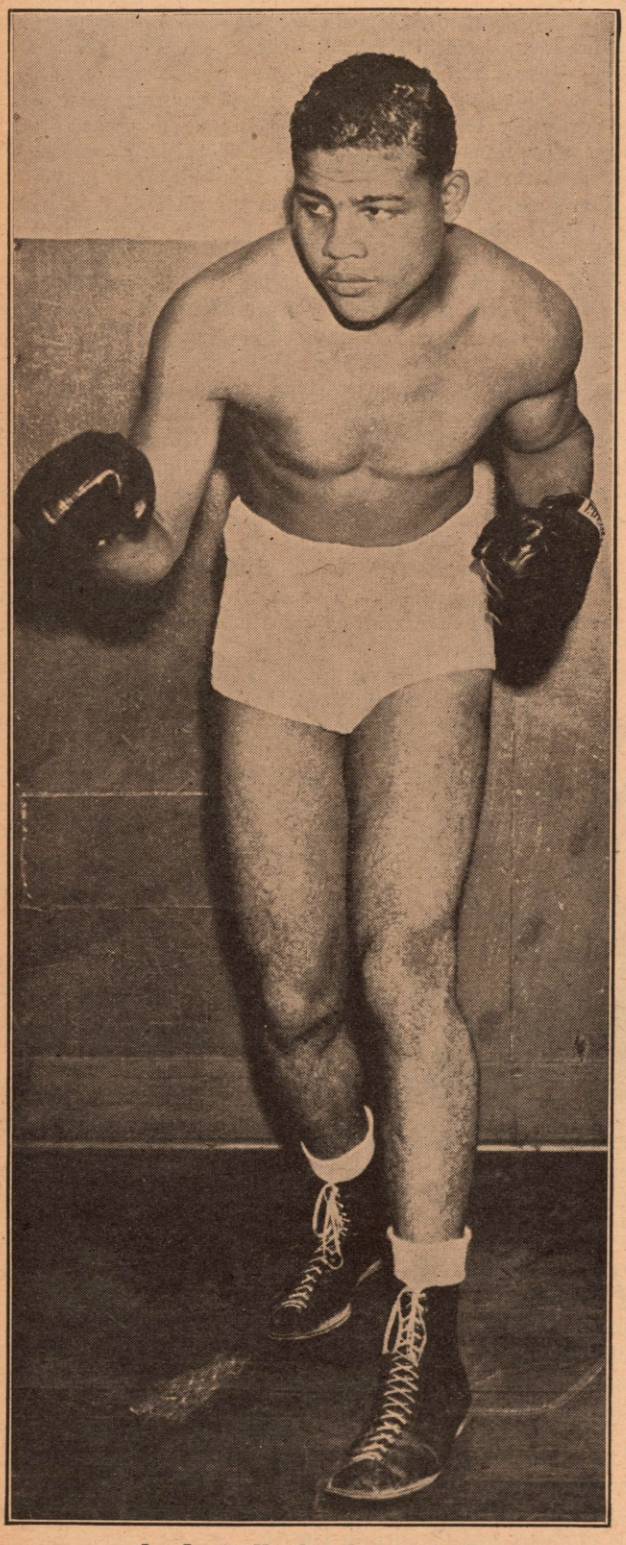
PRICES for boxing in London are, if anything, higher than those charged in New York. Wembley got $26.25 for a ringside seat as against the usual $11.50 charged for championship bouts in New York. The total gate for the Lewis-Harvey fight was $76,000 and John Henry returned to the United States with his title and more than $20,000 in purse money.

What is more important, the colored champion will be welcome if he ever returns to England. He made a fine impression by his sportsmanship and his ability as a boxer. In fact, the fight was a happy occasion for all concerned, including the American fighter, the promoter and the British fans.

British boxing suffers, in common with boxing all over the world, from a lack of talent. Here and there is a capable fighter—Jimmy Walsh, the lightweight champion, for example—but there is little opposition.

Eddie Philips rules the light-heavyweight division, yet it is doubtful if he could defeat either Len Harvey or Jock McAvoy. Benny Lynch, who claims the world's flyweight title, is an aggressive little fellow, and Johnny King, the bantamweight king, is a smart boxer. Johnny McGrory and Jake Kilrain, featherweight and welterweight, respectively, are *(Continued on page 43)*

WHAT IT TAKES,-



Joe Louis. Has he what it takes?

WHAT does it really take to be the heavyweight champion of the world? What does it take to be the boxing ideal?

These questions cannot be answered offhand. Perhaps the best way to arrive at the answers would be to analyze the fistic attributes of men who have held the title, and find out what made them click, what made them approach the ideal.

The writer says "approach the ideal" because it is his opini that we have yet to develop the champion who would respond all the requirements.

Let us go back—all the way back—to John L. Sullivan, abo whom there still is so much conversation, still so much deba much of it rancorous. The Old Guard will not surrender on Su livan. It admits to having suffered a bad scare during the heyd of Jack Dempsey, but it is more certain than ever that John L the Boston Strong Boy, was the grandest fighter in the histo of the game and the fistic beau ideal.

Sullivan could hit. But he was not the murderous hitter the o boys would lead you to believe he was. Otherwise, how may w account for the long fights in which John L. engaged. He w not the murderous puncher Dempsey was. He was a marvel f his time, and particularly a marvel when you consider that rare was he in tip top shape for a fight. He drank copiously, traine in sketchy fashion.

No, John L. Sullivan was not the ideal for which we are co ducting this search.

After Sullivan came Jim Corbett. We are getting hotter. Co bett was a marvel. He made the boxing game over, just as Ba Ruth made baseball over with his amazin hitting. Corbett was fast on his feet, h had a real brain, he was a marvellous boxe He was clever—more clever than any othe heavyweight we have seen. But Corbe was not a great hitter. He could punch, bu not hard enough to acqui an early finish. He had t wear his man down with bo ing maneuvers. No, Gentl man Jim is not the ideal f whom we seek.

* * *

AT Carson City, Co bett was knocked o by Bob Fitzsimmons, who h Jim in the solar plexus, an stopped him standing up.

Fitz was light for a heavy weight. That was a big hand icap. But he hit as hard a the big men. However, Rub Robert was not a great box er. I believe he came close to the ideal than did John L but we must go on with th conviction that we have no yet attained the goal of ou

Jim Jeffries, th man of stamin whose endu ance we want i the compositio of the ideal.

The Heavyweight Ideal

Nature Never Will Produce the Big Fighter With Dempsey's Hitting, the Corbett and Johnson Defensive Qualities, Jeff's Stamina

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Jack Dempsey, whose hitting qualities are prominent in the makeup of the heavyweight ideal.

investigation.

Jim Jeffries followed Fitz. Jeff, the Boilermaker with the puzzling crouch, could hit. Some say he was the greatest of all the heavies. But Jim did not have any boxing grace, he did not have that mobility which we associate with the fistic ideal. No, we've got to go on.

Jeff lost the title to Jack Johnson. The negro was a greater fighter than he ever got credit for being. He was a fine boxer, a good hitter, a grand defensive fighter. But he did not hit hard enough to suit me, or he would have put that empty shell of a Jeffries away, at Reno, in

Jim Corbett, whose boxing skill would be essential if we could get the "dream" heavy.

jig time.

Johnson lost to Jess Willard, who was big, and who was better than boxing history says he was. But Jess was not one of our truly greats.

After Jess came Jack Dempsey. There always will be a big division of opinion on Jack. Some say, "The best ever," others yell, "Whom did he ever beat?" Dempsey was a murderous hitter, but he was no Corbett on the skillful offensive, he was no Johnson on the clever defensive. His best defense was his attack —his right cross, that left hook. Yes, that left hook! But not the ideal.

* * *

DEMPSEY lost to Gene Tunney, who was not one of our greatest. Tunney was clever, but not a hitter. That long fight with Heeney was a bad mark against Gene.

Tunney was followed by a rather motley crew—Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Jim Braddock. A motley crew, indeed.

This brings us right into the crux of the discussion. Let us gaze upon the men who now stand out in heavyweight dispute.

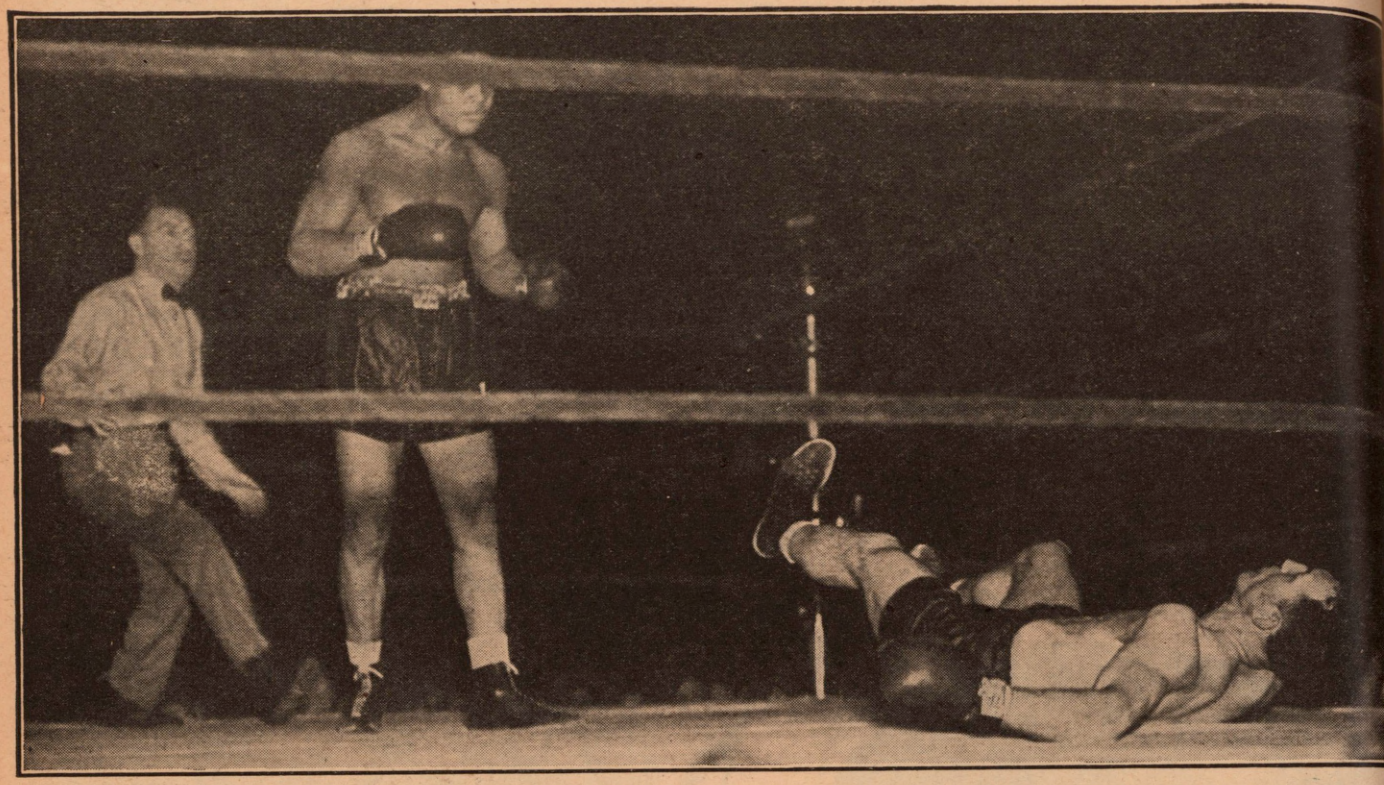
First, there is the champion, Braddock. Has he what it takes to be a real title holder?

Braddock is clever. He has defensive skill. He can take it. But he is not a hitter. In my list of fistic qualities, hitting comes first. If a heavyweight cannot wallop, he lacks requisite No. 1. I believe that Braddock is not the ideal because he is not the walloper. He is rather too old to be the ideal champion, anyway.

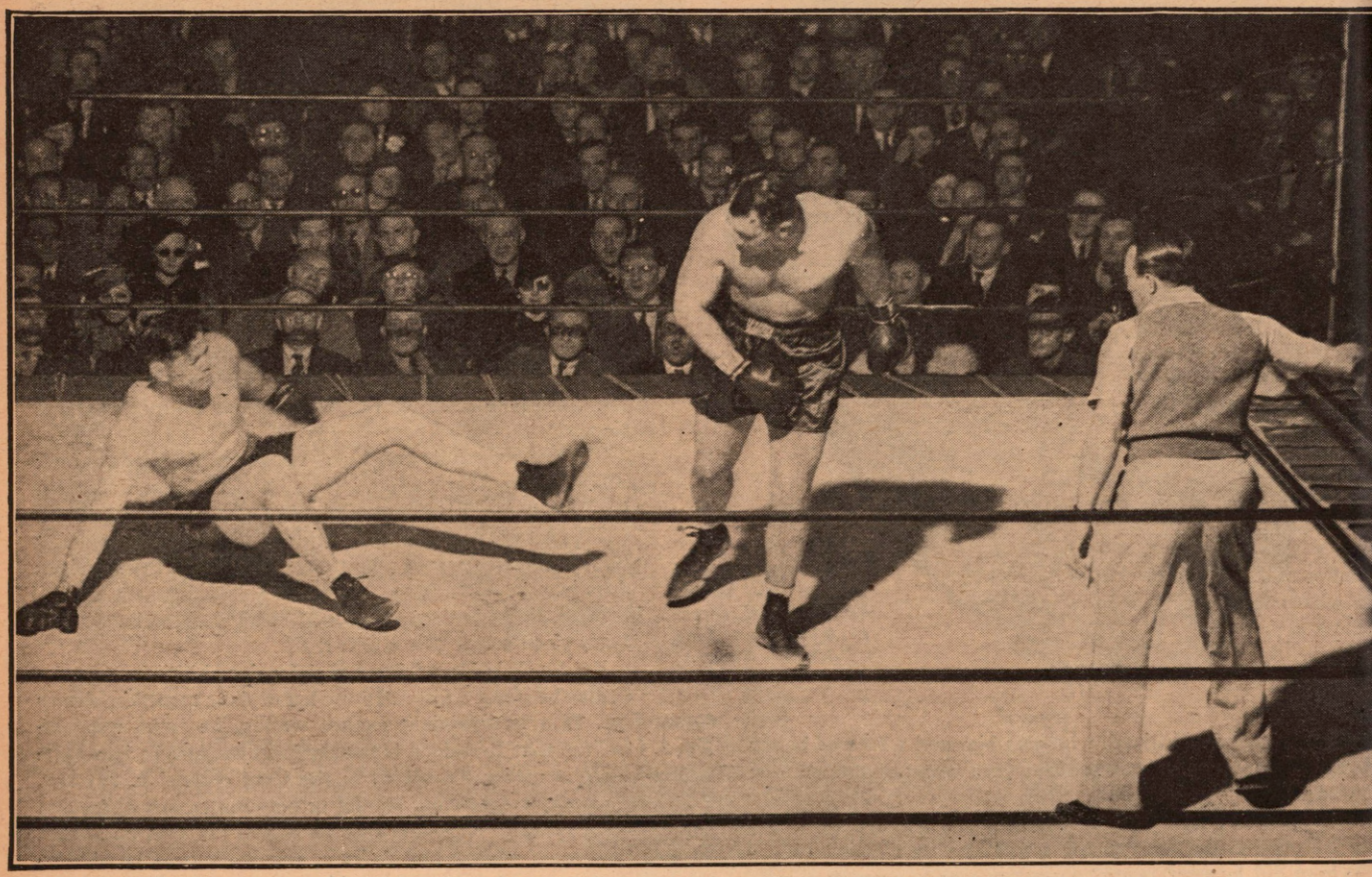
I think a heavyweight ruler should be between twenty-three and twenty-seven years of age—and that he should hit, that he should be able to box on offense and defense, that he should be able to think fast, take good care of himself—and Like To Fight. Some of our champions did not Like To Fight.

Behind Braddock stands Joe *(Continued on page 45)*

KNOCKOUTS and KNOCKDOWNS

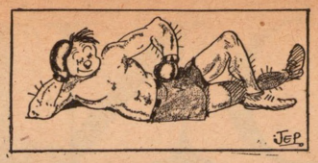


Pictured above, is Eddie Simms of Cleveland as he hit the canvas in the first round of his fight with Joe Louis on December 14 at the Municipal Stadium. Eddie was stopped in 26 seconds with a left hook to the side of the face.

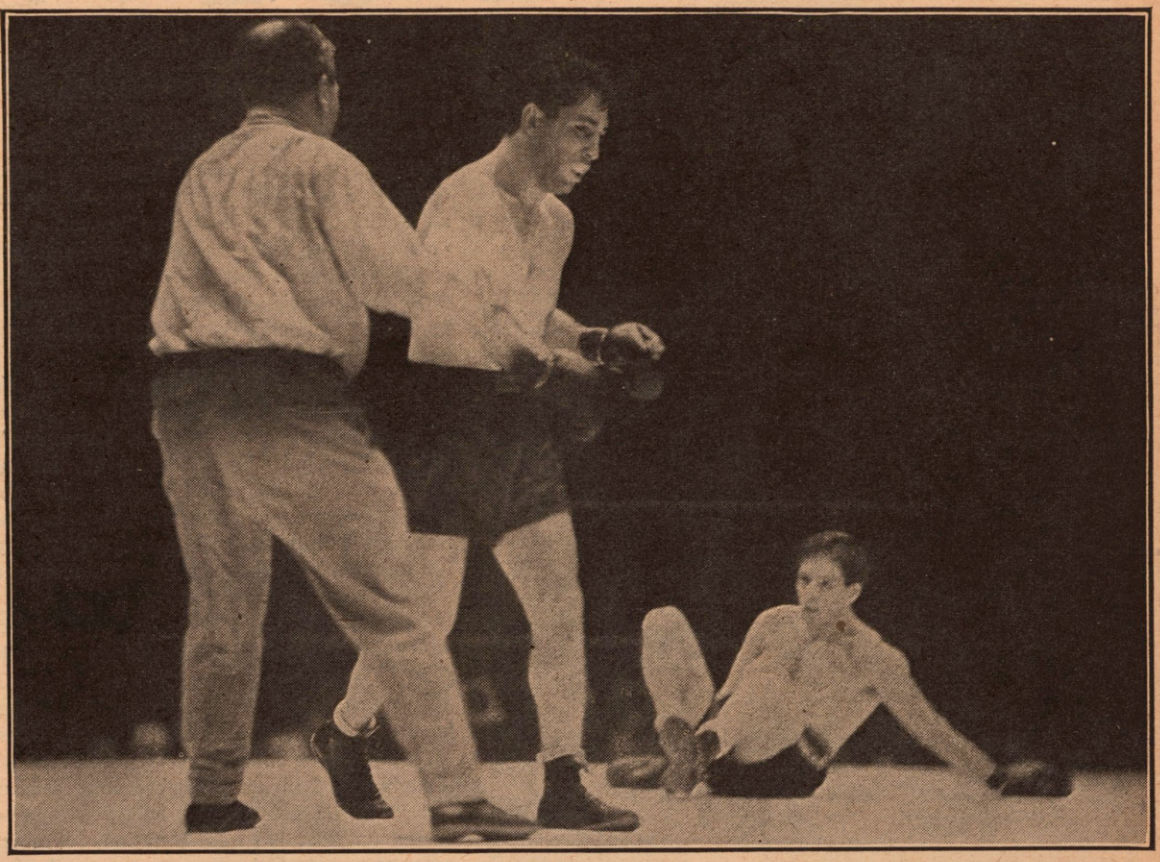


And here we see the old familiar stance of Kingfish Levinsky who has just floored Babe Hunt in the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium. The Babe went down twice.

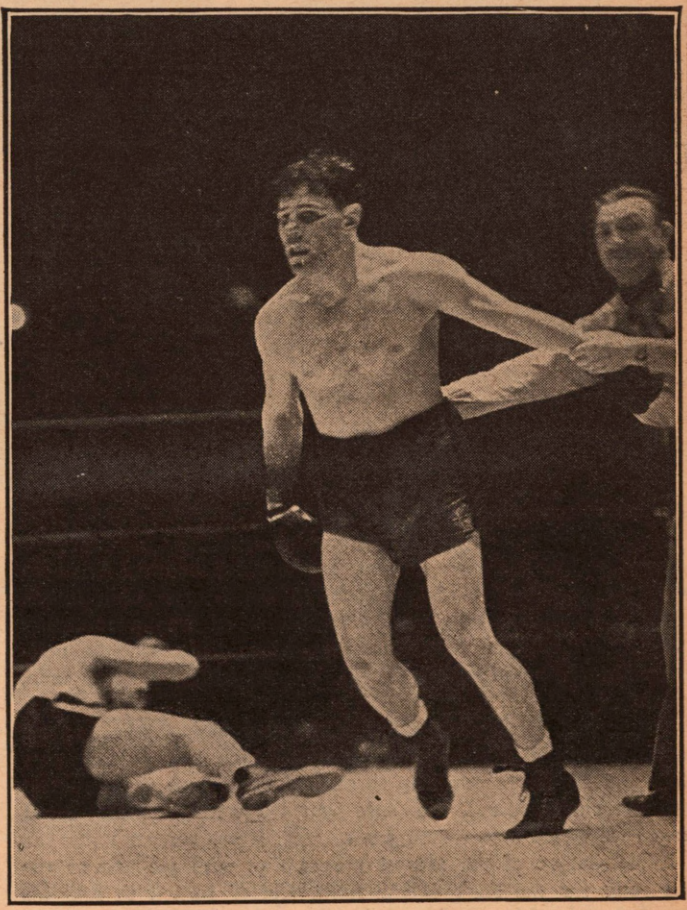
as the YEAR ENDED



The month of December was a thrilling one for the fight fans with knockouts and knockdowns featuring. New York, in particular, was the scene of many such contests. The photo shows Harry Balsamo hitting the canvas after Solly Krieger's fists had connected with his chin. Krieger advanced in the middleweight ranks by stopping the hard hitting New York brakeman.

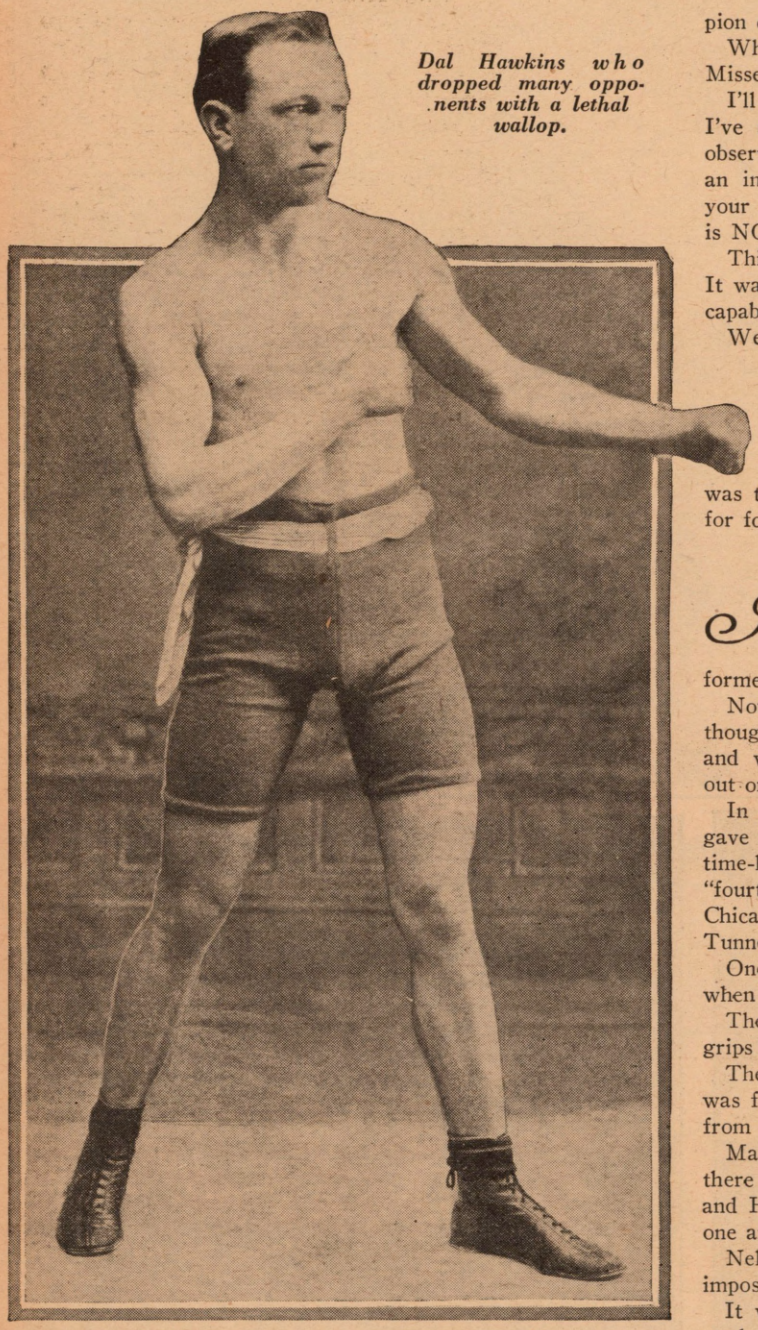


Here we find the world bantam king, Sixto Escobar touching the canvas with his glove after Harry Jaffra sailed into him to win the decision in an over-the-weight match.



A busy night for a little man—yes—that's just what took place when Bob Pastor, "New York's Own," crashed his fists against the chin of big Ray Impellitiere in the Garden to win the New York State heavyweight title.

ONE PUNCH



Dal Hawkins who dropped many opponents with a lethal wallop.

WE had come rushing to the old Broadway Arena in Brooklyn, New York, to see George Chip knock sparks off Al McCoy's chin. Al was a southpaw with an in-and-out reputation; Chip was the middleweight champion of the world, a good hitter, a game man, a fighter!

Traffic had detained us and I was rather happy, when, as we rushed down the aisle towards our seats in the press box, we saw Chip and McCoy coming up through a door from the basement into the ring. Now I was sure that we were on time—for I feared we would miss the big bout.

Eddie Curley of the Hearst papers was with me and as the bell rang for the start of the fight, Curley turned to fold his overcoat under him, on his chair. Gonna be comfy!

Chip rushed swiftly across the ring and the awkward McCoy backed away from him into a far corner. Chip led and—McCoy beat him to the punch—a short—LEFT CROSS—and the champion of the world was flat on his back on the floor!

When Curley turned around Chip lay like a man of stone. Missed it!

I'll never forget Chip's efforts to get his head up off the deck. I've seen such one-punch knockouts before and any time you observe a man—flat on his back—body inert, his head coming an inch or two up from the canvas, you turn around and bet your neighbor a million—anything—that yonder, flattened athlete is NOT going to get up.

This was one of the most astonishing finishes ever I drank in. It was so, particularly, since McCoy was nobody, Chip a darned capable fighter.

Well, just to give you a faint idea, Boxing and Sportdom believed so little, so lightly of McCoy's feat that he was branded as a "Cheese Champion" before he ever got his hands up in defense of that sneak-punch ascendency to the 160 pound throne. Chip challenged him as was expected and the throbbing part about the return bout was that Chip actually knocked out McCoy! He had him down for fourteen seconds but a kindly, honest referee tolled slowly.

* * *

I THINK, if memory serve, they hadn't yet adopted the "knockdown-time-keeper" idea. This writer was the one to instill that reform into the minds of the newly-formed New York State Athletic Commission.

Not my own idea by a long shot. It was George Harding's thought. He had a thundering voice at San Francisco ringsides and when he got up and bellowed "nine—ten—out" you were out on the dot! No false chanting. No chance for error.

In any case, Chip actually regained his title but the referee gave McCoy a mid-ring count, without benefit of knock-down-time-keeper and McCoy got up—at "ten" but it really was "fourteen." A title saved! A bum count, such as went on at Chicago when Jack Dempsey positively knocked out Gene Tunney!

One-punch knockouts? Not often, me hearties, not often but when they do come, the clients go home raving! I love 'em!

There is nothing quite so exciting as a finish of this sort. It grips you.

There was a devilish little fellow named Dal Hawkins who was forever dropping great fighters with a single blow. He was from San Francisco.

Martin Flaherty came out to Carson City to fight him and there has always been a controversy between Battling Nelson and Hawkins over their respective one-punch records. Dal made one and so did Bat.

Nelson claims and I have always maintained that his feat was impossible, that he knocked out William Rossler in TWO seconds.

It would be utterly impossible for a man to leave his corner at the bell, go to the center, and land a punch in TWO seconds! It isn't physically possible, yet that is Nelson's claim. Naturally "ten" had to be added for the count making Nelson's full time, made in a Chicago ring, just "twelve" seconds.

Hawkins walked out and dropped Flaherty in FOUR seconds, the count making it EIGHTEEN. Some record books say it took Dal EIGHT seconds to land the lone punch.

Jack Dempsey spilled Fred Fulton at Harrison, New Jersey, including the chant, in eighteen seconds.

Al Forman of England, says Frank Menke, holds the quickest knockout record, but it was a three-punch triumph. He dropped Ruby Levine in 11½ seconds, including the count but, of course it wasn't a one-punch affair, yet his knockout must have been scored in 1½ seconds.

Joe Louis came close upon these records at Cleveland, Ohio, recently when he dropped Eddie Simms.

Joe "waited" on Simms while the latter was sending over four light leads. Then the Brown Bomber shot over a left hook

KO'S

By HYPE IGOE

to the head and Simms went down, the full time being around twenty-three seconds, including an "eight" count.

Simms was on his feet at "eight" but was asking Arthur Donovan the referee to take a little walk to the roof to view the Milky Way.

* * *

DAL HAWKINS had a peculiar delivery. His was a deadly left hook.

Frank Erne, one-time lightweight champion of the world once told me that no man ever hit him so hard as Hawkins.

I saw them fight in Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco. The bell rang and Hawkins walked out and hooked a left to the jaw and Erne was flattened out on the floor like a cross. He got up and after a wonderful uphill battle, knocked out Hawkins in seven rounds.

As I said, Hawkins had a strange punch. He extended his left stiffly. He let it flicker and wave gently, past the other fellow's right ear—out of vision—so to speak!

Hawkins maintained that a punch which your eye doesn't see is the one which shocks the brain! Hawkins would let his left fist play around his opponent's right ear and then he'd suddenly stiffen the arm and jolt his man's jaw by dropping the fist down with a Kid McCoy twist. Inches! It had tremendous fulcrum and power, the stiff-arm jolt having the force of a black jack.

Joe Gans fought Hawkins. When Joe was leaving the dressing room for the ring, Old Tom O'Rourke cautioned:

"Look out for this fellow's left hook, Joe. It's a pippin. He'll knock you kicking with it if you don't watch out."

"Ah'll sure watch that left," answered Gans.

The bell rang and Hawkins moved out like a shadow.

"Bang!"

Gans was on his back. He got up and finally nailed Hawkins in the second round.

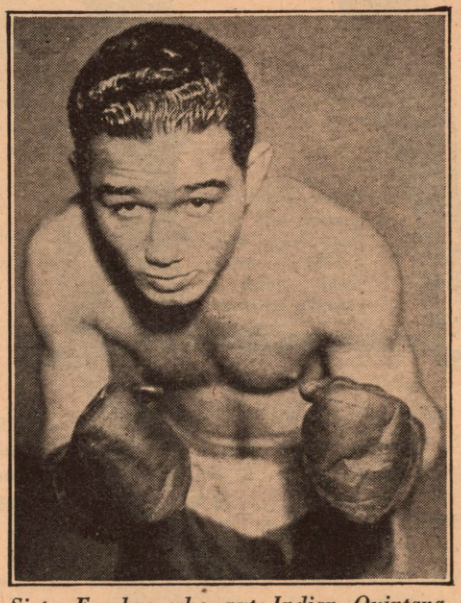
When they got back to the dressing room O'Rourke was in a rage.

"Didn't I tell you to keep your eye on that left? You came within an ace of being flattened for good."

Joe replied, mournfully:

"Ah looks for that left hook Mistuh Tawn but Ah never sees it. If it do come, it came from nowhere a-tall."

They met a second time and as before, Hawkins flattened Joe once more. Joe got up but to his dying day he never knew where those left hooks dropped from.



Sixto Escobar who put Indian Quintana away with a one punch kayo.

* * *

FAR back in 1897, at Lynn, Mass., Mike Higgins knocked out Tom Foran in 5½ seconds, a left hook to the jaw, the only punch of the fight stretching out Moran. There was the usual count of "ten," bringing Mike's finish close to the best records in the book.

Oh; those old birds could clout, don't forget that. In July, 1889, in a preliminary to Ike Weir, "The Belfast Spider" and Tommy Miller in the Washington Rink in Minneapolis, Charley Gleason knocked out D. W. Webb, a local novice in five seconds.

Georges Carpentier scored two masterful one-punch victories in England against Joe Beckett.

Georges, a keen-eyed student of the game, happened to go to London with Gus Wilson his trainer, to see Beckett fight.

Both Georges and Gus, on the instant, discovered that Beckett had an atrocious habit of blinking when he was feinted.

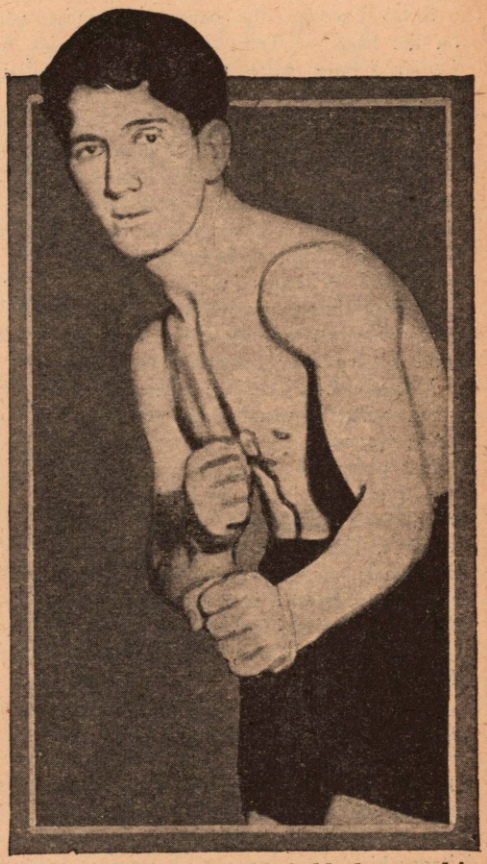
"I'll feint him and knock him out with a right, in fifty seconds," Carpentier told Wilson. "Get me that match."

It was made. Sure enough, Carpentier walked out, feinted and Beckett blinked both eyes tight. Blooie!

A right crashed against Beckett's unprotected chin and he went down and out. They made a second match and Carpentier told Wilson:

"This time I'll feint him and when he blinks I'll knock him cold in forty seconds!"

Georges beat his own prediction by five seconds!



Young Otto who probably holds the record for quick knockouts.

It took Jack Davis of Omaha three seconds to stop Sailor Brown before the old Reliance Club in Oakland, Cal., in May of 1897. It wasn't a one-punch fight but few have been so short and sweet.

A swift victory came to Harry Pigeon on November 27, 1894 when he landed one punch on Billy Lambert before the Pelican Club of London, the bout lasting six seconds.

It took Jack Everhardt just ten seconds to stop Fred Moriarty in Philadelphia in the same year.

For many years Billy Brierly of England held the record for quick knockouts in that country when he stopped Tom Linny before the Checker Boxing Club of Liverpool in 44 seconds. That was on Nov. 10, 1890.

Jim Corbett always maintained that Mike Cleary was the hardest hitting heavyweight who ever lived. Mike met an English fighter known as the "Prussian" down on New York's Bowery and a right hand smash on the jaw, the first and only one of the fray, stretched the "Prussian" out stiff, all inside of 20 seconds.

* * *

PERHAPS the most famous one-punch championship fight took place at Fort Erie, Canada, when Joe Gans spilled Frank Erne for the lightweight title in a single punch.

Matty Mathews, the old time welterweight champion was a real socker. Before he had won his title, he and Kid McPartland were hard at it, rivals for fame and recognition. They had fought

a draw and were rematched. At the bill they rushed out and Mathews let one fly, catching the kid on the chin, knocking him cold.

Sixto Escobar, the bantam champion was right on the heels of Terry McGovern's quick finish of Pedlar Palmer when he knocked out Indian Quintana in a punch.

In 1897, in Lexington, Ky., Brutus Clay, colored, knocked out Dave Jackson, also a Negro in six seconds!

Right up there in the Joe Louis class, is an 18 second victory scored by Buck Stelzer, at Columbus, Ohio, when he flattened Jack Williams in 18 seconds.

Peter Maher was without question one of the hardest and most accurate right hand hitters ever to grace the heavyweight ranks. When Peter scored a one round victory, usually it was a one punch tragedy.

Just glance over the men he tumbled into the resin in a single round. Jim Daly, Jack Smith, Sailor Brown, Gus Lambert, George Godfrey, Mike Monahan, Ike Hayes, Tom Johnson, Nick Burley, Jerry Slattery, Bob Marshall, Steve O'Donnell, thrice, Yank Kenny, Joe Goddard, Mike Morrissey, Bob Evans and Jim Jeffords.

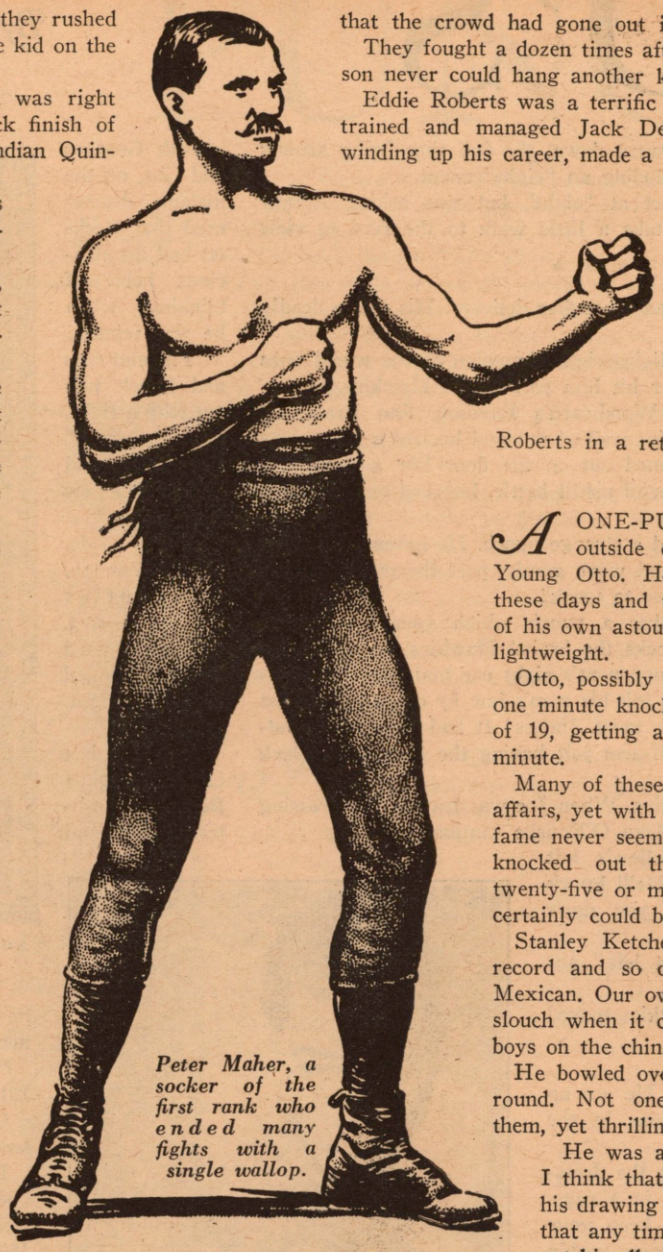
Poor Peter's great fault and the one which kept him from being the greatest heavyweight of all time was his Dresden China chin. Pete couldn't take one. Fitzsimmons nailed him in a round and so did George Gardner, Jack Williams, and Jack Fitzgerald.

Despite this weak chin business, Peter mixed with and knocked out the great hitter, Joe Choynski, in six rounds in 1896. Choynski returned the compliment by dropping Peter in two rounds in Philadelphia seven years later.

* * *

THERE was a time when Frankie Genaro was top man among the world's flyweights. There came a day, a sad one when he signed to fight "Spider" Gladner, the French champion. Genaro was a whizzing box of tricks but he wasn't swift enough to cope with the "Spider," who hit him on the chin and knocked him quivering in 58 seconds. That's traveling for a title bout.

Though it wasn't a one-punch victory, Jim Braddock's greatest ring achievement was a two-round knockout of Tuffy Griffith. Tuffy had won 55 straight fights and the Chicago sports unloaded, so did Braddock! He popped Tuffy on the chin in the second and Braddock was headed for fame, even if there has been an intermission.



Peter Maher, a socker of the first rank who ended many fights with a single wallop.

that the crowd had gone out into the night.

They fought a dozen times after that, perhaps, but Ja... son never could hang another kayo on Johnny's chin.

Eddie Roberts was a terrific hitter, Leo P. Flynn, ... trained and managed Jack Dempsey as the latter ... winding up his career, made a bet that Roberts would ... Joe Dundee one pe... and knock him out.

Leo collected. He ... seen Roberts fight ... West and knew that ... was dynamite in ... first ten seconds of ... battle. He hit Dun... on the chin and it ... over. Dundee defea... Roberts in a return bout.

* * *

A ONE-PUNCH hitter, little know... outside of New York City, w... Young Otto. He trains young amateu... these days and tries to impart the secr... of his own astounding hitting powers as ... lightweight.

Otto, possibly holds a world's record ... one minute knockouts. He ran up a sco... of 19, getting all of his men inside th... minute.

Many of these victories were one-punc... affairs, yet with all his hard hitting Otto ... fame never seemed to travel. He met an... knocked out the best lightweights ... twenty-five or more years ago. That ba... certainly could belt them on the chin.

Stanley Ketchel had a great one-roun... record and so did Aurelio Herrera, th... Mexican. Our own Jack Dempsey was n... slouch when it came to early tapping th... boys on the chin.

He bowled over 24 fighters in the fir... round. Not one-punch triumphs, all ... them, yet thrilling hitting just the same.

He was a bewildering finisher an... I think that his great popularity an... his drawing power came from the fa... that any time he entered the ring he ... put his all, most times his title, on th... line and batter the pretenders into the Land o' Nod. That's wh... made him the million dollar gate man. He gave you a run an... a thousand thrills for one price of admission.

It will be many a long day before they trot out his equal.

K. O. Christner, until then deemed a tramp, nailed the chis... chin of Knute Hansen, who had knocked out Phil Scott an... others, and that punch brought him fame.

Romero Rojas, who has shown the sole of his shoes to mor... audiences than any other fighter in the world, hit the gabby gr... Jack Sharkey, on the chin, and knocked him silent.

Ignacio Fernandez, after losing ten or twelve fights to mediocre opponents, stepped into Madison Square Garden and knocked out Al Singer in three rounds.

Ace Hudkins, one to five and your money back, knocked out Ruby Goldstein when that stunt was a distinct novelty.

Dave Shade, another one to five shot, knocked out Jimmy Slattery.

Jack Zivic knocked out Lew Tendler, after Tendler had withstood the smashing right of Leonard, White and other fighters.

Jimmy McLarnin gave New York a jolt when he came out of the west and knocked out Speedy Sid Terris with the first right hander he uncorked.

Willie Jackson scored a one-round victory over Johnny Dundee in Philadelphia. Johnny had a way of bouncing off the ropes and Jackson pinged him. Dundee never knew what hit him as he rebounded into a right. One hour later he was sitting in his dressing room waiting to "go on." He didn't know that the fight was over and

Georges Carpentier who twice knocked out Joe Beckett with one blow.

George Chip, who lost his middleweight crown when Al McCoy struck him with the first punch.

JACK JOHNSON *in* AUSTRALIA

By
BILL DOHERTY
Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

Jack Johnson, as he looked when he fought Tommy Burns.

ASK any ten Australian fight fans, one after the other, who was the greatest boxer who ever lived, and the answer that you will get from at least seven of them will be: "Jack Johnson." That is not my own opinion. I have always believed what I stated in my book, "In the Days of the Giants," that John L. Sullivan was the greatest of all, and I stand by that today.

But it is different with the ordinary Australian follower of the game, who is nothing if not practical and hard-headed and an upholder of the maxim, "Seeing is believing." A great number of Australians have seen Jack Johnson in the flesh, and fifty thousand or more have actually seen him fighting in the ring.

Jack came to Australia in 1907—came and saw and conquered Peter Felix and Bill Lang, and in 1908, he appeared again in Sydney, where he defeated Tommy Burns for the world's championship. In those days, Jack was worth seeing, for he was in perfect condition and spoiling for fight, a man right at the top of his powers and nearly at the top of the pugilistic ladder—nearly at the top and fiercely determined to climb to the last rung.

* * *

NO greater boxer has ever been seen in Australia actually fighting in the ring at his best. Bob Fitzsimmons did not reach top form till he went to America, and was long past his best when he returned. Peter Jackson was not good enough to beat the Australian champion (Farnan) in Victoria, and Frank Slavin also fought his greatest battles many thousands of miles away from his native land. The same applies to Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Billy Murphy and others. John L. Sullivan certainly was in Australia as a champion, but only on a theatrical tour. John did not fight in the ring here. Unquestionably the greatest boxer ever seen in Australia in world-championship form was Jack Johnson.

In 1908, Tommy Burns' stock stood very high in Australia. In slashing style he had defeated Bill Lang and Bill Squires, two first-class heavyweights, and he was known to be game, tough, clever—a good, all-round sportsman and athlete and a fighter with a terrific punch in either hand.

When it was announced that he was to meet Jack Johnson in Sydney, a wave of excitement and pleasurable anticipation swept over the followers of the noble art for Jack Johnson, in the immortal words of John L. Sullivan (said of Corbett) had "achieved his share of bombast" and they believed, to a man, that here was where Jack would get what was coming to him—the hiding of his life. There were twenty thousand spectators at the fight—there were no more because the stadium would hold no more—and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every one of them believed that Burns would win.

* * *

MUCH has been made of the physical difference between the two men—too much, in my opinion. Burns had beaten six-footers, though only five feet seven inches, just as Sam Langford had done. Langford was half an inch shorter than Burns and none the worse for that—even when pitted against Jack Johnson. Sheer lack of inches in itself is no great handicap. And as regards weight, Burns generally scaled 180 pounds when trained up to the minute. And in reach he was Johnson's superior. Six-footer though he was, Jack Johnson was shorter in the reach than Tommy Burns.

Burns also was three years younger, and in chest measurement could give Jack a start of several inches. Australians who had seen Burns completely master and punch into oblivion "Boshter Bill" Squires, and who knew all Burns' measurements, were sure that he could win, and to this day the majority of those who saw the world championship battle believe that it was not so much the inferiority of Burns that decided the issue as the superiority of Johnson. There are plenty who will assert that in the shape Johnson was in in 1908 he would have whipped any other man in the world as convincingly as he did Burns.

Old Larry Foley was at the ringside on the great day and many other notables were *(Continued on page 51)*

STANLEY KETCHEL—

LATE in the autumn of 1903, a slim, hungry, sixteen year old boy of mixed Polish and German descent rode into Butte, Montana, on the rods of a passenger train. Cold and shivering, he made haste to the "Big Casino" saloon and dance hall. Boys of the road were always welcome at the "Big Casino." Other "knights of the road" had given him that advance information as he journeyed through the Dakotas a week or ten days before.

In one corner of the big, barn-like hall near the end of the bar, a huge stove that heated up the entire place was surrounded by homeless derelicts, stretched on the floor, sound asleep. In the center of the hall, completely surrounded by hilarious miners and "painted ladies," dancing to the music of a one-man orchestra thumped out of an old, faded piano, a regulation prize ring stood out conspicuously.

Ambitious youngsters fought in this ring every night for a purse of five dollars—winner take all.

Stanislaus Kaicel (often erroneously quoted as Klecal, or Kiecal) of Michigan, elbowed his way through the motley crowd to the stove. This was a big night. "Kid" Tracey, the best lightweight prospect in the northwest was billed to box four rounds—if they could find him an opponent. Here might be a chance to eat—the Michigan boy reasoned. Even if I lose?—he further reasoned—I won't be any worse off than I am right now. If I win? he reflected—glancing at the band of God-forgotten indigents sleeping on the floor—us boys will all eat.

He let the hangers-on around the place know of his desire to try conclusions with the local champion. His wish was soon fulfilled. Within ten minutes after making his first utterance about boxing Tracey, Stanislaus Kaicel, wearing an old pair of borrowed boxing trunks, climbed into the ring and was introduced to the crowd. The bell rang and in less than two minutes of most savage slugging ever witnessed in that ring, the referee—who had ideas of his own about Americanizing names to make them suitable ring nom de plumes—announced to the crowd that "Kid" Ketchel was the winner by a knockout. And Kid Ketchel he remained as long as he boxed around Butte—the same Kid who in later years was known in pugilistic circles as Stanley Ketchel.

* * *

DURING the next fifteen months, Ketchel fought fourteen bouts in that same ring; winning eleven by knockouts, losing two decisions and boxing one twenty-round draw.

Early in 1906, Ketchel, believing himself to be capable of measuring punches with the best of them, made his first journey to California. In Redding, he met and knocked out Mike McClure, a very promising middleweight many of the California boxing fans regarded as a coming champion. In San Francisco, then, the "big time" boxing center of the world, Ketchel was unable to gain recognition as a main-eventer. He had never fought anything but a main event in his entire career and would not accept a preliminary.

Then, only a welterweight, he begged promoters to get him any middleweight in the world. Even "Sunny" Jim Coffroth, considered by many the smartest boxing critic in the world, could not see any great possibilities in Ketchel as he watched him go through his training bouts wearing big, pillow-like gloves on his hands. Returning to Montana, he won another half dozen bouts by knockouts in the next few months.

Late in 1906, Ketchel, becoming dissatisfied with the small purses boxers received in the northwest, said farewell to Montana and went to Nevada. The big purse champions and challengers were pulling down in the desert state and the colorful stories told about the gay night life in the wild mining towns there, acting as the lure that helped him to make this decision.

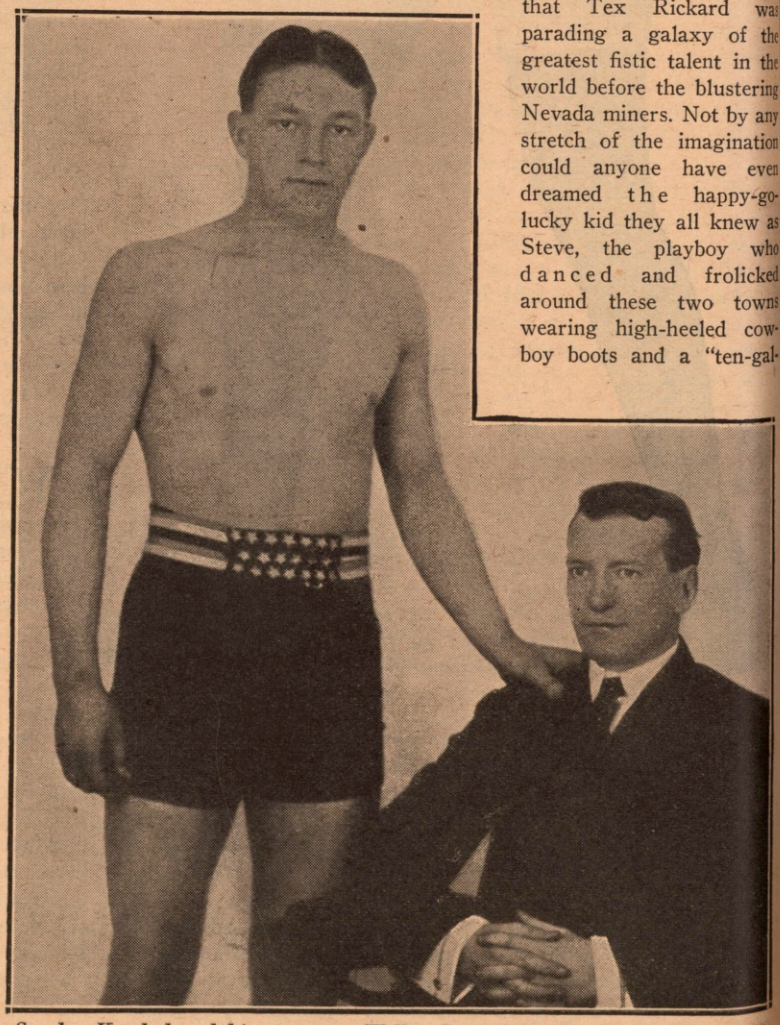
In Goldfield and Tonopah, then, the stamping ground of such notable celebrities as the immortal two-gun Wyatt Earp, the colorful "Tex" Rickard, the glamorous Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt and "Kid" Herman, Ketchel found that his Montana reputation availed him nothing. Though many of his most important bouts in the Northwest had been widely publicized in the isolated mining towns where they had been staged, Associated Press and Universal News dispatches had never flashed his name over the wires to the American sport public.

Tex Rickard, the promoter—and the rest of the outside world—had never heard about Kid Ketchel and his many brilliant ring victories. The cool, calculating Tex Rickard, with his immense knowledge of showmanship, used only the very elite in boxing talent. He politely told the kid from the Northwest to go out and get a reputation for himself.

* * *

HEARTBROKEN, Ketchel quit the boxing game and got a job as a waiter—and bouncer—in a dancehall-cafe. He made a vow to never pull a pair of boxing gloves on his hands again. From October, 1906, until early May, 1907, he worked at odd jobs around Goldfield and Tonopah without ever a passing thought of the boxing game.

It was during this era that Tex Rickard was parading a galaxy of the greatest fistic talent in the world before the blustering Nevada miners. Not by any stretch of the imagination could anyone have even dreamed the happy-go-lucky kid they all knew as Steve, the playboy who danced and frolicked around these two towns wearing high-heeled cowboy boots and a "ten-gal-



Stanley Ketchel and his manager, Willus Britt. Britt handled him in Stanley's greatest fights.

the Michigan Assassin

By WEBB KYLE

lon" hat, would, in less than a year, blaze across the pugilistic horizon the most brilliant, colorful star in prize ring history.

Early in May, 1907, Ketchel, while working as a teamster in Tonopah, bumped into a crowd of old Montana friends one night in the "Arcade" saloon. In the wild drinking orgy that followed, Tonopah citizens learned for the first time that their congenial friend, "Steve," was a fighter. The Montana miners openly boasted that night, as they wended their way from one saloon to another, that their old pal, Kid Ketchel, "could lick any man in the state of Nevada."

Mike Schreck, one of the toughest heavyweights in the country, was in town training for his forty-five-round fight with Marvin Hart to be held on Memorial Day, May 30. His manager, overhearing the Montana boys' boasts and being in need of suitable sparring partners for his charge, offered Ketchel a job helping to put the big fellow into condition. Stanley, forgetting all about his vow of a few months before, accepted.

The next day, fight fans who were at Schreck's training quarters watching the Louisville Dutchman go through his training paces witnessed an unusual sight. As the big fellow donned the gloves and climbed into the ring to go through his sparring routine, Ketchel, stripped to the waist, wearing hip-overalls and cowboy boots, climbed into the ring with him. He did not even own a suit of gymnasium clothes.

The Michigan Assassin as he looked when doing his road work.

The Fighting Western Demon in a typical fighting pose.

Everyone in the crowd smiled, some in contemptuous mockery, some in friendly tolerance, while gloves were being tied on their friend Steve's hands.

"Beats hell some of the sparrin' partners that manager of mine can dig up," Schreck said, laughing sarcastically. Ketchel turned white with rage at that remark.

As soon as the gloves were tied on, he rushed across the ring at Schreck with the agility of a tiger. Schreck, confident that he had nothing to fear from a poorly-conditioned welterweight, playfully stuck out a left jab, intending to set his training opponent back on his heels and teach him a lesson. His left jab missed. Ketchel lashed out with a vicious left hook that didn't miss.

Groggy, and his knees buckling under him for a moment, Schreck, too, became angry and tore into Ketchel with the same ferocity that had made him a terror among the heavyweights. A more vicious fight was never witnessed in Tonopah than Schreck and Ketchel waged against each other for seven minutes before an excited manager and several training camp handymen could pull them apart. Aside from a few minor bruises about the face, and, puffing heavily, Ketchel was none the worse off for the brawl. Schreck, completely exhausted, both eyes blackened and nearly closed, his lips cut and bleeding, had to be helped from the ring.

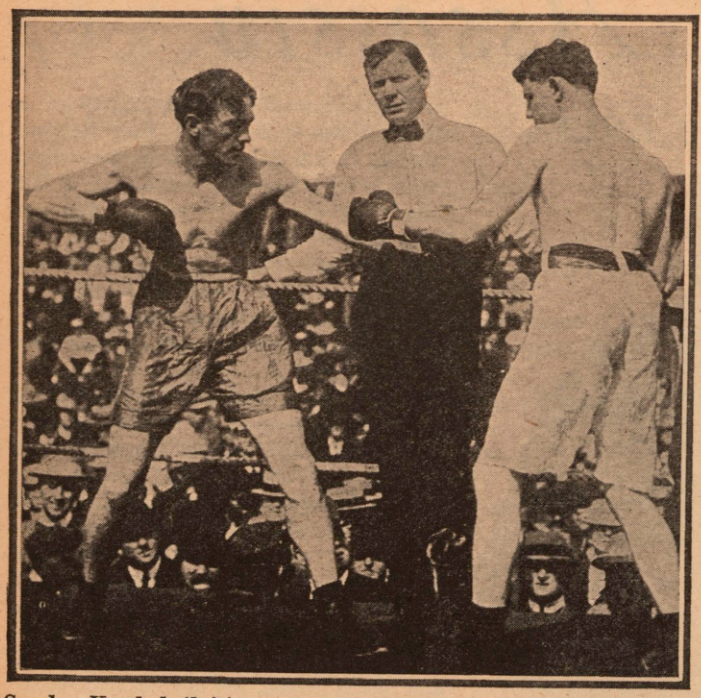
A few days after his training camp brawl with Schreck, Ketchel, with a letter of introduction to a Sacramento fight promoter in his coat pocket, left Tonopah bound for California. A friendly newspaper man, believing that he saw in Steve the makings of a great champion, was the "guardian angel" who gave him this letter and started him off on another search for ring glory.

* * *

IN those days George Brown, a tremendously clever and hard-hitting middleweight made Sacramento his home. The fact that he had defeated some of the best middleweights in the game made him a big drawing card in his home town. He was practically matched to meet the "Wonder Man," Joe Thomas, in Marysville on the Fourth of July. Hoping to pick up a few extra dollars for training expenses, Brown accepted a bout with Ketchel. He—and the Marysville promoters—thought an easy win over the hobo-fighter would also give him added prestige in the build-up for his bout with Thomas.

A big delegation of Marysville fight fans was in Sacramento that night (May 23, 1907) to witness the Brown-Ketchel fight. Ketchel had impressed the critics during his training bouts as being crude and unorthodox, and was a decided short-ender in the pre-bout betting. Boxing cleverly, Brown started off in the first round winning as he pleased. He continued his winning form through the second round.

The Marysville crowd was smiling broadly. They could vision a turn-away gate when the flashy colored boy boxed Thomas in their home town on the Fourth of July. In the third round, their dreams—and George Brown—were suddenly dashed to oblivion. A terrific right uppercut to the point of the colored boy's chin ruined everything. Ketchel danced a jig in his corner while the referee went through the formality of counting Brown out. He could easily have counted on to one thousand had it been necessary. Brown was out for several minutes. The next day Ketchel left Sacramento (via the rods on a Pullman car) for Redding. He didn't give the fans a chance to learn who he really was.



Stanley Ketchel (left) posing with Joe Thomas just before their fight got under way. Billy Roche, the referee, is standing in the center.

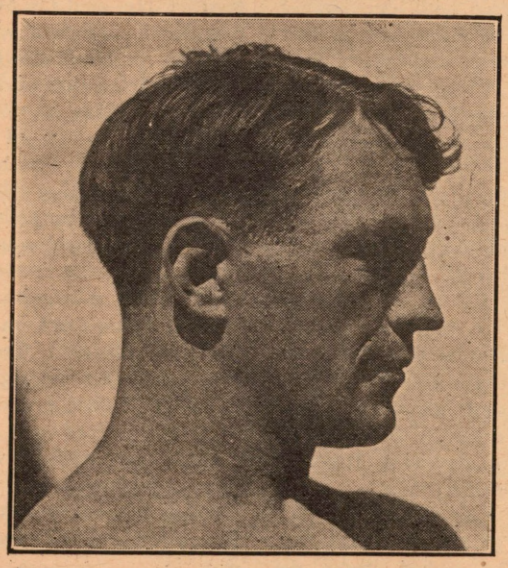
A BIG crowd of disappointed sports gathered at the railway station in Marysville this particular afternoon to welcome home the crowd of fight fans who had attended the fight in Sacramento the night before. For weeks, business organizations in this quiet, rural city of some ten or twelve thousand souls had been planning a giant, pioneer day celebration to be held on the Fourth of July. They had intended to have as their chief attraction, a championship fight.

Joe Thomas, generally recognized as the middleweight champion, had signed a contract several weeks previously calling for him to meet any opponent they selected in a twenty-round bout during the afternoon of "Pioneer Day." Thomas, a boxing marvel, a terrific hitter and a genius in ring generalship—needed money. He had fought himself out of opponents on the "big time" among the welter and middleweights. He was the only world's champion in prize ring history who was forced to go out in the "sticks" and meet alleged second rate opponents for paltry guarantees.

The saloon keeper (we have forgotten his name) appointed by the celebration committee to take charge of the boxing match had made a diligent effort to match a nationally known fighter against Thomas, but his efforts had been futile. He had wired flattering offers to Hugo Kelly, Billy Rhoads, Mike "Twin" Sullivan and "Honey" Mellody. None of that aggregation of "tough babies" wanted any of Thomas' game. He was too clever and tough.

Failing in this, he had been obliged to do the next best thing—match the clever Brown against Thomas for the July Fourth date. Considering that Brown was a big drawing card in central California, and that he had stayed ten rounds with Thomas two years before, it was the only logical selection he could make.

Now, he must give up the idea of sending the colored boy against Thomas. Brown's knockout in Sacramento the night before had ruined his last hope. "Who is this unknown hobo who knocked out Brown last night?" he asked several Marysville sportsmen loitering around the depot. Nobody seemed to know.



A character portrait of the great Stanley Ketchel.

Enter into the story here, "Marysville Slim," private railroad detective retained at Marysville by the railroad company to look after their property and arrest all transgressors who abused the company's rights. Over six feet tall, brutal, egotistic and over-zealous, he had established a reputation as the toughest "yard bull" between Sacramento and Portland.

He was the most despised man in Marysville. The quiet, peace-loving folks there had been horrified several times during the past few months when circumstances had forced them to watch "Slim" slug-up, with a heavy blackjack, on helpless, inoffensive indigents whom he found loitering around the depot.

He was mingling in the crowd at the depot that very day but not to greet the same group of citizens as the other members of the crowd. He had received a wire from the special agent's office in Sacramento to be on the lookout for a young man thought to be riding the rods of the Portland Limited.

* * *

THE train finally thundered into town. "Marysville Slim," holding his blackjack in his right hand, stood on the platform crouching, looking under each coach as it passed by. "Come here, you," he shouted vehemently as the train stopped. Running a few steps to the side of a Pullman car, he reached under and grasped the coat collar of a young man of medium size. Using all the tremendous strength at his command, he gave a powerful jerk, loosening the youth's hold on the rods and landing him on the platform. Another powerful jerk and the hobo was standing upright beside him. "Marysville Slim" was rather taken aback, embarrassed, when he observed that the young fellow had not been frightened by his exhibition of brute force.

Instead of the usual trembling and stammering hobo, who avoided his gaze while begging for mercy, this young man stood up straight, unconcerned, unafraid, looking him straight in the eyes—grinning. The yard detective fairly boiled over with anger when he observed that the crowd was laughing at him—instead of the hobo.

"Here's what hoboes get in this town," he shouted with an oath as he struck the grinning vagabond a terrific blow across the face with his blackjack. The young man's knees buckled under him for a moment as he tottered back, on the verge of going down. Recuperating quickly, he straightened up—fighting. He could take it.

* * *

PANDEMONIUM broke loose that day at the railroad station as the hated railroad detective, armed with a heavy blackjack, and a grinning hobo, armed with only nature's weapons, his bare hands, fought savagely all over the depot platform. "Fight! Fight!" everyone seemed to be yelling in unison. Emotionally, the crowd fairly screamed expressions of encouragement to the hobo, who seemed to be having all the better of the primitive encounter. The crowd soon swelled to twice, thrice and then four times its original size as the shout, "Marysville Slim is gettin' HIS," echoed all over town.

They shouted joyously every time the hobo landed a telling punch; they roared with laughter every time the yard detective swung his heavy blackjack—and missed.

Putting everything he had in one last desperate punch, the hobo landed a clean left hook to the point of the chin. "Marysville Slim" fell face forward, out cold.

No championship ring classic ever had a more sudden, dramatic ending, nor did the winner ever receive a more spontaneous

(Continued on page 43)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Ring Ratings Stand Out in January Contest Middleweights and Lightweights Hold Stage Penn Board Laughing Stock of Fistic World

THE New Year started off according to Hoyle, with the top flight boxers, those who received high ratings in THE RING's annual ranking of boxers proving their right to high posts by their performances. On January 1, Freddy Steele, our No. 1 man, conquered the former N.B.A. middleweight champion, Gorilla Jones, in a rather one-sided fight in Milwaukee and Henry Armstrong, the California claimant to world featherweight laurels, knocked out Baby Casanova, the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight champion of Mexico in the third round in Mexico City. Thus the RING's ratings on the very first day of the new year met their first test with success, and in all the fights in the three weeks following, there wasn't a single upset.

On January 4, in Philadelphia, two of our ranking fighters, Al Ettore in the heavyweight division and John Henry Lewis, our No. 1 man in the light-heavyweight division, engaged in a contest in which each had an opportunity to show why he was entitled to high recognition in the fistic world, and Lewis, who we declared would be a factor in the heavyweight section during 1937, lost a split decision, which later was changed by the boxing commission to a draw, on the action of the board, I shall have a little more comment to make later.

Five days after that bout, Lew Ambers, who, in our ratings, we declared could not receive distinction by being placed by himself as were several other champions because the lightweight division didn't possess a single outstanding fighter, clinched my case when the best he could do, was to get a draw with Enrico Venturi, our No. 4 man in the first group. That is no disgrace, as both Lew and Enrico are good fighters and very evenly matched, and though there was considerable dispute regarding the verdict, I think it was a just one. My score card showed five rounds for each, though most of the scribes showed six to four for the champion.

Maxie Rosenbloom added to his prestige by defeating King Levinsky, Al Trammel knocked out Al Walker in two rounds; and so you see that THE RING'S Annual Rating of Boxers is not mere guess work—nor biased—it is based on past performances and in most cases, unless a fighter goes to smash, the selections must hold up. And as is usually the case, many of the boys who are listed below the first half dozen, show a vast improvement during the following year and when the 1937 ratings are made, you'll find quite a number of such lads occupying positions close to the top. Among them, I predict will be Billy Beauhold of Jersey City who is making such rapid strides, that it won't be surprising to see him give a championship fight before the year is over.

* * *

IT is my opinion based on reports from my world correspondents, that the middleweight and lightweight divisions will share the laurels with the heavyweight in point of interest, gate receipts and activity. Even Marcel Thil, who it was previously reported would retire from the world middleweight championship which he holds and leave the field open to Freddy Steele and his American rivals, will clash with Lou Brouillard in their third engagement on February 8 in Paris under the fifteen round championship distance.

I predict that if Brouillard can get into proper condition and he gets an even break from the officials, something that he has not hitherto received, Brouillard will emerge with his second crown, the Worcester, Mass., boy having previously held the world welterweight title.

Many a day has elapsed since the middleweight and lightweight divisions have had such colorful boys as to become an object of hero worship by the fight fans. In Marcel Thil, we have a colorless fighter, who really doesn't put his heart into the game because he is blessed with all the money he needs to take care of him for the rest of his life. But in his American contenders, Freddy Steele, who is the recognized world champion so far as the majority of the American boxing commissions are concerned, Fred Apostoli, a Californian, two-fisted battler, with heaps of color because of his punching power, and Teddy Yarosz, who has made a wonderful comeback, the middleweight division is on the road to fame again. Likewise the lightweight class with Montanez, Venturi, Spoldi, Laurie Stevens and Cool, among others.

* * *

MARCEL THIL as has so often been written in THE RING magazine, is what might be called a "safe" performer. He is of the type who regardless of his opponent, is bent solely upon retaining the crown which he now wears because of the great pride he has in the championship.

As regards our own middleweight champion, Freddy Steele, he has been okayed by 142 scribes who participated in the RING'S annual ratings of boxers as they appeared in the February issue, as officially the best of America's crop. He did a mighty good job in defeating Babe Risko, from whom he won the American middleweight title, and he has been a most consistent scrapper since 1932 with only one decision against him, a defeat at the hands of Tommy Herman.

When one considers the fine caliber of opponents against whom Freddy has been pitted, he must realize the justice of our placing of Steele above the world champion in a group all by himself. It is my opinion that if Steele ever got the chance to meet Thil, he would win decisively and clear up the muddle regarding the sole right to world supremacy.

* * *

NO division in boxing has boasted of so many great champions as the middleweight class. The very term middleweight champion is a name to conjure with. Mention it and before your mind's eyes float a remarkable array of fighting men.

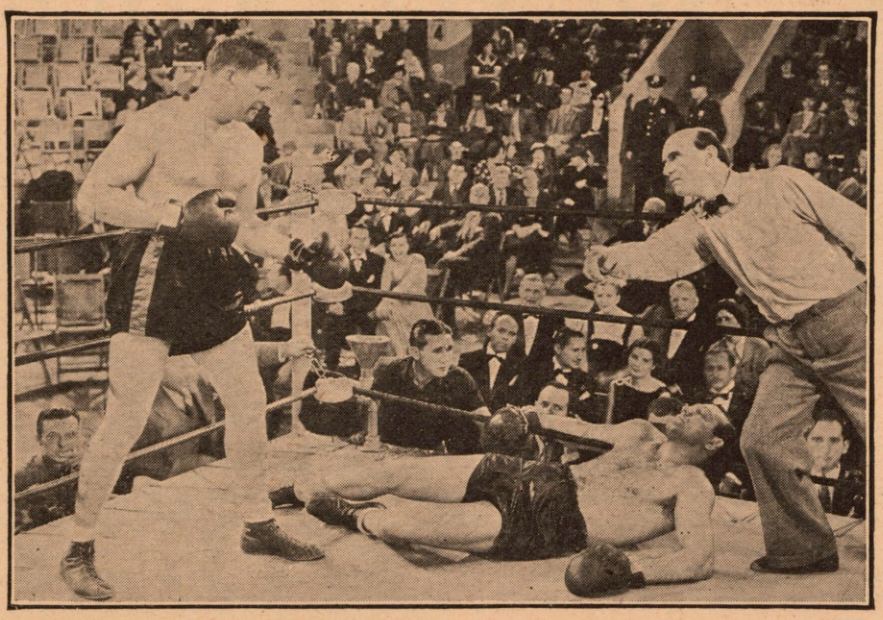
You see sturdy and stout-hearted Mike Donovan, father of New York's best referee. He was good enough to go out of his class and give even the great John L. Sullivan a worthy argument. Before you appears the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, splendid boxer, wonderfully clean and accurate hitter, superb ring general, game as a bull dog and as courageous as a lion.

Bob Fitzsimmons, red-thatched, freckled-faced, spindle-shanked, looms up, a middleweight so good that he captured the championship of the world in two other divisions besides the middle. He held also the light-heavyweight and the heavyweight crowns. And at a time when boxing boasted of a horde of great fighters.

Following Fitz, there comes that famous ring man, Tommy Ryan, who among the middleweights of the last twenty years

would have stood a chance against the great Ryan. Tommy would have gone through the crop like the wind through the barley. Then down the line there appears the clever Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the tearing, slashing, Michigan Assassin, Stanley Ketchel, a larger edition of terrible Terry McGovern, bottled lightning on a spree, a fighter from the top of his head to the soles of his ring shoes.

And with Ketchel stands the tough, rugged Billy Papke, the Kewanee Thunderbolt, to whom Ketchel lost the title only to win it back. As I told you in my broadcast last week, Papke was a real fighting man, and so was Joe Thomas, Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, Frank Klaus, the Pittsburgh Bear Cat, and another Pittsburger, Harry Greb, the Whirlwind. Champions every one of them in the true sense of the word.



An unusual scene—Maxie Rosenbloom, former world light-heavyweight champion, on the floor. But it's only in fun, fellows. Hollywood's Playboy Pugilist is here shown after Barton McLane, tough guy character of the movies, has crashed one to Maxey's button in the filming of "Don't Pull Your Punches," at the Warner Bros. Hollywood Studios. Mushy Callahan, a former titleholder, who is seconding Rosenbloom, is intently gazing at his charge while Referee Bob Perry, former New York sportsman, is counting over the fallen gladiator.

The lustre of the Middleweight Division dulled with the passing of Klaus, to be revived by the appearance of Harry Greb, Paul Berlenbach, and Mickey Walker. And now after a lapse of a half dozen or more years, we again find the division back in the fistic spotlight with a group of boys fighting for International recognition such as the sport has not seen since pre-depression days—Steele, Yarosz, Apostoli, Krieger, Balsamo, Battaglia, Overlin and Brouillard among others—a fine crop of fighting men.

* * *

THE action of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission in tossing aside the verdict of its officials to change the John Henry Lewis-Al Ettore decision from a victory for Ettore to a draw, is the worst blow at boxing that has come to the attention of The Ring Editor in several years. Is there any wonder why boxing commissioners throughout the country are held up to ridicule so often! By what line of common sense reasoning Commissioner Rainey, who initiated the change in the verdict, and Commissioner McClelland, reached the decision that the change was necessary or that they had the right to overrule the official act of the referee and judges, will remain a mystery.

Men of that type do not deserve the honors thrust upon them. As rulers over the sport of boxing for Pennsylvania, they do more harm than good. Regardless of the personal opinion of the commissioners, the fight fans or scribes, once a decision is rendered in the ring, it cannot be altered, and in the eyes of the public, interference with the ring officials is a grave act. It paves the way for gambling scandals. It opens the field to corruptness. It places the sport directly into the hands of the politicians who, through proper machinations, could have those in control waive aside decisions to meet the demands of a clique.

I have had disagreements with the New York State Commissioners. When I disagree with their rulings, I have openly declared myself, but in all my years of association with the sport in New York, I have never yet found it necessary to condemn our commissioners for such a gross blunder as the Penn. State commissioners pulled. Chairman McCloskey, a former fighter, refused to vote with his colleagues, because common sense and his knowledge of boxing, were sufficient to make him realize that no commission has a right, legally or otherwise, to change a decision rendered by its legally appointed ring officials, especially a week after the decision was made. More power to him.

The only justification for a change would be in the case of a mis-reading of the judges' and referee's card by the announcer which does not happen to be the case in the Ettore-Lewis bout. Politics turned the trick.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Eddie Borden for the splendid job he did in getting out the latest issue of the Everlast Record book. Many years have elapsed since such a compilation has been handed over to the public. Considering the difficulties encountered in getting up such a book because of the lack of interest on the part of the managers, Eddie deserves the praise of all who find it necessary to refer to the record of fighters.

This year's record books are better than those that have been turned out in many years. Both the Everlast and Post Record books should get your whole-hearted support. I can highly recommend both. This is Borden's first attempt at this terrific task, and he has done a good job. Kelly Romano did an excellent job with his Post Record Book, and both should have big sales.

* * *

THE performance of Teddy Yarosz in the New York Hippodrome against Solly Krieger was a masterpiece. Seldom since the days of Young Jake Ahearn, Packy McFarland and Mike Gibbons, three of the cleverest boys of their period, has a New York gathering seen such splendid, masterly, defensive boxing as was exhibited by Teddy. Entering the ring on the long end of the odds, quoted as high as two and a half to one, with Krieger the favorite, Yarosz amazed both Krieger and the packed house by his manner of execution of scientific boxing.

The middleweight championship hopes of Krieger, who previously had battered out of the picture Harry Balsamo, perished with Yarosz's victory and Teddy continued in the picture, with his chances for a title shot far advanced. Yarosz boxed his way to victory despite many a powerful punch he received about the body and side of the face, but he not only withstood the attack when it did come, but on occasions, even outslugged the terrific hitting Krieger at close range. I scored seven rounds for Yarosz, two for Solly and one even.

Teddy, who is making a great comeback after a long layoff brought about by an injured knee, was nimble, accurate in his rangy jabs to the face and on most occasions, he was both resourceful and elusive. His opponent, attempting to fight the clever Yarosz as he had fought Balsamo, went right-hand crazy and many a shot that might have proved damaging, went wild.

At times Krieger looked bewildered as he tried to hook his right to Yarosz's chin, only to have it hit the air, and this brought a charge by Hymie Caplan, Solly's manager, that his boy should have won the bout because of the elusiveness of Yarosz. But Hymie failed to take cognizance of the fact that it was not a case of running from Krieger, but a beautiful piece of boxing

in which Yarosz charged with aimless fists, hit the mark with regularity, yet avoided the counter charge by side-stepping, dodging and footwork.

Freddie Steele and Fred Apostoli, California middleweights, were interested spectators. Yarosz will be pitted against Apostoli if Fred should come through with a triumph in his New York debut, and the winner of that contest will be in line for a shot at the winner of the Steele-Risko bout in the Garden this month. Thus we may expect to see at least half a dozen splendid middleweight cards before summer because of the fine talent available.

* * *

JOHNNY HUTCHINSON, the clever little Negro from Philadelphia, again made a hit with the New York fight crowd by his style. He is a close resemblance in fighting tactics to Kid Chocolate when the Cuban Bon Bon first arrived in New York, and by his defeat of Johnny Cabello in a return engagement, he earned a spot in bigger attractions. Johnny will be heard from. He is a good scrapper, and clever.

* * *

WHEN one refers to the John L. Sullivan and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, as I have in my discussion of middleweights, he cannot help but recall the name of the third member of the greatest triumvirate in American boxing, the three famous Jacks. Over in Forest Hills, N. Y., there is a fighter who has proved just as great in battling a dreaded disease as he was in the ring when he fought the world leading lightweights. Jack McAuliffe is his name, the first undefeated, retired lightweight king of the world.

Poor Jack, one of the members of the Three Jacks—Dempsey and Sullivan being the other two, has been ailing for more than two years. I received a greeting card from Jack during the Yuletide season and as my thoughts became focused on the great battle which the former lightweight king was making against the Grim Reaper, my father-in-law, the octogenarian sports critic, A. D. Phillips, to whom I showed the card of greeting, recalled another great fight that Jack had fought, a thriller, a contest in which he beat Harry Gilmore in 1887.

The bout was for the world lightweight title and the Holske diamond belt. It took place at Lawrence, Mass. I asked Dad Phillips to give his impressions of the fight to our readers. Here is his version of the fight and the incidents attending it.

* * *

"DURING my many years of association with boxing, I have seen hundreds of fights—bare-knuckle, skin-tight and glove contests, but few, can I say, furnished more thrills than did the Gilmore-McAuliffe affair.

"I saw John L Sullivan in practically all of his important fights, have witnessed the leading bouts in all other divisions, and when a New Englander, I was among those present—scribes and a few fight fans—who sneaked into gas-lit cellars, deserted barns, the back woods and other places well out of reach of the police to see fights, and I can assure THE RING readers that New England was the hotbed of such contests. McAuliffe was a principal in a number of such bouts, two being those with Jem Carney at Revere Beach and that with Gilmore.

"The latter was one of the pluckiest fights ever staged in Massachusetts and besides the diamond Holske belt, a purse of $500 and about $600 gathered at the ringside, was at stake. When the sports first discussed the match, Holske, a Boston sport, offered the belt and it was decided to stage the affair in New York. About five days before the mill, the place was changed to Lawrence, and to avoid a pinch by the guardians of the law, about thirty sports from New York, Boston and Philadelphia were let in on the secret rendezvous and were taxed $25 a head for the privilege of seeing the bout.

"I was one of the few New Englanders among the lucky ones and I recollect distinctly how we had to travel over circuitous routes and at different hours to avoid suspicion and when we finally arrived at our destination, we found the rendezvous to be a blacksmith shop, owned by George Morris. There was pitched a crude ring, with ropes on only three sides. To a brick wall, the fourth side of the ring, the ropes were attached, and on the three sides of the ring, benches were placed to seat the spectators. Captain Cooke, owner and editor of the *Police News* of Boston, famous rival of the *Police Gazette*, and Captain Aaron P. Ordway of London *Sporting Life*, had charge of the arrangements, with Holske acting as the promoter.

"Holske permitted Nelse Innes, a Boston newspaperman, who later published the Innes record books and only one other scribe to be present, my friend, now dead, Larry Thyne—although at the time, he wasn't aware that Thyne was a newspaperman. Larry Thyne got into the shop through a ruse. He was hired by the promoter to help jack up the building due to the fact that several timbers had to be removed to enable the ring to be built, and when that had been accomplished, it was found best not to permit him to leave the building, fearing that he might inform the police.

"Among the others present were Harry S. Phillips, who at one time managed John L. Sullivan and handled the affairs of Gilmore; Patsy Sheppard, the Bangor, Maine, sport; Joe Lannon, Capt. Ordway and Capt. Cooke; Arthur Chambers, first lightweight champion who was Gilmore's second; Andy Malone and Gus Koester, another Gilmore second. Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, great pal of McAuliffe, was his chief of staff with Jack's brother, Con McAuliffe, his brother's second.

* * *

"IT was about eight o'clock at night when Holske looked over the 'house', decided all was in order, and got the affair under way. But before going into the fight itself, I think a few words about how the contest came to be staged, would be of interest. It came about in this way:

"Gilmore kept hurling challenges at McAuliffe and got under the skin of the champion. McAuliffe, it will be recalled, was a great amateur, with a clean slate for his record. McAuliffe, who had been visiting some relatives in Bangor, decided to go to Boston to see Holske who was then promoting bouts and after Holske had given him the 'once over', he decided to test McAuliffe's ability as a pro by matching him with 'Parson' Frazier, and when Jack beat him, his reputation went sky high. They fought 21 rounds for the world title at the Way Street Gymnasium and that paved the way for the match with Gilmore.

"When the weighing in took place, McAuliffe scaled 133 and Gilmore, 128½ pounds. Al Smith, famed New York official, was brought up from the big city to referee and as usual, he did a good job.

"Arthur Chambers, who was called a 'bag of tricks' by the sports, a name later given to several other fighters, took Gilmore aside just before the bout was started and instructed him how to wage the battle. One of the tricks which he tried to put across but which failed, was to have Gilmore work himself against the brick wall with the intention of having McAuliffe miss a punch and hurt or break his knuckles, but on the very first shot, Gilmore failed to duck on time, and instead of McAuliffe missing and thus hurting his hand, Jack caught Harry with a beautiful left flush on the chin. Gilmore not only was hurt by that punch, but his head struck with force against the wall and he got a double dose of it. Thereafter he avoided the wall as often as he could.

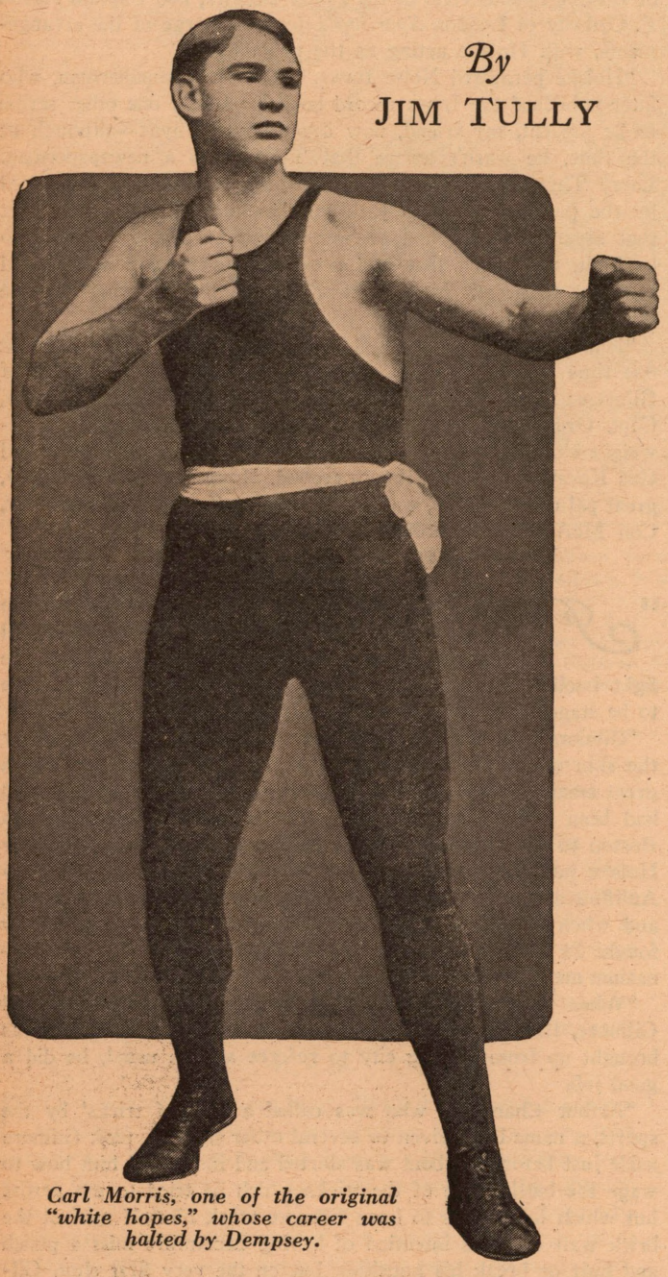
* * *

"THE fight lasted one hour and 52 minutes and ended in twenty-eight rounds. It was ended when Gilmore fell exhausted in the ring under the sledge hammer punches of McAuliffe. It was a remarkable battle and a thrilling finish. McAuliffe claimed the honors and Referee Smith gave them to him.

"Gilmore was so fearfully beaten that he had to be removed to a local hospital where he remained for several days, while McAuliffe and his New York contingent made a hasty retreat. They had heard that the sheriff had gotten wind of the affair and was on his way to the battle scene with a contingent of police to make a raid. But when he got there, all was quiet. Even the ring had been pulled apart and the blacksmith shop was all in order, thus tossing off the scent."

The NAPOLEON

By
JIM TULLY



Carl Morris, one of the original "white hopes," whose career was halted by Dempsey.

JACK DEMPSEY was long the Napoleon of bruisers. Jack Kearns, who was his manager for some years, first met him in 1917.

The ex-champion was at the time just another mediocre pugilist, little more than a young hobo handy with a pair of boxing gloves. An unknown member of the leather pushing brigade, he gave no promise of becoming the most magnificent pugilist of all time. The manager had also been a pugilist who did not rise to greatness. The relentless cunning of the tiger is necessary in the ring.

The dapper Kearns soon began the most adroit of campaigns. With his long-haired gawky fighter, he moved cautiously.

A reputation in the ring is not built up in a day. Whenever you hear of a bruiser suddenly flashing into fame it is well to bear in mind that the gentleman has burned the sinews of his manhood in the climb.

Jack Kearns has been accused of allowing ringers to take many nose dives for his future champion. Dempsey denies this emphatically. There is always slander about the ruler of a world.

For the first year or two after the Kearns-Dempsey alliance the pugilist won a sensational number of knockouts. Directly b fore the title bout with Willard, Dempsey knocked out Ja Hickey, Kid Harris, Kid Henry, Eddie Smith and Tony Dra in one round each.

He also made good as a knocker-out over the larger circu The man-mountain that was Jess Willard crumbled in a fe minutes before the dynamite that was Jack Dempsey. And so d the hill that was Carl Morris, the original White Hope, who far slumped on the tinselled seat of fortune as to become a movi picture actor in Hollywood. Morris crumpled in less than a rou before Dempsey, with a blow under the heart.

* * *

ONE of Dempsey's hardest fights was with Bill Brennan in Mi waukee. Bill had to stop in the sixth on account of a wrenche ankle. It was a battle fought to the tune of roaring elements. The advanced swiftly toward each other when the gong rang. Feintin they both led. There followed an intense silence. Their feet cou be heard shuffling over the canvas. Dempsey missed a left an right and worked in close. Then the yellow sledges began to pum

Brennan's game Irish face twisted in awful pain—as Dempsey' right swung downward in short, snappy jolts on his kidney. Th flesh above it was soon lumpy and raw. An uppercut caught Demp sey and maddened him. He flew into a left that stopped him fo a second.

He stepped back, both men measured each other and volleyed crumpling right and left smashes to face and body. Then anothe uppercut caught Dempsey and rattled the teeth in his heavy jaw. Maddened again, he made a tremendous rally. Yellow gloves flashed by yellow gloves, but Brennan stood his ground. His muscular body writhed and reeled under the powerful lights. A few moths flew above them—like white buzzards of the night.

* * *

WHEN the second gong rang Dempsey was in Brennan's corner before he rose from his chair. His right shot out and Brennan stepped inside it. The referee loosened the tangle of powerful arms. They squared away and rushed toward each other. Their foreheads bumped together and the blood flowed. They clinched and in an instant Dempsey slammed five horrible rights above Brennan's kidneys.

Brennan, his face distorted, wriggled his superb body away from the fiercely mauling pain. His lips were seen to move. No one knows what he said. He slashed a hard right above Dempsey's heart as the gong rang.

At the opening of the next round, Brennan's water-glistening body flew across to meet Dempsey's. That wild dash in the certain tornado of punishment was immense. It covered the epic Irishman with scream-maddened glory. Under the terrific thudding of gloves the building became a punchbowl of silence. A right collided with Brennan's jaw and he clinched. Rights and lefts slammed down on his back, but the wily Irishman knew that knockouts came not on a man's back, even from future champions. He clinched till his head cleared.

This barbarous bombardment kept up until Brennan was forced to stop with an injured ankle. He lived to fight Dempsey again when the latter was champion of the world. He lost in the twelfth round. Dempsey always had more trouble with men his own weight or even lighter than himself, such as Tommy Gibbons, Willie Meehan, Bill Brennan and Billy Miske. As a rule, the bigger men fell quickest. But then, he dropped many lighter men —Gunboat Smith in two rounds, Battling Levinsky in three rounds and Terry Kellar in five rounds.

* * *

OPINIONS differ as to who is the greatest pugilist in the history of the ring. My own idea is that Jack Dempsey is the mightiest bruiser of all time.

# of BRUISERS

Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist of thirty years ago, would run him a close second. Bob Fitzsimmons would never meet Jackson. He openly admitted his fear of the great Negro. As for John L. Sullivan, he drew the color line when Jackson's name was mentioned.

James J. Corbett did have the courage to fight Peter Jackson. But Corbett was only able to obtain a draw with the mighty Negro after sixty-two rounds. It will be remembered that Corbett defeated Sullivan in twenty-one rounds.

* * *

THE Manassa Mauler is not only the best dressed man in New York, but has a magnificent sense of humor. It can also be seen from the following that Dempsey had a clear vision of what would happen in the future.

A group of writers, myself among them, were waiting for Jimmy Braddock to arrive in Jack Dempsey's restaurant.

Max Baer sat at another table with his latest light o' love. Baer had said that morning that Mr. Braddock could not draw flies in a fight with him. And Mr. Braddock had countered with, "Then tell the big bum I'll fight him for nothing."

The plan was very simple. Without Mr. Baer's knowledge or consent, Mr. Braddock was to walk up to him and smack him hard on the nose.

We could hardly wait for the great moment. Many of us thought that the giant longshoreman could "take" Baer in a rough-and-tumble fight. We looked anxiously toward the door.

Hype Igoe said, "They'll wreck your place, Jack."

"Let them wreck it," smiled Jack. "It'll be worth it."

A writer asked suddenly, "Can Jimmy Braddock lick Schmeling, Jack?"

The ex-heavyweight champion returned, quick as a flash, "Jimmy Braddock's liable to lick anybody he can hit."

"Max Baer included?" I put in.

"Yeap—Max Baer."

"Can Braddock take it?" someone asked.

"He always has," answered Jack, "and he's a lot more apt to whip Schmeling than people think."

"Then what?" I said to Dempsey.

"Then Joe Louis'll knock Carnera out—and Braddock'll be left in the cold while the Negro boy tackles Max Baer."

No one spoke for a full minute. Then up piped Hype Igoe. "I wish Jimmy Braddock would hurry up. I haven't seen a fight since Firpo knocked the one and only Dempsey out of the ring."

"The one and only," laughed the one-time great fighter. "There were five of me after I got that sock—we all tried to climb back in the ring at the same time."

"Braddock might 'take' Baer at that," said Bill Farnsworth. "They claim he licked a truck driver once over in Jersey City."

"A real truck driver?" said Damon Runyon. "Then he's a cinch to take Baer." Damon looked at Jack. "But what about Louis?"

"He still has to prove he can take it," answered Jack.

The discussion was cut short as Jimmy Braddock entered. He was a giant piece of whale-bone walking. His jaws were set so hard that one could have sharpened a razor on the edges. He walked with a monstrous swagger.

"He's right over there," said Jack.

A silence reigned. A waiter stopped counting his tips.

The greatest free-for-all fight in history was about to take place.

Baer stood up quickly as Braddock approached, scowling.

We waited for the thud of a hamlike hand on Baer's beezer.

The silence was suddenly broken.

"Why, hello, Jimmy, old boy. I'm so glad you got that Lasky out of my way. You're a great fighter, Jimmy, a great fighter indeed, indeed."

And before Jimmy could say a word, Baer was shaking his strong right hand.

The groans of the writers could be heard for blocks.

Bill Brennan, who gave Jack Dempsey one of his toughest battles.

When Braddock was at last rescued from the flattery of Baer, Jack Dempsey asked, "Why the dickens didn't you bust him, Jimmy?"

"Lord, Jack, I forgot," replied the still befuddled Jimmy. Then realizing why he had forgotten to play his role, Jimmy sighed, "That guy's got more soft soap than a laundry."

And Dempsey smiled.

Toby Vigil

Floyd Findley

Rudy Villa

Billy Barnes

Pacific Coast Future Greats

By GENE VINASSA

TAKE a squint at these Wampas Baby Boxing Stars of 1936—shooting stars to supplant the falling ones in the pugilistic planet: Billy Barnes . . . . Toby Vigil . . . . Tommy Hart . . . . Floyd Findley . . . . Rudy Villa and Georgie Crouch. These are the top bout fighters of tomorrow in southern California.

Today's theme song is: "It's Glove in Bloom." For this is an Accent on Youth.

A thumb nail sketch on the outstanding young fighters in and around Los Angeles follows:

TOBY VIGIL—This is the most active stock on the market in Los Angeles . . . . controlled by Jerry Pelton, who once ran a hat checking business at Rector's in New York into quarter of million bucks and blew back most of it on the nags . . . . Vigil's new high was when he knocked out Sonny Valdez, protege of George Blake . . . . has had fifteen pro fights and won all of them with the exception of two draws with Herbie Hansford . . . . weighs 128 pounds, is nineteen years old . . . . supports family of ten . . . . quiet, tall, wiry and reticent. Sure thing to be boxing in New York before next summer rolls around!

TOMMY HART—The property of Stephen (Suey) Welsh, former Akron, O., citizen, now a transplanted Los Angeleno and one of the smartest ring pilots in the country . . . . don't sell this kid short . . . . whipped classy Bobby Yannes last start . . . . ten pro battles without a defeat . . . . weight 150 . . . . twenty years old . . . . attended Santa Barbara State College, where he received A.B. degree . . . . starred in baseball, boxing and football in school . . . . won the San Francisco Golden Gloves 147-pound title . . . . terrific right-hand socker and classy boxer. Sure to headline larger clubs in California within next few months.

Tommy Hart

BILLY BARNES — Managed by Harry Sherry, former Oakland boxing manager and well known Los Angeles sportsman . . . . undefeated in fourteen pro fights . . . . nineteen years old and tips Fairbanks at 140-pound mark . . . . started boxing while attending high school in Salt Lake City . . . . good puncher and can take it . . . . gets "A" on report card for gameness. Best club fighter in southern California.

RUDY VILLA—Managed and discovered by Stanley (Roxie) Eisen, known to boxing fans as the Patent Leather Kid. Rudy sold papers on Fourth and Main Streets in Los Angeles and had to battle to hold his corner. "Why don't you be a fighter?" Roxie asked the Mexican kid. Villa, who held high regard for his own fistic prowess, was highly insulted. "I am a fighter," he replied. "That's fine," said Eisen, "only you're going to get paid for it." Twenty-one years of age, weight 133 . . . . sixty-five amateur bouts, won fifty-eight, lost seven . . . . fifteen pro fights . . . . won twelve, lost two, one draw.

GEORGE CROUCH—Father is a minister and dislikes boxing, even if his boy does get paid for throwing leather. Was a star in the Simon-pures. Twenty pro fights, winning seventeen, lost two and one draw. Attend Jefferson High School in Los Angeles. Managed by Harvey Pettit, who has handled several good fighters, including Goldie Hess and Vearl Whitehead . . . . nineteen years of age, 138 pounds. Artistic boxer and building up a punch.

FLOYD FINDLEY—Won forty-eight out of fifty amateur bouts, winning four amateur tourneys. Twenty-one years of age, weight 170 pounds. He is employed as a painter.

Other promising young boxers in southern California are: Emilio Magana, Jerry Pelton's Mexican featherweight; Sonny Valdez, Arizona Mexican; Jimmy Lakes, Greek high school boy and Chico Romo, Indian featherweight, managed by the good Baron, Henry von Stumme.

Take a good look at these young fighters. Six months from now you may not readily recognize them. The lucre-lined road to the top in boxing is long and torturous. It is strewn with blood and pain—bashed noses, shattered hopes and dreams. Not all will survive. But the entrance gates to the highway of fame are swung wide open to beckon these "marked men."

George Crouch

COLORED BOXERS MAKE PROGRESS

By TED CARROLL

THE surge of Negro fighters to the front line of the Fistic Parade, a movement that began with the sensational rise of Joe Louis in 1935, continued unimpeded by the Brown Bomber's downfall at the hands of Max Schmeling through 1936. The colored mittmen were particularly active in the heavyweight class where Jack Trammell, Otis Thomas, Leroy Haynes, Roscoe Toles and Johnny Whiters, performed consistently throughout the past year.

For many years, since 1910, the heavyweight division offered little opportunity for the dusky warriors, but not so now, however.

The ancient barriers that so long blocked the way to heavyweight prominence for colored boxers, seem to have fallen before the box office magic, magnetic appeal, subdued personality and lethal powers of young Mr. Louis, and what was once barren land for boxers of his race, has turned into a veritable happy hunting ground. Of those mentioned above, one Jack Trammell, coffee colored, gangling giant product of Youngstown, Ohio, seems to show the most promise.

Unheard of in 1935, the 6 foot 5 inch Mid-Westerner has come on with a rush the past six months. Undefeated at this writing, Trammell got past a difficult hurdle when he outspeared dangerous Leroy Haynes a few weeks ago.

Oldtimers declare him a larger copper colored copy of Old Fitz in general physical makeup. A tiny head set between tremendous shoulders, rippling with long wiry steel-like muscles, thin, reedlike legs supporting a powerful torso, give the 23 year old 200 pounder, the general appearance of the onetime heavyweight champion of the world in sepia.

Trammell is primarily a puncher with most of his power in his right but he also makes intelligent use of his long left hand in creating openings for his sleep producing right.

* * *

OTIS THOMAS, famed Chicago Golden Glover, has done surprisingly well in the moneyed ranks. He has yet to face defeat and has beaten tough, hard hitting Eddie Simms, no mean feat for one of his limited professional experience. New York remembers Otis as Chicago's Golden Glove representative in 1934, fighting Bob Pastor and losing a close decision, but according to Mid-West fight critics, the husky colored boy has come a long way since then.

Johnny Whiters and Roscoe Toles are Detroit entries who have shown great possibilities in the past few months. Whiters recently stopped rugged Terry Mitchell and Roscoe beat Eddie Simms, who seems to specialize in meeting colored fighters.

The veteran Leroy Haynes performed in in-and-out fashion during the past year but his smashing knockout over tough Abie Feldman put him right back into the limelight.

Leroy twice stopped big Primo Carnera, but couldn't solve Al Ettore in three cracks at the game Philadelphian. Leroy is a great puncher and is always a threat to any opponent.

* * *

MANAGERIAL trouble stayed the progress of Lorenzo Pack. Philadelphia has a promising contender in Willie Reddish.

The year 1936 saw Joe Louis crash from his lofty pedestal of super-fighter although the Schmeling debacle does not seem to have lessened his punching power. He is still vulnerable to a right hand but those who saw him almost tear tough Al Ettore's head off with a left hook, take hard punching Jorge Brescia's Sunday punch, and then knock the Senor right back to his native Argentine with a single wallop, all agree that Joseph is still very much the fighter, and he may still ascend the heights that seemed destined for him a year ago. He is a tough hombre and there is no telling what he is likely to do.

* * *

DROPPING down a notch to the cruiserweight class, as our English cousins term the light-heavyweight division, we find a colored boxer occupying the champion's throne. If an outstanding Negro boxer for the year must be picked, John Henry Lewis, of Phoenix, Ariz., deserves the honor as much as any other.

The light-heavyweight champion of the world lost one decision, a close over the weight affair with Emilio Martinez in Denver, Colo., but was invincible in his other starts. He turned back Jock McAvoy in the Garden, trekked over to England where he made the first American defense of a world's title since Mickey Walker stopped Tommy Milligan in 1927, returning with $20,000 and an easy verdict over the promoter-challenger Len Harvey.

He unleashed an unsuspected barrage in dropping Red Burman 6 times in Chicago before knocking him out, probably inspired by the presence of Jack Dempsey in the Baltimorean's corner. John Henry's days as a 175 pounder are numbered. He is determined to join the heavyweight ranks. He recently lost to Al Ettore as a heavy, but later the boxing board ruled the bout a draw.

Al Gainer has been around for some time, but accomplished more in 1936 than he did in all the previous years of his career. The New Englander is probably the champion weight giver of the world. Certainly his trick of conceding power punching Tony Galento 52 pounds and then stopping him last June hasn't been equalled this year.

He likes to fight big fellows and charges his defeat at the hands of John Henry Lewis in Pittsburgh to the fact that he was forced to come in at 177 lbs., nine above his usual 168 lb. notch. These two colored fighters drew one of the largest popular priced houses in the history of Pittsburgh boxing, 20,000 people paying $35,000 to see them perform, last summer.

* * *

AMONG the little fellows, Henry Armstrong, recognized by California as the featherweight champion, was outstanding. Henry gained this distinction by his surprisingly easy victory over Baby Arizmendi, but his way to complete possession of the crown is barred by Mike Belloise recognized in New York, and Petey Sarron, N.B.A. titleholder by virtue of his decision over Freddie Miller.

Armstrong gained a hairline verdict over Belloise in Los Angeles, and is rated by Coast experts as the best featherweight in the world today. A cleancut, gentlemanly little fellow, Armstrong is a great favorite on the Coast, and came into considerable publicity when Al Jolson reputedly paid $10,000 for his contract.

Cocoa Kid is another boy who seems to be coming into real development late in his career. He is a fine prospect.

The tall New Englander, an inconsistent performer for years, has apparently taken a new lease on life. During 1936 he turned in many winning efforts, outstanding among them being his brace of victories over the feared southpaw, Jack Portney. Connecticut's Cocoa boxes in three divisions, light, junior welter and welter, and usually tips the beam at 140 lbs.

Rivalling Cocoa at this weight there is Holman Williams of Chicago, who made a great record as an amateur in 1932 and 1933. A rangy lad with plenty of boxing ability and a snappy right hand, Holman ranks among the better prospects of the moment. Williams and Cocoa Kid boxed a close bout in New Orleans the latter winning after a ding dong struggle.

(Continued on page 44)

STILL STRONG

THERE are a few dour folks who would have you believe that every old fighter walks on his heels and that punches on the head turn a fighter's brain into a sort of a scrambled egg. It is a curious fact, but true, that these critics will pick out some poor chap suffering from a serious illness and pretend that boxing, not disease, has caused the ravages they see. I have yet to see them pick on one of the healthy ex-battlers.

There are plenty of fighters who went through a long, hard ring career and came through it in physical condition that is far above anything attained by ordinary men.

Jim Jeffries—who took the hardest punches of the hardest hitters of his time, including the great Fitzsimmons—is one of the strongest and healthiest 61 year old men in the world. To this day he has the endurance and strength of two ordinary men. His brother, Jack, who also had a fighting career, got a fighter's nose from punches in the ring but certainly doesn't show any other effects.

Jack's job is running a mine in Alaska. The mine is on the side of a mountain, high above the nearest settlement, a little group of buildings about seven miles away. They close down the mine in the winter and operate it in the summer months, so that a few of the men who apply for jobs are college boys on vacation.

* * *

I'M not sure just how old Jack is—it's hard to tell by his appearance—but he isn't more than a couple of years younger than Jim. He keeps in such wonderful shape that the miners expect to see him do something extraordinary once in a while; but they weren't prepared for one surprise he gave them not long ago.

One of the new men at the mine was a college track star from the middle west. He was a distance runner, and a good one. He was rather proud of this and occasionally tried to get some one to run against him for a bet.

One day Jack was down at the store, seven miles from the mine and several thousand feet lower, when the college athlete came in and issued a challenge. He wanted to put up twenty-five dollars that he could beat any man in the settlement running back to the mine.

The miners looked at Jack. He laughed. "Why," he said, "I'm an old man. I'm not a runner."

After some argument, he agreed to take the bet. The start was arranged and the two men began running up the mountain. Jack didn't pay any attention to the distance runner, but just set his own pace. As it turned out, this satisfied the boy, who was content to run along with him and sprint away at the finish.

* * *

MILE after mile, they plugged away, up the trail. It got steeper and rockier all the time. When they had gone six miles the boy was all in, and old Jack, still covering the ground at a steady pace, ran away from him.

"Pshaw," he said afterwards. "I'm no runner, but I'm used to the mountains. The altitude got him. I could run all day over that trail if I had to."

I'd like to see some of the dour writers compete against either Jack or Jim Jeffries in any activity requiring great condition, perfect health, and fine physique. They'd get the surprise of their lives.

When Jim Jeffries was at his best, Jack often trained with him. In the gym, he could give Jim a terrible battle. Jim had some hopes, for a while, that his brother would carry on and win the championship, but that was not to be. Few indeed are the brothers who have both been titleholders; in fact, it is necessary to go back to 1841 to find a pair of brothers who both held the heavyweight title.

These men were Jem and Nick Ward. On July 19, 1825, Jem Ward beat Tom Cannon in a ten-rounder at Warwick, England, before a crowd estimated at 10,000. The heavyweight title was in dispute, since the champion, Tom Spring, had retired undefeated. Upon beating Cannon, however, Jem Ward was recognized as champion and given a belt which was a symbol of the heavyweight title.

Jem defeated Simon Byrne, the champion of Ireland, and then retired. Afterwards, in 1841, the title again fell into dispute upon the retirement of Bendigo, who had won the crown. Once more a member of the Ward family rose to claim the crown—and once more a member of the family—Nick, this time—was successful in winning it. Nick fought Deaf Burke and Ben Caunt, the two leading claimants. He beat Burke and won from Caunt on a foul. He didn't hold the title long.

Three months later Caunt beat him, and Nick Ward retired.

* * *

SEEING that examples of brothers winning the heavyweight title are so rare, it is little wonder that Jack did not follow Jim's path to the crown. Champions are scarce. Early in 1936 there was an amateur boxing tournament which brought forth 20,000 entrants, not one of whom was outstanding in ability; yet those 20,000 boys represented a class of athletes who are better boxers than the average person.

Even if Jack didn't scale the championship heights, Jim came near having brilliance enough for two. Few indeed are the men in any line of sport who have had the physique and muscular power that Jeffries had.

Imagine this: at sixteen years of age he weighed over 200 pounds, was six feet tall, and was the strongest man in the mining camp at Temecula, California—a camp crowded with husky miners of Cornish descent. In addition to that, Jeff was a first class sprinter. Running in California, which has produced speedsters like Paddock, Wykoff, Borah, Kiesel, Dyer, and other champions, he was only beaten once—when running barefooted against the champion of California, Tom McAleer.

What a football player he would have been!

Walter Christie, in those days the track coach at the University of California, visited Jeffries in training camp one time, watched him run, and immediately declared that he could coach Jeffries to run ten flat or better for the hundred in a few weeks. All he needed was the starting technique. You may doubt this, and it does seem incredible, but old friends of his claim they timed him in better than 10.5 for the hundred when he was running *barefooted*.

* * *

A STRANGE thing about Jeff, was that he combined great endurance with great speed. He could, and often did, run ten miles a day in training camp and finish off with a 200 yard sprint that would do credit to a fresh runner.

Jim Corbett was a fine runner, too. He was built much more like a runner than Jeffries—at least to the eye of the untrained observer—and he was very proud of his speed afoot. While he was training for his bout with Fitzsimmons at Carson City, he did plenty of roadwork. Jeffries, who was one of his sparring partners, usually accompanied him on these jaunts because he was one of the few men in camp who could keep up with Corbett. One day the two men had been out for a run and were coming back into camp. Jeffries was trotting along at Corbett's heels, and Corbett was trying to shake him off, but couldn't.

Suddenly Corbett stopped, about a couple of hundred yards short of camp.

"Jeff," he said. "What do you say we race from here in?"

"Sure," said Jeff.

"Now, don't hold back," ordered Corbett. "Give it everything you've got. From the way you've been running today I suspect you have a little more speed than you've been showing."

"All right," said Jeff.

They started. Jeff let Corbett jump into the lead; there was no question of his having an advantage at the start. Fifty yards from

By
BOB EDGREN

the finish he turned on the steam and went by Corbett flying. He ran into camp with several yards of clear space between himself and the champion. Jeff stopped, and turned around. Corbett kept right on going, without a word. He gave Jeff the most curious look as he passed; half angry—he always hated to be beaten at anything—and half amazed.

After that there were no more races in camp.

* * *

JEFFRIES not only had great strength, he had a way of calling upon his muscles for the utmost power at the moment it was needed. In the language of the betting man, Jeff was at his best when the chips were down. There was no tightening up when he faced an emergency; just greatly increased strength and speed. A few people have this quality. Scientists who study psychology say that all of us have reserves of power we know nothing about. Few of us can call on this reserve at will. Jeffries could.

One time when Jeff was a young boy of about seventeen, he was working in the oil fields at Punta, California. The gang with which he worked was putting up a tank.

On this kind of a job, first a skeleton structure is built, and then big iron plates are raised into place and riveted to one another to form the sides. Each plate weighs from eight to nine hundred pounds, and it has to be fitted into place so exactly that the rivet holes match up with those on all the plates around it.

For this job, the tank crew with which Jeffries was working had put up a derrick, consisting of a mast sixty feet high and twelve by twelve inches square, supporting a boom of the same size. The mast was held erect by long guy ropes of twisted steel wire fastened to steel pegs driven deep into the ground.

Most of the men were working around the derrick, but Jeffries was on the other side of the tank heading rivets. While he stood waiting for another red-hot rivet to be placed, he looked out over the hills. A dry yellow puff of dust burst into view in the foreground, as with a zing! one of the guy ropes pulled its peg out of the ground and whirled, twisting and squirming, high into the air. The mast and the boom began to fall.

There was no time to reach the ladder. Jeffries jumped off the scaffolding and ran around the tank. There was a crash of timbers and the grinding of iron, and the ground shook with a heavy concussion.

* * *

THE great mast and boom, folded together, had fallen straight over on the half completed tank. The men were staring up at the wreckage and Jeffries' eyes followed theirs. For a second or so he felt sick. There on the scaffolding right over his head lay one of the workers, a friend of his, named Kelly, pinned under the heavy mast and boom. He was bent halfway across an iron plate, looking down, with his eyes bulging and his tongue sticking out from between his open jaws.

Like a flash Jeff went into action. He ran up the ladder, placed his shoulders under the beams, and lifted with all his might. Slowly the beams came up as he straightened his back and legs, and with a final effort Jeff threw them off sideways to fall crashing on the ground.

Kelly slid off the ironwork and fell to the ground. He was not badly hurt; the framework had halted the falling mast inches short of the iron plate. If the derrick had gone any further, Kelly would have been cut in two. In fact, he was hurt more by the fall to the ground than he was by being crushed!

And as to the fallen derrick: eight men, including Jeffries, were required to budge the boom alone—when it was on the ground. The mast weighed the same.

Jack Jeffries, not far short of 60, won a race over mountains against a college distance runner.

You can figure what sort of a man it took to lift them both, to save the life of a friend.

* * *

"AN abnormal power of resistance was the foundation of Jeffries' championship form. It was his strongest department and leagued with it in almost equal proportions he possessed the ability to go a long, long ring journey without evincing signs of fatigue," said Billy Delaney.

"He proved his strength as a beast of burden at Harbin Springs, Calif., when he made wearying sorties, afoot, into the deer country and returned time and again with the carcass of a buck strapped across his shoulders.

"He proved his endurance in the affair with Sharkey at Coney Island, when, with his frame stripped by arduous and incessant training, he fought twenty-five rounds under a blistering grill of electric fire and finished strong and full of fight."

Jeffries was so strong he hardly felt blows that would kill an ordinary man. Once a painter's scaffold fell on him from an upper story, a thick plank weighing fifty pounds, striking him on the neck and stunning him. He recovered quickly and laughed aloud.

In the ring he took the hardest blows of Fitzsimmons, Sharkey and other great hitters and apparently didn't feel them. He was only seventeen when he fought Griffin, a colored heavyweight, who had met Johnson and Langford and all the rest of them.

The boy weathered Griffin's heavy punches until Griffin's arms dropped from sheer weariness, and then knocked the Negro out.

There are any number of tales of Jeffries' strength that could be told, but space won't permit. Often when Jeff is in a gathering even now, the subject of his endurance and stamina comes up as a regular topic for discussion. I have known many fighters in all classes and athletes in all branches, but seldom in my travels have I encountered as powerful a man as Jeffries. If Jim had taken up strong man stuff in his youth, he would have been a second Sandow.

MEET the JUDGE

Kid Graves, Former Claimant of Welterweight Title, Dispenses Justice in Nebraska Court

By PAUL VAN DER VOORT II

SINCE Jack Dempsey has opened a restaurant and had his picture in the mags, wearing a chef's hat and extolling his favorite recipe, ring fans expect most anything in the way of new rackets for the oldtimers who have stowed away the padded mittens for good.

To date, however, the writer has heard of only one being elevated to the bench. He is Perry "Kid" Graves, once recognized as a world's welter champ.

The Kid is the justice of peace in Rock Bluffs, Nebraska, a little village hidden away in the Missouri River bluffs, about 30 miles south of Omaha.

Here, in the drowsy little place which was once a flourishing town, though long since sleeping a sleep broken only by the hue and cry of two mysterious murders, still unsolved, the man who was once called champ, can be called judge. A ghost fighter in a ghost town.

The folks around don't call him judge, though. To them he is just Perry, and his ring exploits seem to be forgotten. Even the Kid is just a little hazy on dates and names and turns to "Pop" Graves, who used to manage him or to "Ma" Graves, for a monicker that has slipped his tongue, or a date long forgotten.

Names familiar to the oldtimers slip off his tongue, though, once he gets going. How did he win the "title"? Well—let him tell it.

"It was all newspaper decisions in those days," he begins, "and Johnny 'Kid' Alberts and I got to the finals of the international tournament after about two years of scrapping. Alberts was the Canadian champ and two years before this tournament final bout, we fought a draw at the Moose club in Cleveland.

"I knocked him out in the second round when we fought the final bout. That was," he scratches his head and ponders the date, "on March 22, 1916.

"The fight was at the Broadway Sporting club in Brooklyn. John Weisenmantle was president of the club and Johnny Dunn, the announcer. Leo Flynn was Alberts' manager."

The Kid settles himself and begins to reminisce.

"I fought a lot of good boys to get to the finals. Italian Joe Gans, supposed to be the Italian champ; Jack Britton, Mike Glover, Albert Badoud, the French and Swiss champ; Terry Mitchel, the Irish welter king; Ted 'Kid' Lewis. Oh yes, Soldier Bartfield, and he was a tough egg, don't forget. I fought a lot of others, too. Harry Stone, the Australian champ and a fellow they called the 'Dancing Master!'"

Graves turns to "Pop" and asks him if he remembers the "Master's" name.

"Jake O'Hearn," Pop says after thinking a minute.

"Yeah," says the Kid, "It was a good name for him, too."

"Well," I venture, "I suppose you got a big kick out of knocking Alberts off and being recognized as the champion."

"Yeah," he replies, but he doesn't get excited about it. Pretty soon I find out why. The fight he had with Dutch Zimmer, an unknown, still rates tops with him. It sounds like Horatio Alger, but he swears it's true.

"This Dutch Zimmer," the Kid explains, "was a bully that used to hang around a saloon in New York, close to my dad's barber shop. I was only a kid and he used to always have a kick in the pants or a cuff on the ear for me, whenever he came by. I told him lots of times—'Dutch, some day I'll be big enough to lick you.'"

Change reels and let Time march on. The scene; the Brooklyn Beach Athletic club in Cleveland.

"I had just come to town," the Kid goes on, "and I ran into a friend of mine who invited me out to the club to the fights that night.

"It was a cold night, that night, and one of the heavyweights who was to fight in the main event wouldn't go on after he saw the small crowd. Dutch Zimmer, he was the other fighter, agreed to tackle a substitute, though, if they could get one.

"Nobody would volunteer and finally a fellow sitting next to me, who knew me, told the announcer for a joke that I would fight Dutch. I was only a lightweight then, and the crowd thought it was funny. Well, after a lot of joking I really did fight him—"

"And knocked him out in the third round," Ma Graves interposes.

"Yeah, I had to fight barefooted, because they couldn't find a pair of shoes small enough for me, but he never laid a glove on me."

The Kid's share of the purse for that fight was the enormous sum of $13.20 but one gets the idea that he got more satisfaction out of making good on his boyhood promise to lick Zimmer, than in collecting the winner's share of many of his major bouts.

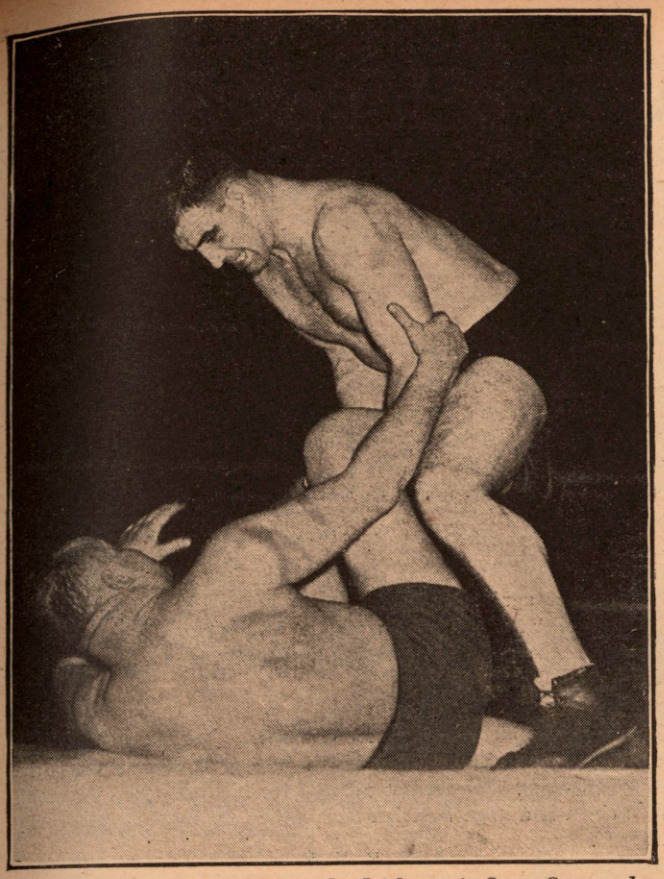
A lot of major bouts he fought, too. Twice each, with Mike Gibbons and Harry Greb, both among the best in their class. Even after he quit fighting himself, the Kid was identified with fighters and the fight game for a long time.

He worked on an Omaha newspaper as a sports writer and then turned to managing an Omaha fighter. He took his Omaha fighter to the Nebraska Indian country one night, and while the fighter got himself knocked out, Graves got the job of training his fighter's opponent, George Lamson, an Indian.

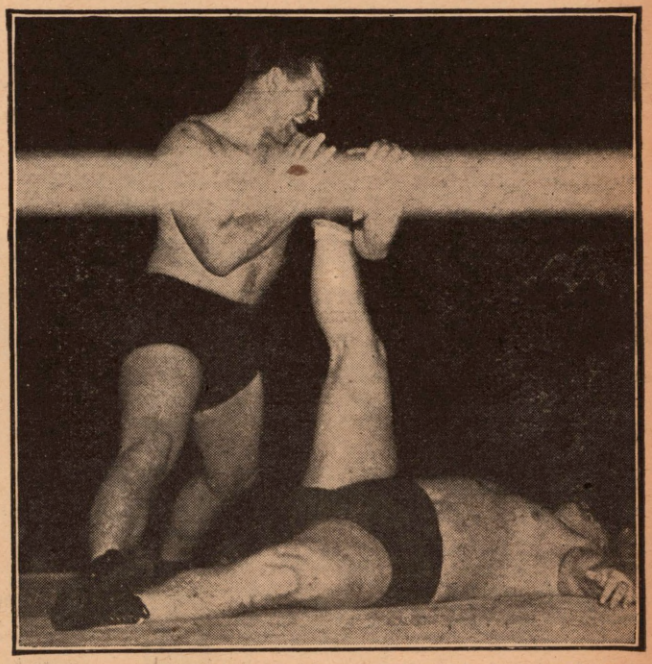
He coached Lamson for a long time and finally disagreements came and the duo was split up. Then the Kid started training another fighter, Andy Schmader, *(Continued on page 44)*

"Kid" Graves, former claimant to welter title, now a stern-faced judge in Nebraska.

Want to Reduce? Here's How



Jack Curley has imported a popular Irishman in Steve Casey, who has been winning all of his matches in New York. Steve, according to the experts, knows his wrestling even though he is still somewhat crude, but he is destined to make as much or more money than did O'Mahony because of his popularity. Here Steve is applying pressure to Charley Strack's knees to force him to the mat.



A dandy leg split, this one. Orville Brown is the smiling boy who has the hold on Big Chief Sanooke. The Chief seems to be pinned, but his right shoulder is above the mat and Brown is trying to force it down.

Only his strong head and the power of his bridge prevented Everett Marshall, claimant to the world crown, from being tossed by Ray Steele in their match for the "crown" in Cleveland. Marshall and his rival battled to a scoreless tie—pardon, a draw—but Referee Ernie Maddock was the loser. Maddock was tossed against the posts during the bout and was forced to retire.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By NAT FRANK

IT may sound odd, but it's true that—

Ed Meske, Ohio State champion, thanks President Roosevelt for making him a wrestler. You see, it was this way. Upon graduation from college, Meske became a salesman for check protectors. When F. D. R. became President, he immediately declared a bank holiday. Being that the checks weren't any good any more, Meske found himself in a job without a useful article to sell, so presto, he turned to the mat for a livelihood.

* * *

Man Mountain Morgan, the 330-pound Texan, hurls a defi at Man Mountain Dean for the dreadnaught championship. "And," stipulates Morgan, "the loser is to shave his whiskers."

* * *

Bert Rubi, the Hungarian star, was "willed" the spectacular Body Turnover Scissors by the late Jim Browning, former heavyweight champion of the world.

* * *

Mayes M'Lain is now busily engaged in participating in mat tussles in the South. This Redskin holds the rare distinction of having scored more points on the gridiron than any other pigskin toter. M'Lain was a member of the championship Haskell College eleven.

* * *

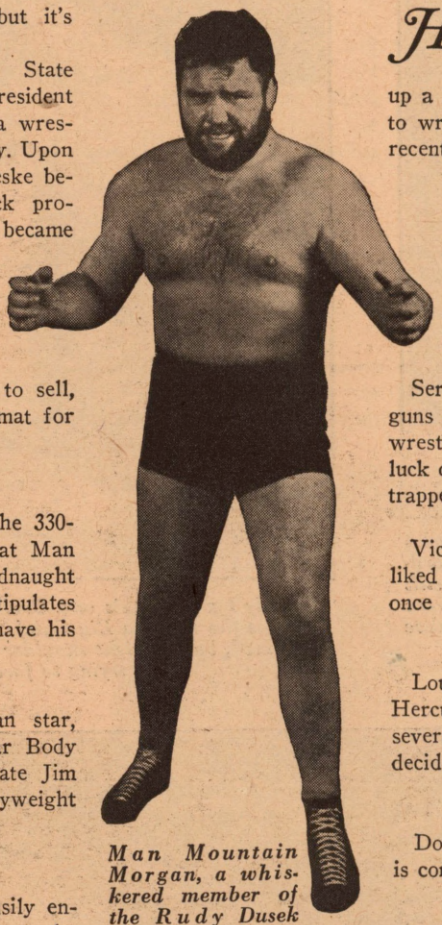
A "Prince of Wales Horse Stunt" forced Sammy Menacker, Bronx Jewish sensation, into the wrestling field. When this Hebrew fell off his steed, he broke his arm, and swore never again.

* * *

George Lenihan, of Boston, used to "wrestle for nothing" before becoming a professional. You see, he was a bill collector, and often were the times when he would get into melees with the non payable clients, until he decided that it would pay him better to grapple and get paid for it.

* * *

Joe Montana, Camden Italian, is an expert pretzel bender. It was the easy manner he controlled the dough twisting art that convinced him he probably could turn humans into the same kind of shapes. Hence, 'twas ex pretzel bender and today Montana is one of the best bone twisters in the profession.



Man Mountain Morgan, a whiskered member of the Rudy Dusek troupe. He is known as the Texas Terror.

HANK BARBER, the Way Down East grappling star, turned to the mat after he met with an accident while a member of the Boston Braves baseball team. He gave up a highly promising diamond career, but his selection to turn to wrestling proved he made a wise move. Incidentally, Barber recently became the daddy of a son.

* * *

Nick Lutze, the Adonis from Los Angeles, has time and again refused offers to become a screen lover in order to continue as a member of the first flight grapplers. Lutze, prior to becoming a grappler, was a football star for Notre Dame.

* * *

Serge Kalmikoff, the bearded Siberian Jew, is going great guns in English and French rings. Serge, no matter where he wrestles, brings his mascot along with him. Oh yes, the good luck omen is a huge Siberian bear, which the matman personally trapped.

* * *

Vic Christy is going great guns in the far west. This well liked matador is a stellar showman. Vic, an expert swimmer, once saved three people from drowning in the Pacific Ocean.

* * *

Lou Farino, chunky Hoboken strong-man, acted the part of a Hercules at various fairs throughout the country. When he beat several professional wrestlers, who tried to "show him up," he decided to take a hand at the grip and get gripped game.

* * *

Doctor Karl Sarpolis, the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., wrestling star, is combining his grappling art with refereeing in spare time. He is attending to his ring duties in the Southwest.

* * *

ABE KASHEY, the Syrian Assassin, is one of the few active grapplers in the game who also promotes. He centers his operations in the Twin Cities section.

* * *

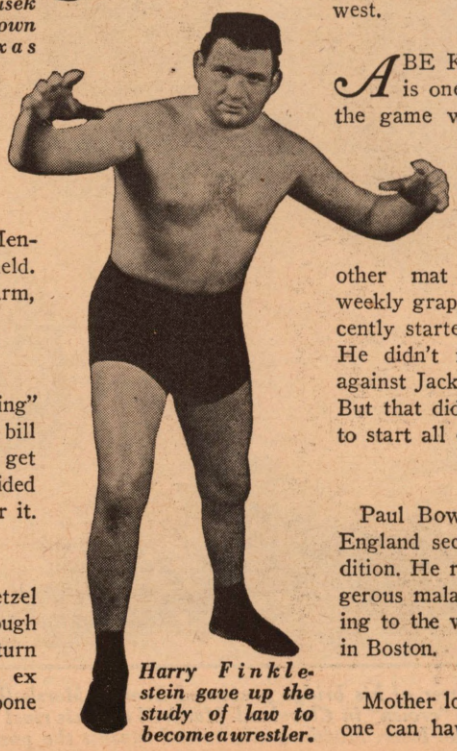
Bill "Bluebeard" Lewis, another mat impresario, who puts forth weekly grappling bills at Richmond, Va., recently started on a comeback as a wrestler. He didn't fare so well in his first start against Jack Hader, Kansas City Hate-Man. But that didn't stop him from his intention to start all over again.

* * *

Paul Bowser, the bigwag from the New England sector, is in perfect physical condition. He recently scored a pin over a dangerous malady and is back in harness tending to the weekly wants of his mat clientele in Boston.

* * *

Mother love is the greatest bind that anyone can have. To Rowdy Rudy Dusek his



Harry Finklestein gave up the study of law to become a wrestler.

maternal parent means as much to him as any mother means to her children. He recently spent over $1,000 just for the sake of being in his mother's company. He flew to Omaha, spent a week in her company and flew back to his New York home.

* * *

TY COBB and Babe Ruth are baseball immortals.

Jack Dempsey will never be forgotten by the followers of Pugilism.

So long as there is a single follower of the tennis sport, the fans will always remember Big Bill Tilden.

Red Grange and his famous number 77 will always be recalled in any conversation pertaining to football.

Wrestling devotees will little forget the Riot Squad of wrestledom, the Duseks—Rudy, the eldest; Emil, Ernie and Joey, in the order of their ages. They probably have a bigger following in the mat sport than any other set of wrestlers.

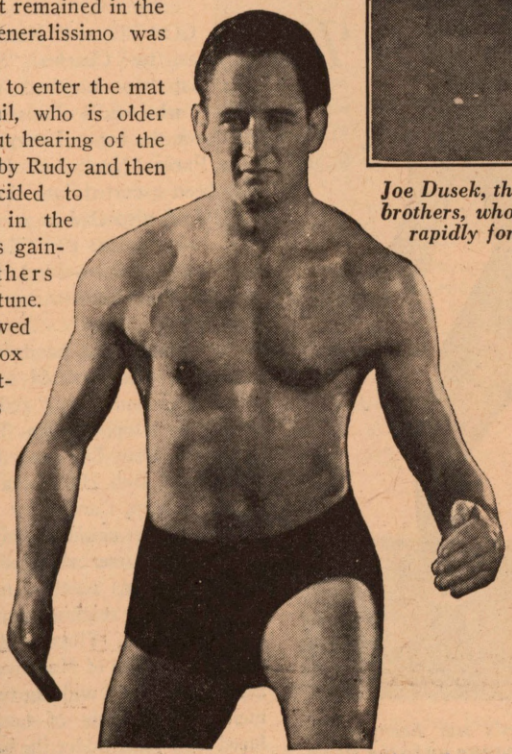
All the Duseks are alike. They are all tough, rough and disagreeable to their adversaries. They are firm believers in the thought that they must take advantage of every kind of opportunity in their efforts to bring down their rivals into woeful defeat. The Daring Duseks spare no one. All opponents look alike to them. They are brutes in action; never give an inch; always crave to see their quarries squirming under the pressure as only a Dusek can apply.

Rudy, the "daddy," was the first of the quartet to use "meanness" on his rivals. He found that it paid twofold. First of all, it weakened those who dared oppose him. Secondly, he found that it paid good financial dividends, for the customers always come out in droves to yell loud and long for his defeat.

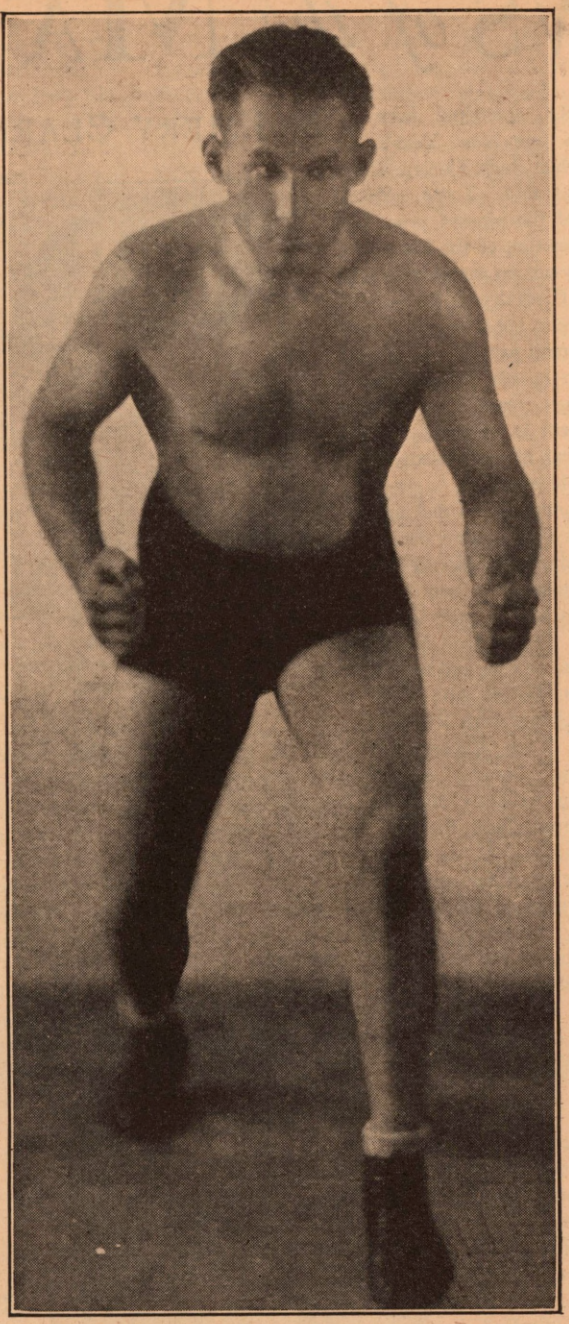
Then came Ernie, second youngest, and he soon gained the reputation as being the Captain of the Riot Squad. His tactics soon took some of the play away from Brother Rudy, but as long as it remained in the family, the Generalissimo was fully satisfied.

Next in line to enter the mat wars was Emil, who is older than Ernie. But hearing of the success gained by Rudy and then Ernie, he decided to take a hand in the game that was gaining his brothers fame and fortune. He, too, followed the unorthodox style of twisting his rivals into all sorts of shapes, little caring whether his system followed the strict code of mat ethics.

As though three Duseks were not enough, up pops the Baby of the "Wicked Nebraskans," and presto, the grappling fans soon became aware that Dusek Number Four was also a mat competitor. He is Joey.



Digger Les Grimes, former Australian champion, who is a fast and clever performer.



Joe Dusek, the youngest of the rough-and-tumble Dusek brothers, who have a big following in the East. Joe is rapidly forging to the front rank of the matmen.

Since Rudy, Ernie and Emil already had attained their greatness in the game as "rough men de-luxe," Joey had much to overcome to gain the same reputation as his brothers. But he was undaunted. He claimed that anything his brothers could do, he also could accomplish. And he set out with the thought that he must at least scale the same heights as they did.

As a result, Joey today is a recognized matman of the rough school. His willingness to go to extremes, plus the fact that he has youthfulness in his favor over the other three quarters of his wrestling family has made him a hot favorite. He takes chances that even such experienced "devil may care types" as Rudy, Ernie and Emil, would shun. Joey has been running roughshod over his antagonists. He is in the ring for a killing and, while he may not wrestle strictly according to Hoyle, he still is of the opinion that no matter what occurs, the fans will leave the various grappling emporiums uttering to themselves that the Dusek Tribe supplies them with all sorts of sensations.

* * *

A FIGHTING wrestling man, 330 pounds including the whiskers—that's the Texas Terror, Man Mountain Morgan. And Man Mountain Morgan believes in using every ounce of his poundage to wear down his rivals. He is also an expert in battering his opponents around the ring in a reckless and careless manner.

"Get in the first wallop and the foe loses all interest in the goings on for the evening," is the Morgan slogan.

Morgan, despite his size, is spry on the mat. He moves around like a middleweight. He never tires and the further the bout goes, the more he batters his adversary.

Morgan is only a youngster of 25. He has been grappling for two years but in that space of time, many far more experienced foes than he have bitten the dust. *(Continued on page 53)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

NEW YORK wrestling fans received a fine New Year's gift when Jack Curley, Rudy Dusek and Toots Mondt smoked the pipe of peace and joined hands in the promotion of the mat sport. Prior to the make-up, Mondt, in partnership with Jack Pfeffer, ran the Hippodrome bouts with Jack Curley as matchmaker, but when the master promoter balked at the small part he was playing in the sport over which he has been ruling in the Empire State for forty years, he decided to shift for himself and went in opposition to the Hippodrome by promoting in the Seventy-First Regiment armory, his old stand-by.

When the Boxing Commission ruled against the Hippodrome protest that Curley could not conflict with that organization's Monday allotment, it automatically paved the way for the peace pact. With the backing of the big state politicians, including the Secretary of State, Ed Flynn, who is in control of boxing and wrestling, Curley had the jump on Mondt who found it best to give up his association with Pfeffer and to rejoin his old pal. Thus Curley now controls the best heavyweights in America because of his new alliance and his shows are beginning to draw like they did in the good old days. In the meantime, Jack Pfeffer, the hustling, bushy-haired importer of foreign talent, is operating with success at the Hippodrome, an ideal spot for wrestling.

Don George, who has just returned from a successful tour of New Zealand.

Pfeffer, who has a string on the best of the lighter men, is faring pretty well all by his lonely. Jack knows how to match the boys and has been giving the crowd some high class shows, even though he is in Dutch with the boxing board with which he has no standing. But Pfeffer doesn't mind so long as he can continue to pile up the dough. He has as his ally one of the Johnston boys, William, who is the front man for the little Russian.

* * *

THE arrival in this country of Steve Casey has been hailed by the promoters, because of the big following the Irishman has. With him and Danno O'Mahony, former champion, parading for the Curley-Bowser combine, the fans expect soon to see the two Sons of Erin pitted against each in a "titular" match in Boston—not for the world crown, but for the Irish championship, which each claims. Incidentally, Danno has improved considerably since he was last here and is sure to cut quite a figure in the big money matches this winter.

I might also add that at the suggestion of Jack Curley, the rival promoters throughout the country are getting into line to see the wisdom of dropping the sectional championship claims and getting one man to lead the heavyweight ranks, as should be. Curley wisely pointed the way to clear the atmosphere of such phoney claims when he recently published his ratings in THE RING.

When one considers that at the time he and Toots Mondt were at loggerheads and that neither would use the wrestlers controlled by the other, it is rather significant to note that Curley ranked Detton, Mondt's ace, as No. 1 man, the champion of the world in THE RING. In fact, it was Curley's impartial ranking that had much to do with the smoking of the peace pipe.

Meeting Mondt in the Hippodrome the day the ratings were published, I overheard a conversation between Toots and a newspaperman. Here is what he said:

"I didn't expect Detton to be rated No. 1 by Curley, my rival. That was real sportsmanship and I appreciate it. It shows that Jack's heart is in the right place and I'm going to let him know what I think of his selections. They're fine. He did a swell job and an unbiased one."

And to that, THE RING editor adds his praise—well done, Jack.

* * *

JIM LONDOS, who when he quits South Africa, will travel to London for a side trip of wrestling, has lost his hold on the Johannesburg wrestling fans because of his poor exhibitions. Here is the report sent to me by one of my correspondents from South Africa:

"Indignant shouts of 'Kiss him, Jim!' and 'Give us our money back,' were thrown at Jim Londos, world champion, and Joe Campbell, American football star, before they had been in the ring ten minutes at the wrestling match at the Recreation Ground.

"The 500 people who attended, some of whom had paid 12s. 6d. for a single seat, were in angry mood, and made it quite clear that they did not regard the bout as a genuine fight. Catcalling and booing went on throughout the match, and when it was at its height, Londos simply walked in and mashed Campbell into submission in less than four minutes, gaining two falls and the fight.

"A month ago, in Durban, Londos fought Campbell and Irslinger on the same night, and beat both of them."

So you see that even thousands of miles from New York they can tell a phoney match when they see one.

* * *

Alex Tafrof, New Jersey's star heavyweight wrestler. Alex may not measure up to the standard of the big shots, but he can give and take.

PACIFIC COAST and Northwest Wrestling Notes, by Charles "Spider" Mascall: For the past three months a masked "mystery" wrestler who calls himself "The Red Shadow" has been the bane of every heavyweight to invade the Pacific Northwest. In the past he has been escorted into the ring by an individual, also clad in a vivid red hood, who has acted as the "Shadow's" manager and official second. But alas, the identification of the manager is no longer a mystery.

Pat Fraley, the handsome Nebraska Irishman, was matched with the "Red Shadow's" manager and had little trouble in whipping him. The red mask was torn from his head disclosing the features of Bob Hansen, a 212-pounder from Toronto, Canada.

Whilst the original "mystery" man was bowling over all opposition in the larger centres, another masked "Red Shadow" was reigning supreme in the smaller towns. Floyd "Musty" Musgrave, the baron of Northwest wrestling, made connections with the two "mystery" men and the pair of hooded demons faced each other under the banner of Bob Murray, the Seattle promoter. The orig-

inal "Red Shadow" took twenty-six minutes to defeat his masked rival. Then came the unmasking of "Red Shadow No. 2," the terror of the small towns, and when the vivid red mask was removed, up popped the mournful features of Sam Leathers, the long-legged veteran and the scissors king of Winlock, Washington.

Once again the fans went away mumbling to themselves as to the identity of the victorious "Red Shadow." Perhaps the next month, or by the time you peruse these notes, the name and features of the masked "mystery" man who has scored more than one hundred wins, will be known.

* * *

Knocking down Referee Joe Gardenfield when the San Francisco arbitrator attempted to break an illegal strangle-hold, Sandor Szabo went on and pinned Billy Hanson for the deciding fall of a three-fall "Pacific Coast heavyweight title match." Gardenfield recovered sufficiently enough to disqualify the Hungarian and to award the match and the title to the sensation of the year, Billy Hanson.

Bull Martin, Trenton, N. J., veteran and one of the greatest showmen that ever stepped through the ropes, is campaigning in the Nor'-west.

Yukon Jake Jackson is boosting the stock of a newcomer named "Dilly" Davis. Yukon Jake discovered the lad during a recent tour. Davis is a middleweight.

* * *

THE medical examiner of the San Francisco Athletic Commission refused to allow Sammy Stein, the Jewish flying-tackle king, to participate in a recent wrestling contest. It was anonunced that the doctor, upon examining Stein, had found that the Jewish boy was still suffering from trachoma. It is time, Sammy, for you to renounce the game you love so dearly and to put away your grappling togs forever.

Recently, when Ed "Strangler" Lewis stepped from the cabin of a crack passenger plane at Seattle, he was greeted by a deputation representing the *United Airways Limited.* The deputation presented Lewis with an electric clock, beautifully mounted in a miniature airplane propeller on which were inscribed the words, "To the champion of the world in air travelling."

The records of the company show that the headlock master and former heavyweight wrestling monarch has travelled more than 1,500,000 miles by air and spent close to one hundred thousand dollars in air transportation. Lewis yearns to fly to India, via the celebrated "China Clipper," and to do combat with the great and invincible Gama.

* * *

Ed "Don" George passed through the Pacific Northwest en route to New York and other Eastern centres where his services are badly needed. George had been campaigning in New Zealand and has just come back to the U. S.

* * *

Above The Roar Of The Crowd . . . . Paul Harper flying-tackled Tiny Roebuck into submission . . . . Louis Thez fell before Hal Rumberg . . . . Frank Taylor threw Jimmy Logas . . . . Whiskers Adams won over Gentleman Danny McShain and Scotty Williams . . . . Jules Strongbow, a huge Cherokee Indian, back-dropped "Mine Host" Howard Cantowine . . . . Rudy Strongberg threw Herb Freeman . . . . Pat Meehan threw Jack McArthur . . . . Al Bisignano employed an Italian whip to tame Jake Patterson . . . . Alvin Britt defended his "title" by throwing Dude Chick and Frankie Wolff . . . . Louis Newman had little trouble in tossing Jim Maloney, an ex-pugilist . . . . "Headlock" Jack Hagen defeated Walter Achiu . . . . Tor Johnson squashed Rudy Skarda . . . . Wee Willie Davis (back from the Antipodes) kneed, punched and kicked Donald "Scotty" McIntyre to win . . . . Pat O'Brien subdued Les Wolfe . . . . Man Mountain Dean vanquished Nick Lutze . . . . Pete Belcastro defeated Mike Collins . . . . Vic Christy scissored his way to a win over bellowing Bull Martin . . . . Bobby Stewart, the sobbing Alabama giant, outroughed Donald McIntyre . . . . Chief Little Wolf deathlocked Kimon Kudo in 49 seconds . . . .

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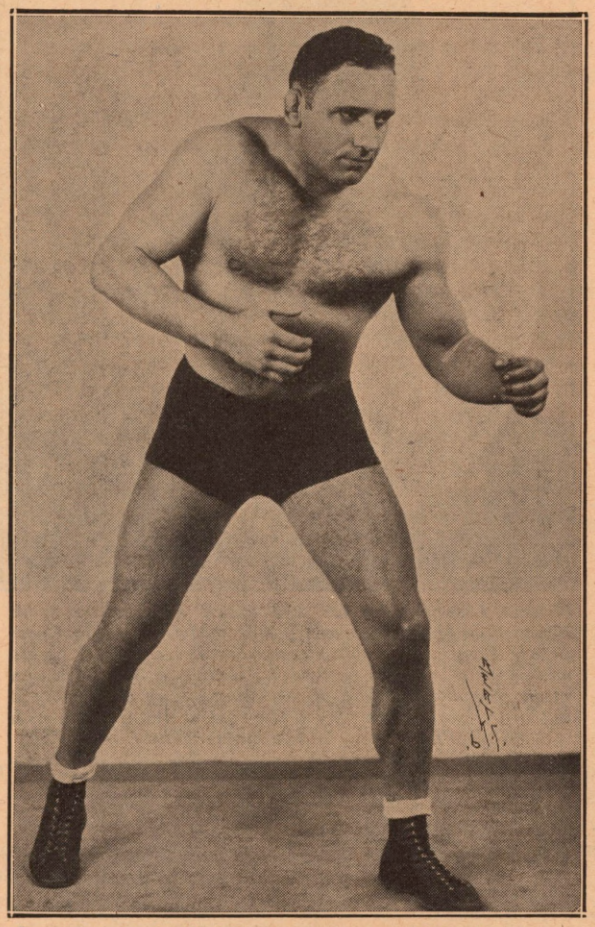


Ivan Managoff of Chicago, a heavyweight who is now campaigning in California. He defeated Rudy Dusek after Rudy had taken the measure of Danno O'Mahony in Washington. Ivan is a rough chap, a newcomer to the game, but is making fine headway.

CHARLES "STEVE" McPHERSON, the dapper Portland promoter, is singing praises of a new heavyweight prospect. The newcomer is Glen Savage who, only a few months ago, was amateur champion of the Pacific Northwest. Savage is twenty-three and started wrestling as a Simonpure twelve years ago.

Champion Dean Detton, the Salt Lake City Samson, came close to losing his grappling crown to the god-like, ex-Olympic Swimmer, Sandor Szabo. Detton retained his laurels by dumping Szabo with a blast of football tackles after the tilt had gone one hour, seven minutes and seven seconds. Szabo was unable to go on for the second fall.

* * *

While a large Hollywood Legion Stadium audience booed and jeered the verdict, Gentleman Danny McShain, a rough-house Texan, utilized a pile-driver hold to slam his way to a victory over Patrick (Lord Lansdowne) Finnegan. McShain needed only sixteen minutes to conquer the monocled, golden-slippered Englishman. Finnegan had to be carried from the ring on a stretcher.

* * *

Bill Longson, Gino "Red" Vagonne, Al Bisignano, Tommy Marvin, Ernie Peterson, Hal Rumberg, Pat Meehan, Johnny Spellman, Eric "Tor" Johnson, Paul Harper, Chief Little Wolf, Bob Roy, Al Wescoff and Danny Savich are headlining in California.

* * *

The sweetest junior heavyweight bout of the last thirty days was the Frank Taylor-Dude Chick match held at San Francisco. Talyor, a good-looking ex-footballer, was extremely lucky to annex the victory with a punishing body scissors. Chick gained one fall with a "pancake" slam. The Wyoming rancher weighed 189 pounds and Taylor, 185.

* * *

Prior to his departure for his home in New York, Paul (Bombshell) Boesch had the pleasure of addressing the Seattle Junior Chamber of Commerce. Boesch lectured for thirty minutes upon a number of war weapons he had obtained during his recent "Down Under" tour.

After vacationing in the East for six months, "Man Mountain" Dean, the bewhiskered wrestling freak, returned to Los Angeles and vanquished the giant Cherokee Indian, Jules Strongbow, in quick time. Dropping the first fall to the Cherokee on a foul, the blubbery Dean flattened Strongbow in thirty-five seconds. The Indian failed to come up for the second fall. The Georgia man-mountain weighed 295 pounds, considerably less than his former weight.

* * *

GEORGE FITCH, the Vancouver mat maestro, staged a novel night for his annual Needy Fund show. To demonstrate the versatility of the wrestling lads appearing on his card, the genial Canadian promoter arranged for Bobby (Hula-dancer) Stewart, Pat Fraley, Bob (Vocalist) Russell, Donald "Scotty" McIntyre, Vic Christy, "The Red Shadow," Bull Martin and Jimmy Maloney to round out the evening's entertainment with an old-time minstrel show. Floyd Musgrave presided as the master of ceremonies.

* * *

Early this month, in Los Angeles, Lou Daro suffered a severe heart attack and had to be confined to his home. As these notes go to press, we are informed that the millionaire sports magnate is well on the road to recovery. In the meantime, Jack Daro, brother of "Carnation" Lou, is handling the reins of wrestling in the City of Angels.

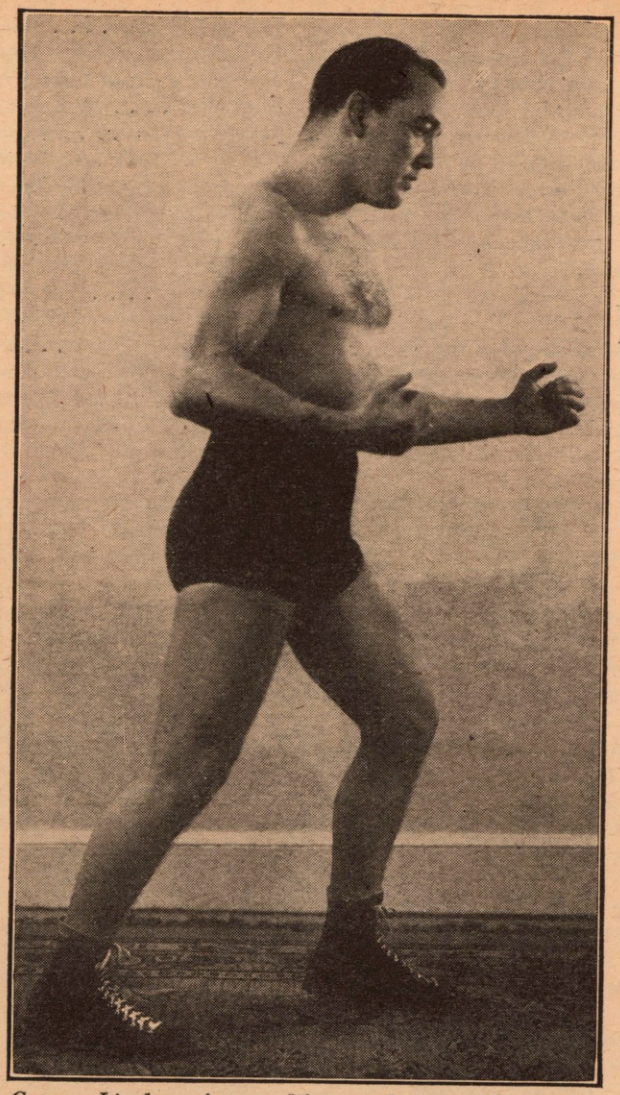
* * *

Noticed at a recent Hollywood Legion Stadium card were the following movie stars: Mae West, Frederick (Anthony Adverse) March, Clark Gable, George Raft, Jimmy Finlayson (the comedian), and George O'Brien. The flicker favorites claim that the wrestling arena is a great place to relax in after a hard day's work.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—We see by the reports in the press that Salvatore Balbo, an Italian, is recognized in some quarters as the junior heavyweight monarch . . . . Danno O'Mahony, Dick Shikat and the new Irish sensation, Steve "Crusher" Casey, are reputed to be bound for the Coast . . . . Lou Daro owns a string of Chinese polo ponies . . . . Howard Cantowine, the rope-strangle man, wrestles just for the fun of it . . . . Cantowine has made wise investments and has a trust fund which nets him a cool five hundred dollars per month for the rest of his life . . . . George Fitch, the gentleman who has put Vancouver, Canada, on the wrestling map, is an excellent golfer . . . . Jules Strongbow, the Cherokee, is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma and used to be a boxer.

Bill Longson played ball for the University of Utah, 1923-26 . . . . Gene La Belle, the Canadian middleweight champion, is barnstorming in Texas . . . . Gene, by the way, has grown a trim set of whiskers . . . . Pat Fraley, the Irish leg-strangle expert, once crooned cowboy songs on the radio . . . . his buddy in this venture was Jimmy Roger, the famed recording artist . . . .



George Linehan, former life guard and fighter from Massachusetts. George was a star athlete at Holy Cross before turning to professional sports. He played tackle and is an all-around performer. He has a trick arm and often scares the public at wrestling shows by tossing it out of the socket. He played the role of John L. Sullivan with Wallace Beery in the movie "The Bowery."

Chief Joe Little Beaver refuses to give his autograph to the fairer sex for fear of being blackmailed . . . . Robin Reed, one-time welterweight champion and former Olympic titlist, made a grim but vain attempt to commit suicide.

* * *

GENE VINASSA, our Los Angeles correspondent, sends in the following interesting notes:

Hollywood—once advised by smart people never to include wrestling in its sport whirl—took a chance.

Bone-benders attracted 175,000 people in fifty-two weeks in 1936 at the Legion Stadium.

Whether movie fans like the color, the science and speed, the thousands of new holds the small grapplers invent, or what—they are clicking.

Sure—they make faces. They groan. Some of them have whiskers a foot long. But they also can wrestle until the cows come home.

Buster Keaton never misses a show. Pat O'Brien talks wrestling as much as he does boxing—and he is a ring rabid.

During the last year R.K.O. chose a wrestling crowd to film a set of a picture to be called "Hollywood."

The directors wanted the noise for its background. The company spent several thousands of dollars equipping the building with floodlights for the occasion.

Several picture concerns buy noise from the mat shows weekly.

The shrieks of fans—the laughter—the roars are all "canned" for future uses by the makers of the world's most famous motion pictures.

* * *

Beginning this year, wrestling has been put on the Columbia network of broadcasting. Gerry Breckner, who handles the mike, sits in the corner just outside the ring in Hollywood Stadium on a pop bottle box to give his audience the hold-by-hold account.

He gets letters from Australia, New York, Japan and many far away points from fans who enjoy his "Grunt and Groan Club" sketches of the air. Two Eskimos and a white man at one of the farthermost outposts of Alaska recently wrote a letter of thanks for the reports of Hollywood wrestling. The white man signed his name. The Eskimos made crosses.

Another letter came from the Fiji Islands, telling how the reports of the Legion wrestlers were getting fine reception in a cocoanut garden.

Such characters as Yukon Jake of Alaska, Lord Lansdowne of England with his monocle, Popeye O'Brien of Ireland, Sockeye McDonald of the Oregon timberline, Dude Chick of the Cheyenne ranges, Whiskers Adams of the House of David cult, Sheik Ben Ali Mar Allah of Bagdad—and others—supply the rainbows.

* * *

Hollywood uses wrestlers only up to 190 pounds. They are as strong as the behemoths—faster and more scientific. While a

mastadon wrestler is showing an audience one hold, one of the small fast fellows will unveil a dozen.

* * *

The only four world's champions recognized by the National Wrestling Association work in the movie circuit. They are: Jack Reynolds, welterweight; Gus Kallio, middleweight; Bobby (Chick) Roberts, light-heavyweight; Dude Chick, junior heavyweight.

The two Chick brothers recently brought two titles to the family within one week. Dude beat Alvin Britt in Hollywood. Bobby, older brother, snatched the belt from Leroy McGuirk at Tulsa, Okla.

* * *

After nine years in the mat game, John Pesek, known as the Nebraska Tigerman, is beginning to think there's something funny about the wrestling sport. He hasn't lost a match in nine years, he says, and now he can't understand why the big shots are ducking him. Pesek has posted a $2,500 guarantee that he can throw Dave Levin, Vincent Lopez and Leo "Whiskers" Savage, Texas champion, in one night. Pesek undoubtedly is a great wrestler, but most people prefer not to see him work once a night—let alone three times.

* * *

DOC ALMY has picked up this news from Boston for our wrestling fans:

It may be of news interest to followers of wrestling that the George K. O. Koverly of Frisco, one of the heavyweight roughhouse performers who has worked here in Boston on numerous occasions, is not Gypsy Daniels of England, the heavyweight ringster who several years ago won in a round over Max Schmeling. Daniels is now in England—owner of a "pub" and, except as an occasional spectator, has no interest in either wrestling or boxing. Koverly's right name is Gojko Kovacovich, and he was born in Belgrade, June 28, 1906. He came to America and settled at Hollywood in 1926, and for two years did some boxing. Then he turned to the mat and has been at it ever since.

* * *

Koverly's last appearance on a Boston mat was on Christmas night at Boston Garden when he was given a mussing by Steve Casey, the Irish heavyweight, and thrown in 17:34. Koverly landed on his back with such force that he was given the "hands and feet" to his dressing room and was unable to resume the combat. So the match went to Big Steve.

* * *

Prior to this affair, Koverly had a lot of fun in this city—tossing, punching and kicking opponents and referees, also winning a majority of his matches. The lone third man who really got along with him was Jack Sharkey, exring champion, who refereed two of his bouts. In both of these affairs, Sharkey gained Koverly's respect early by handing him a few raps with plenty of steam behind them. George then confined his attentions to his mat opponent.

* * *

One of these chaps was one of the several "Masked Marvels" who roam the country. The "Marvel," after losing to Koverly early in December, tried it again on December 15, before a large crowd at Mechanics Hall. He was again beaten, two straight falls. His mask was ripped off during the fray, revealing Jim Coffield of Kansas.

* * *

Danno O'Mahony of Ireland was given his initial airing here for the 1936-37 season, December 11, at Boston Garden, with Bob "Bibber" McCoy of Cambridge as his opponent. Danno made it two straight falls in 35:24 and 8:55, all of which was no surprise. Before these notes reach the readers of THE RING, Danno will have had a real testing here in George Clark, heavyweight champion of Scotland. They are to clash early this month at Boston Garden. Though working under the Paul Bowser colors, they have no particular fondness for each other. A hard bout is the expectation with the result somewhat of a toss-up. An attendance of about fifteen thousand is being predicted. Insofar as we are aware, the coming encounter will be their first.

* * *

Despite the fact that Yvon Robert of Canada, one of the several claimants of the heavyweight mat title was defeated, also had his leg broken by Cliff Olsen of Minnesota on a Washington, D. C., mat in November, he continues to claim the championship. This is not saying that Robert cannot defeat Olsen should they again meet, but the fact remains that he failed to do so when they did clash. If Robert was the champion when he wrestled Olsen, the latter now holds the title. We are of the view, and have been for some time, that the National Wrestling Association, sustained by the sporting press, should insist that the various championship claimants come to a definite showdown. That promoters here and there have a "world's champion" under their wing must tend in the end to seriously damage the sport.

* * *

HUGH O'C. STUART of London has the following gossip: At Kilburn recently, Bob "Legs" Langevin, Canadian Caveman, was disqualified against Italian Joe Devalto. Joe gained the first fall and pleased fans by extricating himself from the body scissors of Langevin many times. Having obtained an equalizing fall, "Legs" went haywire and continually attacked with low blows. He was eventually disqualified by Referee Lew Marco. It is a pity Langevin acts this way, as he really can wrestle.

* * *

Max Krauser, European heavyweight champ, is matched with Public Enemy No. 1, Jack Pye, the Doncaster Panther.

* * *

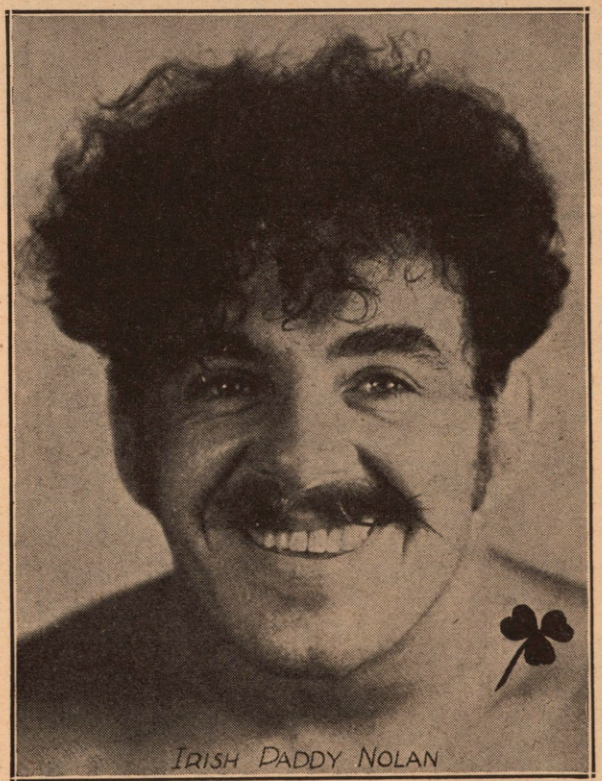
Carl Pojello, Lithuanian sensation, has returned to these shores to appear for Harold Lane. Pojello is always a "House-Full" attraction, and will star at Olympia against Louis Pagentes, the Miracle Man. A fine sportsman is Carl.

* * *

Bob Gregory, who recently retired from the mat, is all set to open up a star gym in London.

* * *

Tiger Tasker is now back from the Continent, and lost after a tough fight to Tony Mancelli at Lane's Club. British clubs are going strong for wrestling, and good men are at a premium.

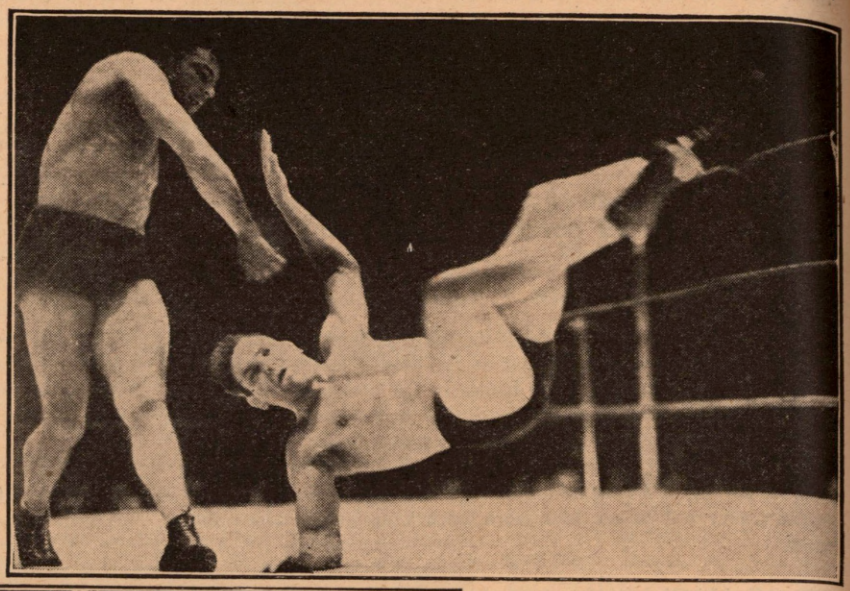


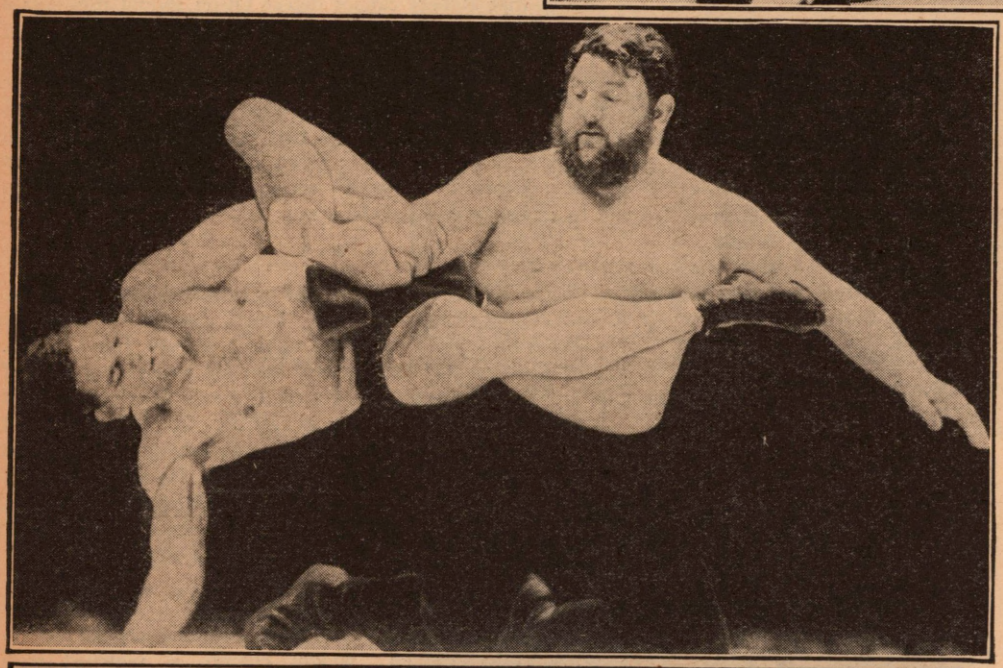
Irish Paddy Nolan one of Jack Pfeffer's boys who was sent east by Al Haft. Nolan comes out of Columbus, where he was a hit. He is doing good work around New York.

A CHAMP in ACTION

DEAN DETTON, world heavyweight king, engaged in many thrilling contests in New York during the last month of 1936. The Utah grappler is shown in three of matches at the New York Hippodrome, all of which he won. Detton may not be as colorful a wrestler as Londos and several of the other champs of the past, but he knows his holds and gives the fans a run for their money.

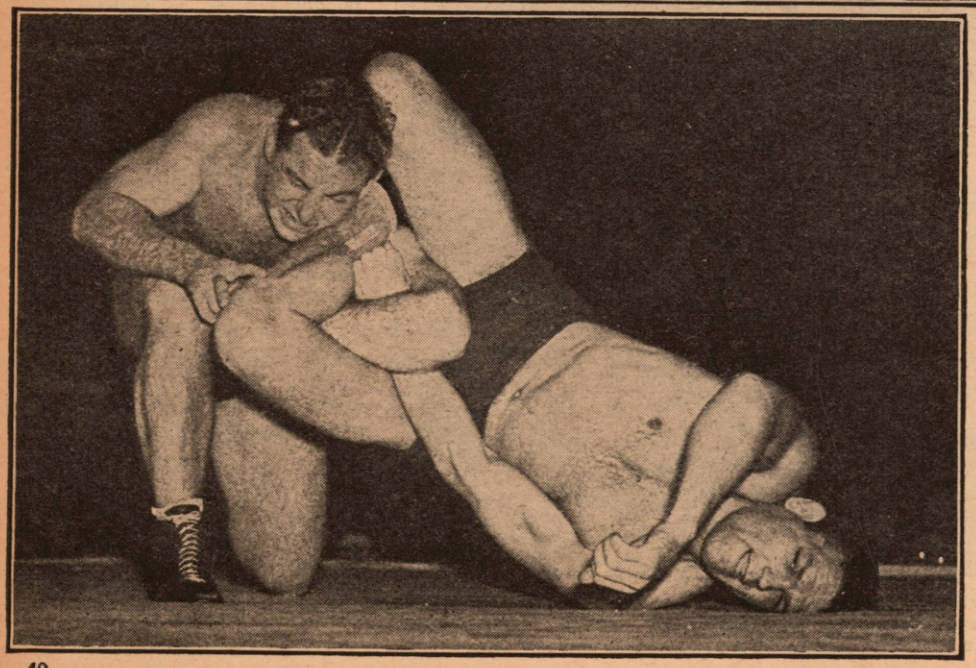
Although Dean is not recognized as champion in New York, he performed like a title holder in all of his bouts. However, Detton may not last long as champion because there are several high class wrestlers coming to the fore with a rush. The best bout of the month for the champ was that with the man from whom he had won the crown—Dave Levin. Dave has improved wonderfully during the past six months and is now rope for the best of 'em.





It took Detton an hour, 23 minutes and 59 seconds to toss Dave Levin in their fourth encounter. Dave, the boy from whom Dean won the title, gave the champion a terrific shellacking during the early part of the mill but Detton came back with a vengeance as the match progressed. It was by far the best exhibition of real wrestling seen in New York in many moons.

Detton dents Man Mountain Dean with a body press. Dean, who had been bowling over all opposition in New York before meeting Detton, was tossed with comparative ease by the champion in 8.37 in their Hippodrome match. Here we see Detton with his powerful legs wrapped about the 300-pound former Miami traffic cop.



A scene in the bout between the crown wearer and Bill Sledge, former army flier. Bill gave Detton a tough tussle, but succumbed, as was expected. However, the victim gained a heap of friends by his splendid exhibition.

"Rowdy" Rudy LaDitzi

Ace of Middle Western Mat Villains

By PHIL WHITE

THE history of the West is replete with tales of its glamorous past, and many a "cowboy" of today still thrills when the deeds of such virile characters as Buffalo Bill, the James boys, Billy The Kid, Poker Alice and Calamity Jane are recounted over the radio and in books available at the circulating library in the drug store on the corner. But this is the story of an eastern lad who came west four years ago to become its Number One "Bad Man" among the wrestlers—it is the saga of "Rowdy" Rudy LaDitzi.

Those who have seen LaDitzi in action will tell you that he is without peer among the so-called "villains" of the ring, that he is of the rough, bruising type, imbued with all the crowd-baiting instincts that make him one of the most colorful performers in the game; and while this story is not intended so much to exploit his ring ability as to relate the events leading up to it, we must explain that LaDitzi occupies a very unique position in middle western wrestling centers today.

He has come to be regarded by the fans as one of the necessary evils of the game, and whenever a new "villain" rears his head and starts roughing his way to the top over the favorite fair-haired boys in some particular city, a mighty hue and cry is raised by the fans to "get LaDitzi for him," which is music to any alert promoter's ears.

So every now and then in late months, LaDitzi will enter the ring as Champion of the People's Cause, the same people to whom LaDitzi's mere appearance a year or more ago was the signal for a barrage of catcalls, blasphemy and sometimes pop bottles, until sympathetic law enforcement bodies ruled that cold drinks had to be served in paper containers.

In seeking an explanation of this change, however slight, in public opinion, this writer interviewed LaDitzi, a pleasant enough mannered chap outside the ring, with ever a ready explanation for his seeming misbehavior inside the hempen strands.

LaDitzi attributes his mild popularity in some sections to the fact that in four years he has made a host of friends outside the ring, which is logical enough for he really is very personable, and these friends just can't bring themselves to the point of wholly condemning him for his nefarious actions in the ring. All in all, however, LaDitzi is still considered by the rank and file of middle western fans as wrestling's Public Enemy No. 1.

Other salient facts gleaned from the interview tell us that Rudy is the only son of Michael and Regina LaDitzi, his father being German and his mother Hungarian; that his parents brought him to America from his native Bucharest, Roumania, when he was still at the more or less manageable age of five years; that his father's trade was that of butcher and he established himself in a similar business in Poughkeepsie, New York, which will always be considered home by LaDitzi.

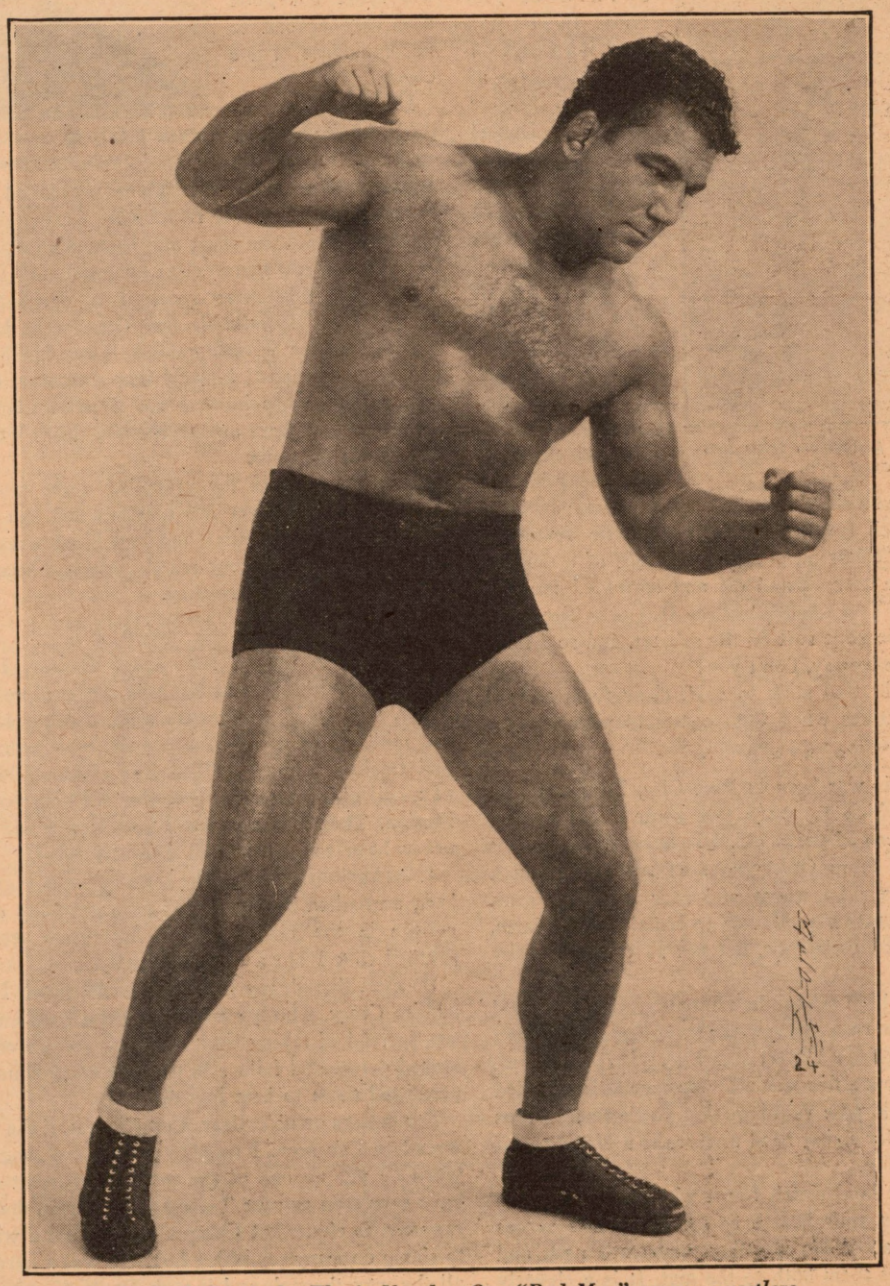
* * *

LADITZI was schooled in Poughkeepsie, and his speech and mannerisms are entirely American, only his fiery Hungarian temperament stamps him as being of Old World origin.

Following in his father's footsteps, LaDitzi learned the butcher trade, and after his father's death, continued to run the little market on Main Street in Poughkeepsie.

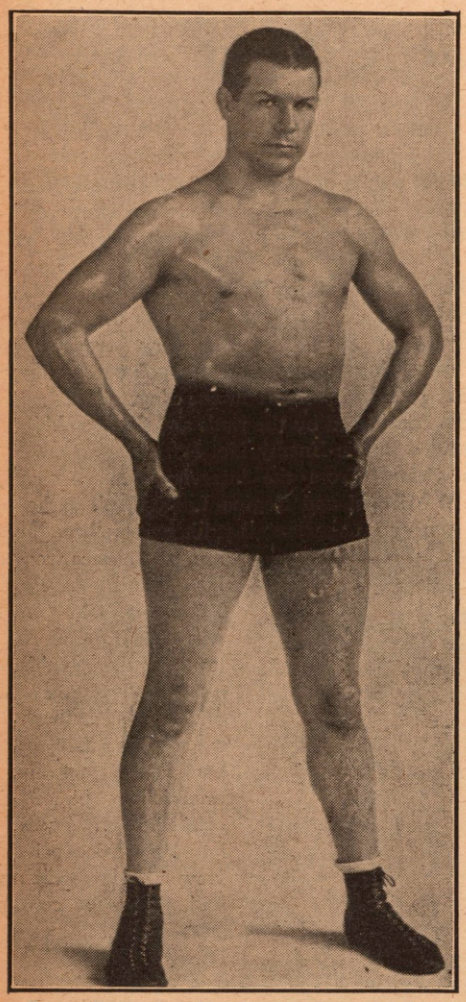
In 1925 the wrestling "bug" bit this big Hungarian boy and he started "scuffling" with his hired help, the neighborhood youths and in fact, anyone wanting to test his strength. Finally landing a berth on a local amateur squad,

(Cont. on page 44)



Rudy LaDitzi, the West's Number One "Bad Man" among wrestlers.

RASSLIN' ROMEOS



Casey Berger, college grappler, who has made good as a pro.

By BERNICE SANDBOE

IT hardly seems fair for a feminine writer to chronicle the career of Otto Kuss. I took one look at the erstwhile gentleman and then highly considered enlisting the aid of Mr. Davee, the Ring's masculine Texas correspondent, to get the story for me.

Not that I was afraid of His Nibs! Indeed not, for haven't I braved the dens of even Leo Savage and Tiger Daula! But Otto was just too darned good-looking! And you have no idea what a vast amount of will power I shall have to exert to avoid becoming flowery, et cetera as I write this story.

To give you a smattering idea of Otto's effect on people, you should read our local papers' accounts of his matches. All such lovely phrases as "classic features," "Adonis of the game," "collar ad grappler," "grace of a dancing master" and so on have been dusted off and sprinkled tenderly about the sports sheets. You can readily see that even our hard-boiled sports writers have gone soft on the subject, and so I think I should be given a little leeway, don't you?

However, I'll do my best to stick to cold, clear facts and let you use your own adjectives when Otto comes to your town.

* * *

THIS athletic Adonis was born in Pine City, Minnesota, on March 12, 1911, which to spare you some rapid mental calculation, makes our hero 25 years old. His father came to this country forty years ago from Czechoslovakia and settled on a Minnesota farm, there to raise wheat and four strapping sons. Three of these sturdy farmer boys elected to remain on the farm, or branch out on farms of their own, but not so Otto, the baby of the bunch.

Upon graduation from high school, he announced that he would like to go to college, so the next fall saw the little Kuss boy taking his entrance exams at Indiana University. There he became not only an excellent scholar but a five star athlete as well. He excelled in football at tackle; track, pole vaulting, shot putting and discus throwing. Otto's spectacular flying head scissors is a direct result of his skill in pole vaulting.

If you haven't seen the hold watch for it when Otto comes to your town, it fairly takes your breath away. He rushes across the ring, wraps his legs about his standing opponent's neck and of course the impact takes them both to the mat. It is a cleverly executed hold, in a sense similar to Joe Savoldi's drop kick, but in my opinion more effective.

Otto hadn't considered wrestling until one evening when he was passing the school gym and Coach Billy Thom, himself a well known middleweight wrestler, hailed him and invited Otto to work out with him. Otto admitted his total lack of knowledge of the sport but good naturedly agreed to accommodate the coach.

Otto Kuss, Minnesota wrestler, who is making great headway.

He proved so capable, despite his lack of knowledge of the fundamentals, that Coach Thom persuaded him to take up the wrestling game. A bit reluctantly, Otto agreed and as a result he grew to like the sport and became so skillful, that he decided to enter the pro game when he graduated from college.

At first, this news received a decidedly chilled reception in the Kuss household, but Otto was determined to pursue his way in the wrestling field. After his first few matches, in which he conducted himself like a master, the family began to take a little more interest and it wasn't long until Pappa and the three sons were among the ringsiders when Otto wrestled in nearby Minneapolis.

Otto has been in the grappling game now about 19 months. He has wrestled over 300 matches and lost less than 12. He is one of the most popular and best liked wrestlers ever to invade the south, and his every match here has been a sterling example of clever, scientific wrestling.

* * *

THE first time I saw Casey Berger, I was tremendously impressed. Here at last was a typical college boy wrestler—a tall, well built young man with straight black hair parted in the middle and a schoolboy grin, who wore collegiate clothes and smoked a pipe! At last I had found the ideal combination of a collegian and a wrestler. For six long years I cherished that illusion. Then last summer I met Casey and discovered he had never been to college and I nearly wept.

"Not" grinned Casey (the same schoolboy grin) "that I haven't been accredited by the papers as a graduate of practically every college in the United States. Everyone seems to take it for granted that I am a college man."

So even though my illusion was shattered, I could not help but admire Casey, who has really fought a hard and long battle to the top, instead of taking time out for a college education. Casey has looked defeat and failure in the face many times, but he has never permitted them to beat him down.

For college or no college, Casey is one of the best of the younger wrestlers I've seen. I nearly ripped out a lung for him one night when he put up one of the most magnificent defensive battles I have ever seen against Tiger Daula. Tiger, the Catman, is not an easy one to elude, but Casey always found a way, and a way, too, to clamp on many punishing holds. It was a hard and intense battle all the way through and it took Daula 45 minutes to win.

Stanley Ketchel

(Continued from page 22)

reception than the Marysville folks gave the winner of this rough-and-tumble brawl on the depot platform that hot, May afternoon. Men and women from all walks of life—around Marysville—crowded about him, fighting for a chance to shake his hand. "Stay right in this town for the rest of your life," they shouted, laughing hysterically, "and whip that ——— every day," they added with an attitude of finality.

In dramatic mockery, "Marysville Slim" was carried into the little park at the end of the depot and laid out with his hands folded across his chest, his face directly under the spout of an old-fashioned pump. They kicked him on the soles of his shoes (a trick they had seen him do to sleeping hoboes) and pumped cold water into his face to revive him.

* * *

THE delegation of fight fans who had returned to Marysville on the very same train, identified the winner of this primitive brawl as Kid Ketchel, who had knocked out the clever Negro fighter, Brown, in Sacramento the night before. During the excitement, the train had pulled out of town and Ketchel, having nothing else to do, accepted an invitation the crowd extended him to "stick around, and help us celebrate the event we have all been waiting for the last six months."

Ketchel was wined and dined all over town for the remainder of the afternoon. By nightfall, the town was a "madhouse." In every cafe, saloon and dance hall, the sound of clinking glasses could be heard as men and women drank and sang to the health of "Kid Ketchel from Montana."

To the saloon keeper who was acting as matchmaker for the celebration committee (and Marysville Slim) we give the major credit for Ketchel's rise to the middleweight title. He was the first matchmaker who really saw the great possibilities in the colorful, dynamic ranch hand. He, a great judge of his rural town-folks' emotions, saw what Tex Rickard and Jim Coffroth had failed to see. He could visualize this hard-hitting, happy-go-lucky youth who smiled while he fought—in the ring with the mighty Joe Thomas on the Fourth of July.

"That guy can fight," he told fellow members of the committee he called to his saloon for a conference that evening. "Thanks to that big jackass, 'Marysville Slim'," he added, "there is not a man in California who would draw half the crowd in this town right now, that fellow will." They all agreed.

"Go find him and sign him up," they ordered, as the conference broke up. The matchmaker started out in search of the hobo who had caused so much excitement since coming to town a few hours before.

"Stop this horse play and go get some sleep," he commanded Ketchel when he found him late that night with the belle of the town in his arms—dancing in the town's finest cafe. "You're going to fight Joe Thomas twenty rounds out at the ball park on the Fourth of July, and you'll have to get into condition."

That was all the agreement Stanley and the matchmaker ever entered into for the fight that was to live in the memory of fight fans forever.

* * *

KETCHEL created a unique interest in the coming battle as he trained down in the back room of the matchmaker's saloon—still wearing his ten-gallon hat and cowboy boots. Suitable sparring partners were hard to get in Marysville and he did very little boxing for the fight that was to make him famous. By doing his road work faithfully every morning and putting in about an hour's time tossing beer kegs around every day, he rounded into wonderful shape for the first time in his life.

Thomas had trouble rounding into condition. He could not stand the terrific heat Marysville sweltered in during those hectic June days preceding the fight. Though a flood of "smart money" came over from San Francisco to bet on Thomas, the Marysville folks covered every dollar of it and Ketchel, the practically unknown challenger, went into the ring an even money choice to defeat one of the greatest champions the welterweight class ever boasted.

We will not dwell at length on the fight that sent Ketchel's name echoing around the world. Hundreds of columns have been written since, describing in full, all the details of the most savage, sensational bout ever witnessed in California. It has been over a quarter of a century since that untutored, unsung ranch hand stood in his simple canvas fighting shoes for twenty terrific rounds sending blow for blow against the onslaught of a mighty champion.

Yet, fight fans who witnessed that gruelling contest can still close their eyes and see it all over again. They can still see Ketchel with his face, chest and crude, home-made boxing trunks a smear of perspiration and blood—kidding with his seconds as he danced a jig to his corner at the end of each round. They can still see Thomas, battered and bleeding, panic-stricken at the thought of losing to an unknown, fighting like a tiger at bay in the closing rounds to fight himself into a draw with his laughing, taunting challenger.

The remainder of Ketchel's colorful career is too well known to eulogize further. Every boxing fan in the world is familiar with his ring achievements from this point on. They have all read many times how he knocked out Thomas in a return bout in San Francisco. How his four savage glove duels with "Thunderbolt" Billy Papke made him the most-talked-about fighter in the world.

They all remember how his whirlwind style of fighting took New York—and Broadway—by storm. How he made—and spent—a quarter of a million dollars in the next three years. How Stanislaus Kaicel, as "Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin," became the most idolized champion to ever rule the middleweight division.

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Boxing and Its Appeal

(Continued from page 11)

others who are spoken well of on the other side.

They are good men, if not world's champions, but they lack opposition.

Such a situation is unfortunate, as the English people are fight hungry. They will pay top prices for anything resembling an attraction. In fact, I feel that the British boxers, on the whole, would be better off to remain at home. By doing so, they can get bigger purses fighting less formidable foes than they would in the United States.

This is not true, of course, of an outstanding fighter—a Driscoll, Moran or Wilde. Talent such as theirs would be well rewarded in the U.S.A. On the other hand, Jack Petersen could never have retired at the age of twenty-four with a $100,000 fortune had he been born in Illinois, rather than in Great Britain.

Ben Foord, an ordinary heavyweight off his fight with Walter Neusel, would still be struggling, fighting for $500 purses, if his ring career had been launched in the United States, instead of in England.

On the whole, I would say that the chief difference between American and British boxing is that there is more talent here. Otherwise, it depends on the viewpoint.

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Colored Boxers

(Continued from page 29)

ALMOST every large city and state boasts its allotment of Negro favorites, most of them are good drawing cards in their home towns and help keep boxing interest booming. When it's springtime in the Rockies, Colorado fight fans insist Young Joe Louis, a middleweight who hits like his famed namesake, will be the talk of fistiana, if his 1936 record is any criterion.

New York has a troupe of former Golden Glove stars all of whom deserted the Simon-pure sanctums in '36, who may be headed for big things. Jim Howell, pudgy heavyweight, George Brothers, light heavy who beat Carl Vinciguerra, national A.A.U. Champ, and Frank Williams are all expected to make determined bids for ring recognition in '37.

Nova Scotia, birthplace of the ring immortals, Sam Langford and George Dixon, sends down one Tiger Warrington, knockout artist who has been flattening his foes regularly in Boston. Out on the coast, Leon Zurita, Eddie Booker, Sammy Christian, are among the most promising youngsters. Washington, D. C., has a hard-hitting welterweight in Willie Eley, down in New Orleans Harvey Massey is something of a sensation.

Quaker City fight critics call Johnny Hutchinson a better prospect than Kid Chocolate at the same stage of his career. Al Douglas, popular fight promoter of New York's Harlem arena, sings the praises of Otis Johnston, hard punching 175 lb. former amateur ace.

* * *

ST. LOUIS presents one of the hardest belting boxers at his weight in Allen Matthews, an unpublicized puncher who engaged Freddie Steele in one of the most savagely waged battles of the year out in Seattle, Wash. A legitimate middle, the Mound City boy has been forced to concede much weight to most of his opponents. His epic struggle with the middleweight king attracted a good deal of attention, however, and he shapes up as one of 1936's outstanding performers in his class.

The early Pilgrims have made the town of Jamestown, Mass., forever secure in History's pages, and Jimmy Clark, national amateur champion in both 1935 and 1936, should do the same for Jamestown, N. Y., when ring history is written in 1937.

One of the greatest amateur boxers of the past decade, the upstate New Yorker, whose Olympic dreams were rudely shattered by those foreign judges, in Berlin, made an auspicious debut in the professional ranks, last summer. A middleweight and still growing, he has won all his starts thus far with ease, defeating the highly touted Paulie Mahoney in Buffalo in his third pro fight.

Detroit uncovered another lad who looks like a comer in Dave Clark, national middleweight amateur kingpin in 1935, and member of the Joe Louis stable, now boxing as a light-heavyweight.

The colored fighter of 1937 follows a much easier road than that traversed by his less fortunate predecessors. The huge financial success achieved by Joe Louis, the disappearance of old prejudices, and the transition of the fighters themselves from the illiterate boisterous fighting men of the past to the polished, educated, and quiet Negro pugilists of today, are the reasons for the opportunities and recognition accorded contemporary colored boxers, and each passing year adds to their advancement and progress.

Meet the Judge

(Continued from page 32)

once a navy champion.

The funny part of it was, that Schmader had been a rival of Lamson and Lamson had licked him while fighting under Graves' wing. When Graves went with Schmader, Schmader whipped Lamson in their next fight. That was the Kid's last connection with the fight game.

The job of being judge isn't weighed with responsibility in a bailiwick the size of Rock Bluffs, so nowadays you'll find the Kid puttering about the farm homeplace, any day except Saturday. Then, if it's nice, he will thumb a ride to Plattsmouth, the county seat nine miles away, where he pays his respects to his uncle, Judge C. L. Graves, also a justice of the peace.

Incidentally, Plattsmouth is the birthplace of the Kid, so he has almost returned to the scenes of his childhood. And speaking of his childhood, Graves is a grandpa now, and he recently sent his daughter and his grandchildren one of quantities of scrapbooks which he used to have.

He lost the rest of his press notices in a fire, when his house in Bellevue, Nebraska burned, destroying other momentoes of his exploits, such as gloves and other trophies accumulated during his career among the cauliflowers.

Today, at 44, he is scarcely marked, and though as he says—"the legs have gone bad," there is little doubt that he could still give a good account of himself.

"How much do you weigh now?" I ask him.

"Oh about 140," he replies.

One hundred forty pounds of judge whose wrath one feels it would be unwise to arouse. So if any of you leather-pushers have any legal problems to solve, let us introduce the "third man in the ring of justice."

"Come out fighting and a clean break in the clinches."

"Rowdy" Rudy LaDitzi

(Continued from page 41)

Rudy used to go down to New York City every year, in his own words, "to get his ears pinned back" by older and more experienced matmen in the A. A. U. trials.

In the meantime, along came the depression and meat consumption dropped. Rudy's mother, strong character that she is and used to the ways of adversity, opened a little restaurant to help defray expenses and trying to stem the tide of the fast failing meat market, but it was of little avail and finally the market was closed and Rudy devoted his time to helping run the restaurant. A big spare room above the cafe was converted into a gymnasium where Rudy could continue his wrestling activities.

A New York booking office, hearing stories of the former butcher boy's prowess, wired him to report to Baltimore for his first professional match. Rudy gleefully showed his mother the wire, telling her all their troubles were over—soon she could close the cafe and retire to a life of luxurious ease. Then drawing fifty dollars from their meager savings account, he hied himself to Baltimore.

Luckily, his mother kept right on making the best pies in Poughkeepsie, for when Rudy returned from his first week of professional wrestling, the net proceeds of the fifty-dollar investment and four matches was thirty dollars, leaving him twenty dollars poorer than when he had left. Though Rudy was downhearted over the financial failure of his first venture, he had won three matches and drawn in the other, and his mother, seeing that his heart was in it, urged her son to try again.

* * *

LADITZI took to the loose, spectacular style of the professional wrestling game like a duck takes to water, and before long, he was getting more favorable bookings, soon wrestling main events and winning consistently. In little more than a year he was able to make good his boast to his mother, and she sold the cafe. Today she is living, if not in luxury, at least in the simple ease she has long desired.

LaDitzi first came to the Middle West about four years ago, and barring an occasional trip East or South, has been here ever since. He is much in demand in such cities as Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Topeka, Des Moines, Minneapolis and Chicago. He recently turned down offers from Australia and Honolulu, feeling he did not want to leave his aging mother alone in this country.

Rudy has made a careful study of this wrestling business, its various holds, counters and leverages, and he always has a well-laid defense mapped out before he enters the ring. And don't get us wrong—he will kick, bite, gouge and slug; in fact, he knows the ring villain's repertoire from start to finish, and to us there is no more fear-inspiring spectacle than that of an enraged LaDitzi, his face distorted with fury, bearing down on a hapless opponent.

Rudy's pet ambition, of course, we all know is winning the world's heavyweight championship, and as to other interests his chief desire is to make his mother the happiest woman in the world. Talking to his mother, one would gather this has been accomplished, and as to his championship aspirations, he has gone a long way up the ladder, and today is eager for an opportunity of meeting any one of the numerous title claimants who are muddling up the championship situation.

And so ends the story of "Rowdy" Rudy LaDitzi, ace of middle western mat villains, truly the Jekyll-Hyde character of wrestling, a snarling, scowling, colorful performer inside the ring, a quiet, smiling, good-hearted youngster of thirty-one years, beloved by a host of friends outside. May we borrow one of your pet autograph terms, Rudy, and say "Good luck always"?

The Fans and 1937

(Continued from page 10)

son, Philadelphia vs. Petey Sarron, Washington.

Paul Pirrone, Cleveland vs. Freddy Steele, Tacoma.

Cleveland, Ohio

Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland vs. Frankie Wallace.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh vs. Cleto Locatelli, Italy.

Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh vs. Izzy Jannazo, New York.

Billy Conn, Pittsburgh vs. Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh.

Billy Conn, Pittsburgh vs. Ken Overlin, Baltimore.

Dominic Mancini, Pittsburgh vs. Eddie Zivic, Pittsburgh.

Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh vs. Jimmy Leto, Hartford, Conn.

Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh vs. Harry Balsamo, New York.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Jimmy Clark, Buffalo vs. Ralph De John, Syracuse.

Jimmy Clark, Buffalo vs. Babe Risko, Rochester.

Jimmy Clark, Buffalo vs. Tonny Tozzo, Buffalo.

Bushy Graham, Utica vs. Steve Halaiko, Auburn.

Butte, Mont.

Hubert Kid Dennis, Bozeman vs. Ritchie Fontaine.

Hubert Kid Dennis, Bozeman vs. Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids vs. Pedro Montanez, Porto Rico.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids vs. Enrico Venturi, Italy.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids vs. Aldo Spoldi, Italy.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Freddie Miller, Cincinnati vs. Mike Belloise, New York.

Freddie Miller, Cincinnati vs. Petey Sarron, Birmingham.

Freddie Miller, Cincinnati vs. Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, Alta. vs. Johnny Erjavec, Duluth.

Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg vs. Oscar Rankins, Chicago.

Bobby Venner, Des Moines vs. Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh.

New Orleans, La.

Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans vs. Freddie Miller, Cincinnati.

Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans vs. Petey Sarron, Washington.

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland vs. Tony Canzoneri, New York.

Hollywood, Cal.

Wally Hally, Los Angeles vs. Pete De Grasse, Brooklyn.

Glen Lee, Lincoln, Nebr. vs. Bep Van Klaveren, Holland.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Bob Nestell, Los Angeles vs. King Levinsky, Chicago.

Bob Nestell, Los Angeles vs. Phil Brubaker, San Francisco.

Joe Louis, Detroit vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, New York City.

Ceferino Garcia, Philippines vs. Glen Lee, Los Angeles.

Lou Salica, New York City vs. Joe Mendiola, Philippines.

Lou Salica, New York City vs. Bobby Leyvas, Los Angeles.

Gus Lesnevich, Newark vs. Harry Balsamo, New York City.

San Francisco, Cal.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco vs. Freddy Steele, Tacoma, Wash.

Ray Impellitiere, Cold Springs, N. Y. vs. Bob Pastor, New York City. (Return bout)

King Levinsky, Chicago vs. Ray Impellitiere, Cold Springs, N. Y.

Phil Brubaker, San Francisco vs. Andre Lenglet, France.

Tampa, Florida

Red Guggino, Tampa vs. Babby Miller, Tampa.

Chino Alvarez, Tampa vs. Norment Quarles, Hendersonville, N. C.

Chino Alvarez, Tampa vs. Red Guggino, Tampa.

Scranton, Pa.

Luke Betty, Delta vs. Chester Palutis, Scranton.

Luke Betty, Delta vs. Jimmy Herman, Williamsport.

Eddie Brink, Philadelphia vs. Joe Nealon, Scranton.

Spokane, Wash.

Tiger Jack Fox vs Maxey Rosenbloom, New York.

Tiger Jack Fox vs. King Levinsky, Chicago.

Vancouver, B. C.

Gordon Wallace, Vancouver vs. Bobby Orr, Vancouver.

Oliver Shank, Alberta vs. Sonny Buxton, Vancouver.

Sonny Buxton, Vancouver vs. Jack Tebo, Edmonton.

Quebec, Can.

Aurelien Lamothe, Quebec vs. Desse Greene, Montreal.

Montreal, Can.

Frankie Martin, Montreal vs. Lou Salica, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frankie Martin, Montreal vs. Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico.

Frankie Martin, Montreal vs. Harry Jaffra, Baltimore.

Detroit, Mich.

Rosco Toles, Detroit vs. Patsy Perrone, Cleveland.

Rosco Toles, Detroit vs. Abie Feldman, New York City.

Rosco Toles, Detroit vs. Natie Brown, Washington.

Tony Galento, Newark vs. Joe Louis, Detroit.

Edwin Waling, Detroit vs. Fredie Miller, Cincinnati.

K. O. Morgan, Detroit vs. Edwin Waling, Detroit.

What It Takes

(Continued from page 13)

Louis. I do not rate the negro a really great fighter. He has yet to prove himself against formidable competition. The one brawly opponent he has met, Max Schmeling, knocked him out.

Louis's one great shortcoming lies in defense. He is a sucker for a right. Schmeling studied this out and made the most of Joe's handicap.

Louis is a hitter. He knocked out Simms in less than half a minute. Yet, I do not rate Louis one of the great hitters of heavyweight history. He has not proved himself a hitter against the better type of opposition.

Louis is not a consummate boxer. He is learning, but has some way to go. Thus, we find that the negro is not in the No. 1 category defensively, in hitting, and in higher offense.

* * *

THIS brings us to Schmeling. The German's greatest quality is dogged determination. He had courage to the Nth degree. But, Max is not a hitter. He is not a clever fighter. He is a plugger, gaited for the long route. He is something of a throwback to the old fashioned type. No, this man is not our answer, either.

Those who linger in the heavyweight ranks behind Braddock, Louis and Schmeling obviously do not have what it takes to get into contention, and so we bid them adieu, for the time being.

What, then, does it really take, and how would you picture this beau ideal of the ring?

Well, for one thing, the really great fighter would have Dempsey's ability to hit, to seize an opening, to weave around a ring, to bob into an opportunity. Yes, he would have Dempsey's sock-o. Decidedly. I hear some complaints from the Old Guard. They clamor for Sullivan.

No, grandpa, Sullivan could not hit with Dempsey, and that's that, not even if you do show me all those old clippings and Police Gazettes. Not even if Nat Fleischer shows me a whole flock of Sullivan belts. Dempsey it is for the hitter.

The real champion should have the cleverness on attack of Corbett. The poetry of motion. Quick eye, veritable sleight of hand in pushing a glove into a little opening.

Corbett was a defensive master, too, but when we come to that we must give the call to Jack Johnson.

* * *

NOW, then — Dempsey, Corbett, Johnson. The ideal must have stamina, the ability to last the long course. I pick Jeffries for that feature.

And now you have what it takes—Dempsey, Corbett, Johnson and Jeffries. Roll them into one. Put what they featured into a kneeding trough, work it over, and then the composite would be the Beau Ideal of heavyweight boxing.

May we hope for this ideal ever to be realized? No. Decidedly, No. Not in the heavyweight class. You never will get the Corbett to hit like Dempsey, never the Dempsey to box like Jim, never the Corbett to have the power, the strength, the lasting quality of a Jeffries.

Nature is up to strange tricks, but she never will do this one!

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

AS a reader of your magazine, THE RING, I would like to extend the compliments of 1937 from New Zealand. In Christchurch, THE RING magazines are not plentiful; however, when I get one, I read it with interest.

In my letter I would like to tell you about wrestling in New Zealand. Earl McCready has been the most successful wrestler in this country. He has been here for two seasons. To date, he has had forty-two contests, thirty-six wins, six draws, and has never been defeated. What do you think of that record? Walter Miller is the manager of McCready.

Lofty Blomfield, the New Zealand wrestler, is another big drawing card here He has had four matches with McCready, lost three and drew in one. He recently defeated Jumping Joe Savoldi. Both men had one fall each up to the seventh round. When the gong sounded, Savoldi launched one of his dropkicks and knocked Blomfield out of the ring, unconscious. Savoldi was then disqualified. Blomfield's special hold is the octopus clamp. He also specializes in elbow jolts and he has defeated some good matmen visiting New Zealand.

Another New Zealand wrestler is King Elliot, who has just returned from America after a successful visit. Wrestling matches are held once a week in different towns here. Some of the halls and theatres hold over eighteen hundred. The bigger halls hold twenty-nine hundred.

To end the 1936 wrestling season, we are going to hold an open-air world's title elimination contest between Ed Don George and Earl McCready, the winner of this contest to be given the first shot at Dean Detton's world title. Walter Miller says that he has five thousand dollars to say that McCready will take two falls out of Detton within an hour. Miller says that McCready is a wonderful wrestler and when he gets back into the States soon, he won't lose any time in challenging Detton.

Joe Savoldi is another big hit here. He has had eight matches and won seven. Ed Don George to date has had three matches and won them all.

Here is a list of the matmen still wrestling in New Zealand: Earl McCready, Ed Don George, Bob Kruse, Joe Savoldi, Lofty Blomfield, Wee Willie Davis, Karem Singh, Joe Woods, Geo. Pencheff and King Elliot. The wrestling season is now finished.

The matmen McCready has defeated include: Geo. Pencheff, Sad Sam Lethers, Lofty Blomfield, Paul Boesch, Pete Mehringer, Harry Kent, Jack Forsgren, Joe Woods, Steve Savage, Cowboy Russell, Bob Kruse, Chris. Zaharias, Johnny Woods, Sam Burmester, Tony Catalino, Peter Venter, Hardy Kruskamp, Danny Dusek, Willie Davis, Jaget Singh, Harban Singh, Ole Andresen, Angelo Cestoldi, Glen Wade, George Hopkins, Karem Singh.

The matmen McCready has drawn with are Jack Forsgren, Joe Savoldi, Lofty Blomfield, Ole Andresen, Sad Sam Leathers, Bob Kruse.

R. KING,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

* * *

IN the November issue of your magazine there appears a very interesting letter from one Mr. Woodbury of Ontario. In this epistle, he absolutely refuses to give Max Schmeling any credit for planning his fight with Joe Louis. He seems to think that a fighter is simply a numbskulled hoodlum, who, at the sound of the gong, forgets everything he has been taught and just goes in to "kill or be killed" in any conceivable way. I admit there are fighters who adopt this mode of milling, but these rarely get beyond the "stumblebum" stage.

Max Schmeling is a brainy fighter, make no mistake about that, which is more than can be said for Joe Louis, who, in my opinion, is just a robot who has learned Jack Blackburn's tricks by heart and is pretty good at performing them. The German's style of fighting, especially the wonderful right-hand wallop, was one which Joe had not learned to combat, and, left to think for himself, he could not put up a semblance of a defence for Max's right. I think Joe would beat Max in a return bout, because by this time Jack Blackburn must surely have eliminated this flaw in Joe's make-up.

But to return to Mr. Woodbury's statement, even Hype Igoe says that Max had the contest all figured out for weeks beforehand, and even goes so far as to say that Max would beat Joe any day in the week. Surely Hype can convince Mr. Woodbury about this, for I'm sure I will not be able to do it. There is just one more point about Mr. Woodbury's letter. He says that Braddock will beat Schmeling in a dull bout. I declare that Max will win by a K.O. before twelve rounds have been completed.

C. ALLEN,
Belfast, Ireland.

* * *

I HAVE been a keen follower of fisticuffs since my school days, and a regular reader of THE RING for a number of years, and I have always appreciated the fair-minded comments in this wonderful boxing magazine.

Your own writings have always impressed me with their fairness. I have always admired your candid and straightforward comments for the good of boxing—that is, until Joe Louis became a prominent figure in the boxing world. Since this came to pass, I have been very disappointed the way THE RING has gone haywire over Louis.

Ever since the defeat of Carnera by Joe, one would think only one fighter ever lived. What is the strength of it, Nat? Are you in love with the guy or something?

I have made several trips to your great country and have seen some of your best fighters in action and have also seen moving pictures of important fights.

As for comparing present-day fighters with the past, that can only, of course, be a matter of opinion. The greatest fighter I have seen is Jack Dempsey, and I think that Manassa Jack, in his prime, would have knocked Joe Louis cold inside of five rounds. Also Joe's conqueror, Max Schmeling.

I think Joe Louis is a good fighter and undoubtedly outstanding in the present crop of heavies. There are only three heavies of any class at all in the world today—Jimmie Braddock, Max Schmeling and Joe Louis, and I don't think any of these could be classed with Dempsey, Tunney or Johnson.

Joe Louis is a good fighter, but certainly not worthy of the praise he receives. If all the other experts rate him like you, Nat, he certainly must be "America's Sweetheart."

What a slur it is on Jimmy Braddock, heavyweight champion of the universe, a great American and man, to be rated second to Joe Louis, as was the case in your last annual rating. Remember, Nat, a champion is always king until defeated.

No hard feelings, and I hope you publish this. Also, it is my opinion that the Max Baer who knocked out Schmeling and played with Carnera would have K.O.'ed Louis inside fifteen rounds.

R. S. MILLER,
Sydney, Australia.

* * *

I AM sixty-eight years old and an ardent fight fan. As far back as I can remember, I read books on sports. I recall reading interesting boxing news as far back as 1882 in the *Police Gazette*, and the write-ups and illustrations in your magazine of those times surely are of great interest to me. They bring back fond memories.

Illustrations on page 10 of July 33 recall the *Police Gazette* of 1884, when Sullivan and Laflin boxed. Sometimes I note a mistake, as in December, 1931, pages 18-19. The picture of Harry Forbes was labeled "Eddy Santry," and vice versa. I was well

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

acquainted with Eddie, the wonder of 1893-1894, so of course I knew the names were misplaced.

J. L. Swartz, D. N. D. O.

* * *

I HAVE read many letters in the "Letters From Our Readers" column and I have found out that still many people write in concerning the Max Schmeling-Joe Louis bout last June. I find that people are divided in their opinions and some still think that if these fighters were to meet again, they would pick Louis to win.

I have been a great admirer of Max Schmeling ever since he won the title from Jack Sharkey. Of course, I was greatly disappointed when he was knocked out by Max Baer and defeated right after that by Steve Hamas in Philadelphia. But I never lost hope in him and when he came back to the United States and said he knew Louis' weakness, I believed him. And what happened on a certain night last June? The world saw one of the biggest upsets in ring history.

Schmeling couldn't have been any happier than I was. But now we find that some people are just a little peeved about the way things came out and are showing themselves poor sports by writing in and saying lots of raw things about Schmeling. Some say that Joe will win by a knockout in six rounds if they ever meet again.

Well, I think they are all wrong. I believe that Max would put Joe away in about eight rounds. Why? Because in recent fights Joe has been hit by both left- and right-hand wallops. Al Ettore gave Joe a great bout for five rounds. Brescia lasted only three rounds but he got in some real blows which hurt Joe.

Joe lacks the confidence he formerly had. Schmeling took it out of him. He has missed entirely too many blows and he is not as hard to hit as he used to be. You, Mr. Fleischer, have admitted that Joe is not the same boy he was before. And you have the opportunity to see him in action.

I take a great interest in boxing and I never miss an edition of The Ring. And, next June, I hope to see Max Schmeling once again hold the world's heavyweight championship by defeating James J. Braddock.

Byron J. Erb, Jr.
Lewiston, N. Y.

* * *

I PURCHASED a copy of your magazine at a Woolworth's store here, out of a whimsical curiosity to learn if the Yankees had begun to acquire anything in the way of good taste. I refer to that good taste which is born of genuine sportsmanship and which, I fear, cannot as yet generally exist in a land like the U. S. A., with its unhomogeneous population and lack of real tradition.

A glance through the magazine assured me that whatever your achievements in the sports arena, so far as sportsmanship is concerned, you have it all to learn. From poor taste and what has come to be recognized as typical American braggadocio, you descend to cheap poetical satire at the expense of Englishmen.

Now for a few facts, bearing in mind that apart from your racial intolerance to the Negroes (the difference in some cases being not so very pronounced), the achievements of men of color can hardly redound to your credit.

Your heavyweight world champion is just too tiresome, and we are bored stiff at the mention of his name. J. H. Lewis was quite a match for him, yet McAvoy, our middleweight champ, with one hand would have (in any other country) taken the title from Lewis.

Still, John Henry Lewis is a comparatively worthy champion, having regard to his immediate predecessors. The redoubtable Rosenbloom was, in his prime, knocked cold by our very ordinary middles champion; yet both before and for an unconscionable number of years afterwards, he was acclaimed world's light-heavyweight champion by the entire U. S. A. We fear, for want of a better man. Of course, he naturally headed those marvellous "rankings" of yours.

It is no idle (occidental) boast to say that our ex-champ, Jack Hood, would, in his prime, have beaten the best welter ever bred in or imported into the U. S. A. He was a match for your middles world champ, Dundee. Again, recall Harvey's visit to the States, about which the American sports press were wont to wax ironical. Prior to his meeting with Dundee, the American press informed the public that Dundee was only a third rater and that Harvey must win decisively. Harvey, having lost on what we believe with justification to have been a typically unsporting decision, Dundee was immediately proclaimed leading contender for the title, then vacant.

Subsequently, Harvey lost to Jeby (also stated to be a third rater), whereupon, lo and behold! the two third raters, trial horses as it were, were called upon by the American boxing authorities to fight for the world title; their only qualifications, it would seem, being decisions over the much derided Harvey. Candidly, I felt sure that McAvoy's trouncing of another of your world's middles champions would have caused you to make a much overdue adjustment of your perspective. Do you know that good judges consider that Marcel Thil (the real present middles champ) at his best would have beaten Mickey Walker?

Again, to facilitate the hanging on to world's titles at any cost, you have several boxing unions so that when the champ, according to one union, is beaten by a foreigner, the other union's champ goes for all of us, as it were. To wit, recall Genaro? He lost his title to a Frenchman. Were you dismayed? I'll say you weren't. Somebody whose only claim was a drawn decision with Genaro was immediately promoted champ of the world.

A few weeks ago you were in real danger of losing a world title to our Dave Crowley (never regarded by us a world beater), but you weathered the storm. Our fellows can't take it—not in the groin.

Admitted we have no good heavies and have not had for a long time, and there seems nothing for it but to import some Negroes or Lapps, etc., but then your home-breds are not so hot, either.

To sum up, despite all this, and ten times as much more I could write with truth, in the same vein, we over here, with our traditional good taste, just smile philosophically and try to be modest in victory and generous in defeat.

John Brown,
N. W. Golf Club, Donegal, Irish Free State.

[*Your letter is most interesting, Mr. Brown, if for no other reason than to show your extreme prejudice. You call us a race of poor sports. Perhaps we are, but not as poor sport as you are, judging by the tone of your letter. Did you see the fights in which Harvey or Crowley were the victims of that "terrible American sportsmanship"? Of course not. If you had, you might think twice before you accuse us of being braggards, etc. When it comes to taking care of a foreign fighter in New York, let me tell you, Mr. Brown, that he gets all the better of it when opposing an American. If you doubt that, ask Mr. Trevor Wignall, Mr. Tom Webster, Mr. Ted Broadribb and other real British sportsmen.—Editor's note.*]

* * *

ALTHOUGH I have read your magazine for many years, and have never entered into correspondence, because it has always been so scrupulously fair, I do think it is time a halt was called to this Joe Louis racket. At first all of you were cocksure that Joe Louis was the world's best. He was tipped to put Schmeling away in four rounds, and now that Schmeling has burst the Louis bubble, the real trouble is commencing.

Schmeling was promised a fight with Jimmy Braddock, and, after he had come over to America, and fixed up everything, "Jeemy" was found to be too ill to fight the Uhlan. The fight was fixed for a later date, but now that, too, is postponed, and this time it is arthritis which is Jimmy's trouble. The whole thing is as clear as a pikestaff. While Schmeling is resting in enforced retirement, Louis is given all the fights he can get, to build up his stamina and give him experience. Then, when the time comes for the Schmeling-Braddock fight, Braddock will be suffering from a brand new illness, and Louis will be put up to fight Schmeling. In short, the title must remain in America.

Zehedeus, South Africa.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Don Dwyer, Corner Brook, Newfoundland

Q.—If two judges vote a draw and the referee votes for one of the fighters, who wins the fight? What is the usual procedure?

A.—The majority vote in what counts. In the above case, the fight is a draw. If the two judges disagree and the referee disagrees, thus one judge gives it to A, second judge gives it to B and referee calls it a draw, then the result again is a draw. If there are two votes for one man, that man wins and if two votes are a draw, then the result is a draw.

Herbert Hollis, London, Eng.

Q.—When did Matt Wells fight his last battle?

A.—He fought Jack Hart in London in 1921 and won in 15 rounds on points.

Charley Zephany, Fall River, Mass.

Q.—If a fighter is knocked down and the referee has just completed the count of five when the fighter gets up but before he is able to resume boxing, he slips down to one knee again. Does the referee start counting all over again?

A.—No. The referee should resume counting where he last left off because the fighter went down without being hit and the down is regarded as part of the original down. If he were floored again, that would be a different matter. Then the referee would begin counting all over again.

Willie Seager, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—Does the Milo-to-Londos book contain instruction on wrestling?

A.—No, you'll find that in my other book, "Modern Wrestling Holds." However, you will find three full pages of holds—100 all told, fully described, in Milo-to-Londos.

Abie Fessler, New York City

Q.—Is Tommy Burns, the old time heavyweight champion promoting fights in the West?

A.—No he is managing several good prospects. He has Bobby Carrington, a good welter of whom he is mighty proud. He and Bill Buxton are handling Bobby's affairs and it is the opinion of Burns that Bobby will be a champion. Burns is now living in Vancouver, British Columbia. Burns and Buxton also have a likely looking light-heavyweight in Johnny Kilbane of Vancouver who has scored fourteen knockouts in seventeen starts.

Liam O'Dell, Ireland

Q.—Who was the last Irish heavyweight champion before Jimmy Braddock?

A.—Gene Tunney. But neither of these champs was born in Ireland. They come from pure Irish stock.

Mae Shevlin, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—Is there any apparatus that a girl can use to reduce the abdomen?

A.—Yes, Mae, if you want an exerciser, get the No. 202 Massage Roller which the Lind-Henricksen firm sells. It costs $2.50 and you can get it from us. This is very good for reducing exercises. If you don't want apparatus, just do bending and rowing exercises.

Frank Busby, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Was Jimmy Cabby the world middleweight champion?

A.—He claimed the title at the time when there were seven other claimants following the killing of Stanley Ketchel.

Arthur Boyce, Washington, D. C.

Q.—Is Petey Sarron generally recognized the world featherweight champion, or is Mike Belloise?

A.—Sarron is. Every state recognizes him except New York and California. New York recognizes Belloise who recently was whipped by Henry Armstrong who is now the recognized champion in California while New York continues to call Belloise the title holder. The N.B.A. gives Sarron the honors.

Brent C. Rosa, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Was there a welterweight boxer who fought mostly in the South in the years 1912-13-14 named Battling Kissie? What was his real name and was he very good? How many fights did he have and how many did he win? Where can I obtain a picture of him and what is the price?

A.—No record of Battling Kissie available.

Walter J. Price, Dalton, Pa.

Q.—Do you know of any former bantamweight boxer by the name of Gene Stewett or Steward? If you know of any such boxer, please tell me his most important fights. I weigh 130 pounds, am 5 feet 8 inches tall and am fifteen years of age. What will my height and weight be at 21?

A.—No record of anyone by that name. Perhaps you refer to Jim Stewart, a good heavyweight. You may reach 150 pounds and increase several inches in height.

Joe De Polo, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Do you consider Lou Ambers a good champion? How old is Harry Balsamo? If he learned more about boxing he would rise higher, don't you think? How can I reach Tony Canzoneri by mail?

A.—Ambers has not yet proven his greatness. Balsamo is 23 years of age. There is plenty of hope for him if he learns about boxing. Tony can be reached at 530 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Robert Brooks, Ontario, Can.

Q.—How old is Larry Gains?

A.—27 years.

Q.—Do you think McLarnin will ever again win the welter title?

A.—He has a fine chance.

Q.—Is Henri De Glane still wrestling?

A.—Yes, in France

Q.—Is George Hackenschmidt still alive?

A.—Yes, living in England.

Raymond Dahlin, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What weight gloves do the professional middleweight boxers use? What is the minimum weight gloves used by an amateur middleweight? The maximum weight? How many times did Tony Canzoneri win professional titles, including the Junior weight titles? Will the height increase course you advertise increase my height? How soon will I get results?

A.—Six ounce gloves? Six and eight ounce gloves. Canzoneri won the featherweight, lightweight, Junior-welterweight, and regained the lightweight title. It has brought results to thousands. May take from three to six months.

Sam Berosh, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What is the nationality of Schmeling's father?

A.—A German by birth.

Mary E. Lambert, Concord, N. H.

Q.—Who was the champion heavyweight before John L. Sullivan?

A.—Sullivan won the title from Paddy Ryan, on February 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, in nine rounds.

R. F. Williams, Pensacola, Florida

Q.—A bets that B will be knocked out. B gets a cut eye and cannot answer the bell for the second round as the Doctor has advised that it would be dangerous for him to continue. Who wins the bet?

A.—A wins as B has been technically knocked out as under the rules of boxing if a fighter cannot answer the bell for any cause whatever it is recorded as a knockout.

Russell Roemer, Deerbrook, Wisc.

Q.—I have no one to train with. Would it be best for me to try for The Golden Gloves tournament after I have completed your Universal Boxing Course?

A.—Of course it is far better for you to study the course with some one else. That is the real objective of the course, but if you cannot obtain some partner to train with then do your best by facing a mirror so that you can see yourself work out, and then join an Amateur Club.

Q.—How can I practice slipping and counter punches without a sparring mate?

A.—Stand before a mirror and practice the slipping and countering while looking at yourself.

Q.—Will bar bells make me muscle bound as a boxer?

A.—They are not very good for a boxer but excellent for a wrestler.

Q.—Isn't it true that both Schmeling and Carnera trained with bar bells and became champions?

A.—Yes, they did. Schmeling, when he was a young boy. Carnera for the circus. Bar bell exercises will not affect everybody the same way.

Q.—In the case of Jack Dempsey, wasn't he a miner and wasn't Pete Latso a miner? Wouldn't that kind of work be the same as barbell exercising?

A.—In a way yes, but both pushed hand cars rather than performing the real duties of a miner.

Bill Cleary, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—If I am 5 feet 8 and 18 now will I reach 5 feet 10 at maturity?

A.—Yes, I'm sure of that.

Q.—I am taking up barbell work. Will that have any effect on my growth?

A.—No. It is O.K.

Q.—Can you tell me where Len Hall is wrestling?

A.—Last time I saw his name was out in middle west.

Lou Jacques, Ottawa, Ont.

Q.—How old is Gene Tunney, Dempsey, Carnera?

A.—Tunney is 36; Carnera is 30 and Dempsey is 40.

Q.—What are the weights in wrestling?

A.—Lightweight, 130 to 140. Middleweight, 140 to 165. Heavyweight all over that.

Q.—Was Carnera knocked cold so that the count of ten was made over him?

A.—No. He was stopped but not counted out.

John Connolly, Trenton, Texas

Q.—Will Tom Beaupre of Dallas and Max Roesch of that city ever be topnotchers?

A.—One never can tell. They are just ordinary now.

Q.—Does your "Training for Boxers" book contain the proper method of training for every boy?

A.—Yes—None better.

Q.—Besides Braddock, Schmeling and Louis, who do you consider the outstanding heavyweights?

A.—The answer is in the February issue. Read that carefully.

M. Montanes, Manila, P. I.

Q.—If Barney Ross, weighing the welterweight limit, is beaten by a featherweight or a lightweight, will he lose the title? A champion must defend his title at least every how many months? In what States in U.S.A. is boxing prohibited?

A.—If the contracts stipulate that the weight is 147 pounds, which is the welterweight limit, then a lightweight or featherweight can win the title. Six months is the rule for champions to defend their titles but it is very seldom obeyed. Cannot say exactly but there are about three or four states where boxing is banned.

Jack K. Rice, Salinas, Cal.

Q.—When did Tommy Loughran win the light-heavyweight title?

A.—December 12, 1927.

Ring Reader

Q.—Were there any flat-footed fighters?

A.—Fitz., Young Corbett, Ketchel, were of the flat-footed type and Joe Louis is that way today.

Willy Clark, Silverdale, B. C. Canada

Q.—In November and December issues in the middleweight division you list Marcel Thil as world's Champion, where I understood Freddie Steele was champion after defeating Babe Risko a while ago. I sure think Gordon Wallace should be ranked in the welterweight class because he has lately defeated Midnight Bell and Henry Woods.

A.—In the past five years we have listed Thil as world's champion because he whipped the American champion at that time, Gorilla Jones, and gained the world title. Risko was only the American champion and that is the title Steele won when he defeated Risko. Wallace has been rated among the first ten several times but he has been inconsistent in his work and others rated there rightfully belong in the first ten.

A Ring Reader

Q.—Is Mike Jacobs the manager of Joe Louis?

A.—No, but he has a big financial interest in him and is one of a board of three that handles Joe's affairs.

Q.—Has Joe Louis been using heavier bandages in his fights since he lost to Schmeling?

A.—No, not heavier, but he has been using four feet instead of two as was the case in New York.

George F. Kuhn, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—My friends keep telling me that most boxing bouts are fixed and I argue against that. What is your opinion?

A.—Once in a blue moon you'll find a fixed fight. It is the hardest thing in sport to fix a fight without the public getting wise. It is my honest opinion that 99 and 9-10ths of all fights are fought absolutely on the level and when a skunk is found who does toss a fight, the public takes very good care of him.

Alan Goldberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What was the date of Jim Corbett's birth and where did he die?

A.—He was born in San Francisco on September 1, 1866 and died in Bayside, Long Island, four years ago.

Tom Collins, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Was Frank Craig colored or white? When did he start fighting and how was he rated?

A.—Frank Craig was a great colored fighter who was born in New York in 1870 and began his career in 1891. He had a splendid record.

Arlie Simmons, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—Who were the three original Jacks?

A.—McAuliffe, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Sullivan.

Marlene Hemphill, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—Is Sandor Szabo still wrestling?

A.—Yes, in California. He lives there now.

Q.—Will Jim Londos wrestle again when he returns from South Africa?

A.—I've been told that he will. That he purposely went abroad to get himself into condition for an American comeback.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

STIRRING action was on view during the closing session of the old year. Every bout was a humdinger. Joe Louis disposed of Eddie Simms in one punch before a spacious gathering in Cleveland; Bob Pastor advanced to the front with his seven-round kayo over Ray Impellitiere; Solly Krieger gained considerable prestige in disposing of Harry Balsamo in the seventh session, while Lou Ambers engaged in a draw overweight match with Enrico Venturi. Several new faces were in evidence, which speaks well for the talent that promoters will have on hand to furnish the spectators.

Beginning with the activity in the heavyweight division, we have Louis' quick finish of Simms as the headliner. Jack Trammell disposed of Lorenzo Pack in one, Al Walker in two and won over Harry Thomas. Salvatore Ruggirello was kayoed by Lorenzo Pack, Eddie Blunt and Bob Moody in two rounds each. Blunt also finished Joe O'Gatty in four. Pastor's kayo over Impellitiere boosted his stock considerably. Maxey Rosenbloom scored handily over King Levinsky. Al Ettore won a slightly tainted victory over Light-Heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis.

Al McCoy scored over Tony Shucco. Andre Lenglet whipped Charley "Killer" Coates. Bob Nestell disposed of Pepe Del Rio in two heats. Lee Ramage finished Joe Bauer in the tenth. Nathan Mann disposed of Ralph Barbara in the second round. Roscoe Toles stopped Steve Dudas in six sessions. Tom Beaupre scored over Red Burman. Natie Brown won over Johnny Whiters. Max Marek triumphed over Billy Treest. Tiger Jack Fox finished Ford Smith in the third. Willie Reddish beat Otis Thomas. Jack Roper stopped Eddie Mader in eight.

Hank Hankinson kayoed Jack Petric in three rounds. Tommy Farr scored over Charley Rutz and Jim Wilde kayoed Max Hodgetts in seven rounds in England. Johnny Erjavec finished Tony Lamario in one heat. Adolf Heuser kayoed Vittorio Livan in three rounds. Eddie Mader whipped Italo Colonello. Young Herrera scored over Roy Williams. Dewey Kimrey whipped Frank Tymosko. Junior Munsell scored over Babe Hunt.

In the light-heavyweight class, Al Gainer disposed of Oscar Rankins in three rounds. Jock McAvoy whipped Rienus De Boer. Leo Kelly kayoed Claude Nichol in seven and Jack Rainsford in eleven, but was beaten by Ron Richards. Fred Lenhart scored over George Sutka. Allen Matthews scored over Johnny Sykes. Dave Clark kayoed Dick Miller in one round. Steve Carr beat Carl Knowles while Knowles whipped Gene Bonin. Domenico Ceccarelli was beaten by George Nichols and drew with Leroy Brown. Nichols also kayoed Fanis Tzanatopolous in one and Eddie Saxon in three. Swede Berglund defeated Johnny Romero. Frank Zamoris kayoed Bud Mignault in one round.

Freddy Steele takes ranking place with the middleweights by winning over Gorilla Jones. Fred Apostoli took Babe Marino into camp on the Coast. Teddy Yarosz scored over Eddie Maguire. Maguire kayoed Gordon Donahue in one round but was stopped by Jimmy O'Boyne in the tenth. Solly Krieger required seven rounds to dispose of Harry Balsamo. Babe Risko disposed of Joe Butch Lynch in the eighth. Kid Tunero turned in a surprise victory over Ken Overlin and also Anneet. Billy Conn, a coming middleweight, defeated Fritzie Zivic. Eddie Pierce stopped the winning streak of Young Joe Louis in Denver. Louis, previously, kayoed Carl Acker in four and defeated George Black. Paul Pirrone defeated Johnny Duca.

Atilio Sabatino finished Bobby Cortez in six rounds. Walter Woods stopped Al Cocozza in four. Bob Turner whipped Eric Lawson. Roscoe Manning disposed of Red Finnegan in four rounds. Johnny Rossi kayoed Munico on two occasions in six rounds. Tom Chester finished Joe Fedz in ten rounds while Jimmy Clark defeated Vince De Angelo and kayoed Eddie Ran in two rounds.

Jack Carroll, the Australian welterweight, disposed of Syd Powell in six rounds. Cocoa Kid scored over Paulie Walker. Jack Portney won from Lew Raymond. Al Manfredo lost decisions to Glen Lee and Kid Azteca. Andrea Jessurun was beaten by Saverio Turiello and Gene Buffalo, but won from Jimmy Jones. Gene also whipped Frankie Wallace. Gustave Eder kayoed George Purchase in nine rounds. Phil Furr whipped Johnny Lucas and drew with Eddie Carroll.

Bobby Pacho gained verdicts over Frankie Blair, Joe Pennino and Pete Mascia. Gordon Wallace disposed of Harry Dublinsky in five rounds. Mickey Serrian scored over Johnny Jadick. Milt Aron kayoed Laddie Tonelli in five heats. Sonny Jones triumphed over Paul Schaeffer. Teddy Loder lost to Eddie Carroll but kayoed Al Traino in four rounds and whipped Eldred Davenport. Eldred was also beaten by Mickey Makar and Gaston Le Cadre. Nick Pastore disposed of Danny Koplick in two, Ernie Ratner in three rounds and whipped Johnny Horstman.

Joe Gelinas scored a one-round kayo over Mossie Condon. Joe Bernal defeated Tommy Jones. Frankie Williams drew with Ralph Vona. Dick Demeray won from Maxie Strub. Holman Williams whipped Tony Falco.

Lou Ambers, besides his drawn battle with Venturi, disposed of Stumpy Jacobs in seven rounds. Pedro Montanez kayoed Steve Halaiko in three rounds. Billy Beauhold drew with Lew Feldman and whipped Red Guggino. Feldman won fom Eddie Zivic but lost to Joey Ferrando. Ferrando scored over Frankie Williams. Guggino whipped Eddie Zivic and Geno Salvatore. Jimmy Walsh kayoed Aldo Linzi and George Daly in six rounds each. Norment Quarles drew with Midget Wolgast. Charley Burns won over Lew Massey.

Charley Gomer won over Johnny Pena. Baby Miller whipped Chino Alvarez. Jimmy Vaughn whipped Ray Sharkey. Benny Bass disposed of Joey Zodda in one round. Kid Chocolate scored over Joe Fauchi, Johnny Erickson and Al Gillette. Vittorio Tamagnini disposed of Tiger Humery in six sessions. Dominic Mancini scored over Johnny Stevens. Roger Bernard won from Larry Greb. George Zengara drew with and defeated Jimmy McLeod. Eddie McGeever battled on even terms with Tommy Cross.

Henry Armstrong takes ranking position in the featherweight ranks with his three-round kayo over Baby Casanova. Freddie Miller whipped Frankie Covelli. Young Rightmire drew with George Hansford, who kayoed Earl Booker in two rounds. Juan Zurita scored over Baltasar Sangchili. Johnny McGrory defeated Willie Smith in South Africa. Pete De Grasse won over Joe Mendiola. Kid Irish scored over Jimmy Buckler. Varias Milling defeated Jimmy Thomas. Wally Hally bested Baby Johnson. Victor Vallee whipped Gene Gollotto. Joe Conde defeated California Joe Rivers. Pete Scalzo drew with Al Reid. Nickey Jerome whipped Joey Wach. Johnny Cabello scored over Johnny Hutchinson. Lloyd Pine kayoed Willie Cohen in three rounds.

Lou Salica continues winning on the Pacific Coast. He scored over Mauricio Seria. Tony Marino whipped Nickey Jerome. Indian Quintana disposed of Johnny Shibelli in five rounds. Johnny King defeated Jimmy Lester. Jackie Jurich won over Star Frisco. Bobby Leyvas defeated Pablo Dano. Johnny Ladao scored over Tomboy Romero.

Benny Lynch disposed of Eric Jones in two rounds. Jim Warnock whipped Jones and kayoed Paddy Ryan in five rounds. Peter Kane kayoed Al Hopp in two and Gustave Vandenbos in six. Valentin Anglemann won the European flyweight title from Ernst Weiss. Pat Palmer disposed of Dick Lewis in eight rounds. Katzumi Morioka whipped Tut Whalley while Tut kayoed Peter Miller in five and Tommy Pardoe in eight. Tiny Bostock scored over Tommy Farricker and kayoed Frank Bonson in five. Pierre Louis won from Etienne Ferraro.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jake Carr, England.
Bantamweight—Joey Fontana, New York City.
Featherweight—Pete Scalzo, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Eddie Alzek, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Welterweight—Johnny Rust, South Africa.
Middleweight—Jackie Dempsey, New Bedford, Mass.
Light-Heavyweight — Cliff Kusterbeck, New York City.
Heavyweight—Joe Foord, South Africa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending January 10:

	Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
	World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1	Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
2	Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Fred Apostoli	Jimmy McLarnin
3	Jack Trammell	Ron Richards	Teddy Yarosz	Ceferino Garcia
4	Gunnar Barlund	Leo Kelly	Solly Krieger	Izzy Jannazzo
5	Bob Pastor	Gus Lesnevich	Kid Tunero	Fritzie Zivic
6	Maxey Rosenbloom	Ray Actis	Ken Overlin	Cocoa Kid
7	Al Ettore	Lou Brouillard	Babe Risko	Jack Portney
8	Leroy Haynes	Fred Lenhart	Frank Battaglia	Cleto Locatelli
9	Sonny Boy Walker	Allen Matthews	Erich Seelig	Glen Lee
10	Arturo Godoy	Swede Berglund	Oscar Rankins	Milt Aron

	Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
	World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	Title Vacant
1	Enrico Venturi	Henry Armstrong	Harry Jeffra	Benny Lynch
2	Eddie Cool	Mike Belloise	Frankie Martin	Small Montana
3	Pedro Montanez	Freddie Miller	Louis Salica	Peter Kane
4	Tony Canzoneri	Dick Corbett	Tony Marino	Valentin Anglemann
5	Laurie Stevens	Johnny McCrory	Baltasar Sangchili	Jim Warnock
6	Wesley Ramey	Tony Chavez	K. O. Morgan	Ernst Weiss
7	Aldo Spoldi	Young Rightmire	Johnny Cusick	Tiny Bostock
8	Billy Beauhold	Nel Tarleton	Indian Quintana	Pat Palmer
9	Davey Day	Pete De Grasse	Bobby Leyvas	Phil Milligan
10	Jimmy Walsh	Juan Zurita	Jackie Jurich	Katzumi Morioka

A Few More Left

During the past month, we have returned 46 orders for **"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer.** The entire issue of 16,000 has been sold. There are still available, however, **22 De Luxe Editions,** autographed by Jack and the Author and printed on heavy, India paper with a beautiful Blue Leather binding. These will be sold until disposed of, at **$10 each.**

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.

ADAM HATS ON THE AIR WHN 1010 KC. ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

SINCE the final obstacle in the proposed heavyweight championship contest between Jimmy Braddock and Max Schmeling was overcome when the New York State Athletic Commission forbade Braddock from engaging in a bout with Joe Louis, it was expected that nothing would stand in the way of their meeting on June 8.

A few weeks ago a bombshell was exploded when the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League stepped into the picture with the news that a national boycott campaign was being started against that particular bout. It served notice on the promoters and all those interested that they would do everything within their power to prevent this match from taking place.

Such a move would prove financially disastrous to those who contemplate the promotion. Whether it will materialize or not, we are not in a position to say at this writing. The fact is that the boycott has gotten under way and is seriously hampering the promotion. Ordinarily, the Braddock-Schmeling bout figures to draw between $400,000 and the $500,000 mark. With the expected bombshell over their heads, it is doubtful if the coming match would reach half that amount, and that's why the promoters are very much worried.

Charley Bennett, who managed Phil Baker into an impressive victory over Kid Chocolate, when the Cuban was four to one favorite, is out with a challenge to Lou Ambers for the lightweight title—George Sheppard, who handles the affairs of Charley Gomer, is also seeking lucrative matches for his Baltimore lightweight, and would like nothing better than a crack at Ambers, Venturi or Spoldi—Laurie Stevens injured one of his hands training for the Petey Sarron go in South Africa and the bout has been postponed indefinitely. It was a tough break for Petey and Jimmy Erwin, who travelled thousands of miles for this bout. From Johannesburg, Sarron was scheduled to defend his featherweight title against Johnny McGrory in England.

Lou Ambers engaged in his first match in New York City since winning the lightweight title by engaging Enrico Venturi in a ten-round overweight match at the Garden. The official verdict was a draw but it failed to provide satisfaction to the partisans of either side. The Ambers constituents thought that the Herkimer product had the edge, while Venturi's cohorts favored their charge.

It was a hotly contested and bitterly fought bout. Ambers got off to a lead in the first three rounds with his rapid fire, raking attack, scoring with short, jolting uppercuts at close quarters which seemed to baffle Venturi. At the start of the fourth, Enrico waged a persistently aggressive attack, landing and missing alternately but nevertheless making it uncomfortable for the lightweight king. At the eight-round mark, honors were about evenly divided with Venturi copping the ninth and Lou evening matters by winning the last stanza. At that, it was a good decision.

Frankie Blair was responsible for chaos and disorder in his eight-round semi-final against Bobby Pacho. Bobby received the official award but the crowd offered such vociferous protest against the verdict that the principals in the star bout were unable to be introduced properly and the commotion continued until the fifth round of the Ambers-Venturi match before the frenzy of the crowd subsided. And the peculiar part of the situation was that Pacho was really entitled to the verdict, at least in my opinion.

Billy Beauhold, Jersey City lightweight, made an impressive showing in whipping Red Guggino in the last round tussle of the night. This Beauhold is a corking little scrapper and tab him for recognition in the lightweight ranks. Joey Ferrando gained the eight-rounder over Lew Feldman by staging a rally in the last round. The net receipts were around $16,000.

Australian boxing conditions have been in a lamentable state because of dissension at Sydney Stadium. Visiting boxes have had considerable trouble there in the past two years. Contracts were violated and the boxers were given poor treatment by those in charge of boxing there. This, in view of the fact that the fans and boxing writers did everything to lessen their problems, was something which was due to have a reckoning.

George Simpson, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight, who went there under the management of George Parnassus, was forced to discard his manager in preference to a local man in order for him to continue. Almost every visiting boxer had complaints to render against the unfair treatment accorded them by officials of the Sydney Stadium.

Which makes this bit of news interesting. George Simpson was the winner in a breach of contract suit against this organization. He was awarded $1,750 by the court. Now this club finds itself in an embarrassing light. All the visiting boxers have departed, and the headliners remaining refuse to engage in business transactions with them.

It's a shame to see this condition existing. Australia is a great sporting country—plenty of high class sportsmen and people who are firm believers in fair play. Australia is in need of promoters who believe in giving the boxers and managers a square deal.

Lew Kersch, New York lightweight, made a successful comeback when he put George Red Kinsella away in two rounds at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Kersch is now being handled by Sammy Richman, and if Lew keeps up his good work he will be right back on top of the local lightweight crop—Phil Furr and Eddie Carroll staged a hot scrap at the Coliseum, with honors evenly divided at the finish—Wildcat O'Connor, surviving an early knockdown, came on to whip Tommy Bland at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn.

Freddie Steele, accompanied by Manager Dave Miller, Trainer Al Lang and friend Vic Lebow, arrived in the big city looking for new worlds to conquer. Steele is anxious to clash with the outstanding middleweights of the East and no possible opponents will be ignored—Freddie defended his middleweight title against Gorilla Jones in Milwaukee on New Year's Day.

Chris Dundee and Ken Overlin returned from Paris slightly disheartened at the unexpected loss suffered by Overlin at the hands of Kid Tunero. Overlin claims that he could not get acclimated and Ken's outstanding reputation in the middleweight division bears out his contention. Something was radically wrong with Ken that night—George Zengara, local Greek lightweight, stepped into fast company at the St. Nicholas Palace when he fought a slashing draw with Jimmy McLeod of Tacoma. The return match a week later resulted in a draw for the youngster, and fine things are expected of him.

Mexico City knows how to stage pugilistic attractions when they are in the mood. On New Year's afternoon, four ten-round bouts were held there which was a classic in matchmaking. Henry Armstrong kayoed Baby Casanova in three rounds; Kid Azteca scored over Al Manfredo; Juan Zurita defeated Baltasar Sangchili, while Joe Conde won over California Joe Rivers—Frank Zamoris, rugged, hard-hitting Newark heavyweight, turned in a corking victory when he flattened Bud Mignault in one round. This Zamoris hits as well as any heavyweight around when he can connect. He is managed by Johnny Scavone.

Aurel Toma, Roumanian bantamweight, who captured the European bantamweight title when he whipped Decico of France, arrived in New York and will continue his campaign under the management of Richard Fried. Toma, in the gym, looks like a rough and determined battler and will prove a welcome addition to the bantam crop—Murray Waxman has been given the post of press representative for the Gaby Lyons Sports Arena, which is the old Lenox Sports Club under a new title.

Small Montana received a guarantee of $10,000, three round-trip tickets, $500 for expenses and taxes free on his flyweight tour to England to clash with Benny Lynch. Montana left with Johnny Rogers and will remain abroad for several months, providing Montana fares well in his initial start—In the absence of Lew Burston, Gilbert Benaim made the trip to Puerto Rico, where Pedro Montanez disposed of Steve Halaiko in three rounds. Benaim is a young Frenchman who was partner with Burston in Europe and he has adapted himself to American customs in a short space of time—Lew Feldman and Billy Beauhold staged a whirlwind eight-round battle at the St. Nicholas Palace with the bout ending in a draw. Feldman was down three times, but his fast boxing gave him the edge in the other five rounds—Feldman was one of the most active boxers of the past season.

Bob Pastor established himself as a heavyweight contender when he put gigantic Ray Impellitiere away in the seventh round at the Garden. Pastor did not waste any time and floored Ray in the first round with a long right on the chin. Ray arose immediately, dazed and bewildered, and from that period fought on instinct only. In spots it looked like his ponderous reach and weight advantage would prevail over the courageous Pastor, but Bob's punching and pugnaciousness carried him home to victory.

Jack Trammell furnished the surprise of the evening when he flattened Lorenzo Pack with a short right-hand punch on the chin. Pack went down as if shot and was counted out. Trammell's position in the heavyweight ranks cannot be overlooked. He would prove a fit opponent for Joe Louis or the balance of heavyweight contenders.

Nickey Jerome came through with a rally and won the eight-round verdict over Joey Wach at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Jerome and Wach are two of the best looking youngsters around and they furnished a stirring argument. Eddie Blunt turned in another impressive kayo when he put Salvatore Ruggirello away in the second round. Blunt has been coming along in splendid style and seems ready for the big time circuit—Jack Trammell polished off Al Giant in the second round of their engagement at the Rockland Palace. This Trammell is one of the niftiest pieces of fighting machinery visible in the heavyweight ranks and it will take a mighty good man to beat him—Al Douglas, who is staging the shows at the Rockland Palace, has built up this club into a paying proposition and has developed a regular weekly clientele.

Ted Broadribb is anxious to make another trip to this country. He has a young heavyweight, Tommy Farr, who whipped Tommy Loughran in England and has an aggressive, pleasing style which should assure him plenty of work in this country—Louis Soreci sends word along that Vittorio Tamagnini, the real lightweight champion of Europe, will be in this country before long. He earned his right to the title when he kayoed Tiger Humery in Paris recently—Eddie Alzek, promising Brooklyn lightweight, is coming along in good style under the tutelage of Irving Cohen—Jorge Brescia, South American heavyweight, is due to arrive in New York within a month, which should gladden the heart of Louis Soreci, who is waiting to book him for some good matches.

"Broadway" Sam Roth has become a mute since Bob Olin left for the Coast. This has gladdened the hearts of many of Sam's admirers—Charlie Martin, in addition to representing Hymie Caplin's boxers on the Coast, is also running a cabaret at the Barbara Hotel in conjunction with Johnny Keyes, once the Mayor of New York's Chinatown. Keyes is without office on the Coast because he cannot supplant Johnny Conde, their present Mayor.

It is with a great feeling of regret that I was forced to close operations on "BANG," that little boxing weekly which had a run of seventeen weeks before we were forced to suspend publication. For those who missed this publication and are curious enough to see what it looks like, I will be glad to mail anyone sample copies, free of charge.

Billy Brown got started on the right foot when he opened the newly formed Gaby Lyons Sports Arena with Kid Chocolate and Joe Fauchi as the headliners. Chocolate is still a powerful magnet among the smaller clubs, and if he were pitted against not-too-tough opposition, he might manage to come around—Joe Basco is keeping his featherweight, Lloyd Pine, very busy these days. And what is more important, Pine keeps winning—Chris Dundee enters his heavyweight prospect, Frank Tymosko from Richmond, Va., as an entry into the dark horse class for the coming year—Jack Curley has taken over the reins of Cyril Josephs, classy Negro bantamweight, and intends doing big things with him. Josephs fought under the name of Young Canada Lee two years ago and looked very good.

Jack Johnson in Australia

(Continued from page 19)

there as well, including Jack London the American writer and his wife. In the audience also were scarred and grizzled veterans who had battled for Larry Foley in the old White Horse twenty years and more previously. How their eyes must have glistened at the sight of that crowd, greater by a hundredfold than any they had ever experienced. What they thought of Burns' "cut," a matter of thirty thousand dollars, those old bruisers who had fought long, hard and punishing bouts for a dollar or two—well, that beggars description.

The 20,000 onlookers were not left long in possession of their cherished belief that Burns would win. Only a few seconds elapsed before Johnson gave evidence that he was no ordinary exponent of the art. Brainy, fast and full of confidence though Burns was he was outshone in all departments by his black antagonist. Cool, watchful, faintly smiling, Johnson looked Burns over, took in his style and seemed to "do" him just as an expert puzzle solver would do the crossword in a boy's paper. Read what a newspaper reporter of the time wrote about the first round. I would gladly mention this pressman's name if I knew it for he was better with a pen than I am:

"In the first round Johnson shot a left to Burns' ribs, but Burns, as he had done with Squires, took the force out of the blow by dropping a right smartly to the biceps. Meantime Burns' left reached Johnson's stomach. They clinched, broke loose, and, like a flash, Johnson, with a tremendous right upward swing, caught Burns fairly under the chin, lifted him off his feet and sent him to the floor in a sitting posture."

* * *

THAT made the crowd gasp and it must have caused nine-tenths of them to alter their opinion regarding the outcome. Burns ordinarily had an excellent guard for chin and solar plexus, but just for a split second he had been off guard, and Johnson had seen his chance, and with dazzling speed and amazing precision taken the fullest advantage of it.

I have heard it argued that the fight was really won by Johnson with that single terrible blow, and certainly afterwards Burns did not show the form, style and speed that people who had seen him fight Lang and Squires had learned to expect from him. Johnson has not got the reputation of being an exceptionally hard hitter, but those who saw him land with that right are willing to grant him full honours in that respect.

Burns who had been tough enough to take all the punches that big men like Lang and Squires could give—take them and bore in for more as though he thrived on punishment—was badly rattled by that blow, and so weakened in judgment and defense that opportunities occurred again and again for similar attacks. And Johnson, cool and even-tempered throughout in contrast with Burns' wild and erratic behaviour in word and deed, saw every opportunity that arose and seized it unerringly. Time after time his great fist crashed against Burns' chin or solar plexus, always from below, for with an obtuseness that must have been gall and wormwood to him afterwards Burns seemed to be incapable of defending himself against uppercuts.

So the fight dragged on for fourteen rounds with the issue never in doubt after the first minute, and at last when Burns though still game and willing was plainly utterly beaten the police stepped in and called a halt, McIntosh, the referee, immediately awarded the fight, and championship honours to Johnson.

* * *

JOHNSON as a boxer and a human being is an interesting study. I met him when he passed through Fremantle in '08, shook hands with him, and yarned for a while about the game over a bottle of wine on board ship. Ever since then I have taken a personal interest in his career. He belongs to the choice coterie of truly great pugilists, in my opinion and will be talked of and written about long after we are all gone and perhaps forgotten. He stands with Molyneux, with Peter Jackson, Joe Gans Walcott and Little Chocolate on the same level as the great whites—John L. Sullivan, Tom Cribb, Belcher, John C. Heenan, Sayers, Corbett and Fitzsimmons, Dempsey and Sharkey.

The most interesting features about him are his hidden qualities. In contrast with Burns for instance, he was inferior in reach, and yet he had a pair of arms that might have aroused envy in the breast of a gladiator of ancient Rome or Greece. His biceps measured 16 in., his forearm 14½ in., and wrist 10½ in. No boxer who ever got in the ring, not even Jess Willard or Primo Carnera had a bigger or more powerful wrist. No wonder that any man who tried conclusions with Johnson as an infighter soon became weakened and groggy!

He was deceptive also as regards chest measurement. Tommy Burns was 40 in. around the chest—a clear 2½ in. better than Johnson, but when it came to expansion, which is the true test of lung power the figures were: Burns 3¾ in., Johnson 5¼ in., Johnson's chest was 2½ in. smaller than Burns' and yet was nearly fifty per cent better in expansion!

* * *

AND Johnson could hit, especially with the right. Anyone who saw the Burns fight or the bout with Ketchell knows that. He could hit, and yet he preferred not to. He was like a poker player who has a routine flush or four aces, and deliberately decides to sit on and watch the fun, just betting enough to stay and make sure of getting the stakes. And as a matter of fact that describes Jack Johnson pretty well.

On a train journey once, he actually had four aces in a poker game, while his two fellow players had jacks and kings. His face a mask Johnson just sat pat and watched the others raise again and again on their cards, he himself in his own words being "content to stay." The hand lasted more than two hours before the others laid down their cards and learned with amazement that Jack, who had been content just to stay, was the real winner.

Jack was like that as a boxer—he held four aces all the time. One ace was those arms, another those lungs, a third an ideal fighting temperament and the fourth was the greatest ace of all—the ace of genius.

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

"SONNYBOY" WALKER, Arizona's gift to the heavyweight ranks, provided San Francisco fans with a major upset when he pounded out a decisive victory over the aging Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia in a ten-rounder staged at the Civic Auditorium under the auspices of Promoter Johnny Sylvester.

Walker, who has been coming rapidly to the fore in recent months, floored Loughran once and outfought him throughout eight of the ten rounds to unquestionably annex the referee's decision. At the final gong Loughran was a bloody, tired warrior, game to the core, but perhaps fully realizing that this episode was a swan song to one of the most glorious careers in modern boxing history. The young Walker actually outboxed and outsmarted the Philadelphia Dancing Master, scoring repeatedly with hard, left hooks to the head and body. In the eighth round, Loughran went down claiming that he had been struck low, and the referee awarded him a five-minute rest.

Late in the final round, Loughran thrilled the crowd and nearly wrecked Sonnyboy with a hard right-hand shot to the jaw that made Walker's legs buckle momentarily. But the Arizona youngster came out of it nicely and the one chance Tommy did have to pull victory out of certain defeat was gone. There was no question as to the decision.

Frank Schuler, manager of Walker, was criticized for seemingly overmatching the youngster, but with the magic name of Loughran added to his victory list, the dark-haired boy seems just about ready to really go places. He can box and punch and he takes it pretty well. Previous to his win over Tommy, the Sonnyboy had whipped Andre Lenglet, Lee Savoldi (twice) and some lesser lights.

A fight between Walker and Parson Phil Brubaker would indeed be a natural and the fans would flock to such a battle. It is my humble opinion, however, that Walker is not as yet ready for Brubaker, who looked the part of a sweet heavyweight when he punched Lee Savoldi out in three frames.

Fred Apostoli, Number One challenger for Freddie Steele's middleweight championship, has taken the high road for the big city and will soon be doing his leather pushing par excellence in li'l old New York. Just before he said good-bye, the Battling Ex-Bellhop donned the gauntlets once more for Auld Lang Syne and dished out a ten-round pasting to "Babe" Marino, the "comeback kid" from the Mission District. Apostoli had some trouble with the aggressive, slambang Marino, but won by quite a margin. This bout was the feature of the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Christmas Show, and it was attractive enough to jam Dreamland Arena to the rafters.

In a second ten-rounder on the card, Joe Bernal, the San Francisco Castillian with the Frederic March profile, administered a very thorough, extremely painful boxing lesson to a colored gentleman by the name of Tommy Jones. Bernal, in rare form, held the upper hand throughout every round, and how Jones was vertical at the finish is a mystery to everyone.

George Theodoratos, highly publicized Greek heavyweight, hied himself to Los Angeles during the month and amazed everyone, himself in particular, by getting knocked cold in one round by Chet Shandell, a heavy without much to recommend him. Shandell cracked over a right to the jaw and the former W. S. C. football star went out like a light. It was a tough break, and we are very, very doubtful as to the ability of Chet to repeat his stunning triumph. Theodoratos will be back in harness soon, and maybe the setback will do him more good than harm.

Jackie Jurich, former amateur flyweight, is starting to make a name for himself among the professionals. He turned in two sweet performances during the month against Star Frisco, highly thought of Filipino, winning the decision once and getting an even break in the other. Jurich isn't long out of the Simon-pure ranks and it is satisfying to see the boy making such swell progress.

Seattle and Los Angeles Golden Glove champions invaded San Francisco during the month and together captured seven out of eight titles in competition against the local representatives. Particularly depressing to our point of view were Ray Lunney's defeat at the hands of Seattle's Jack Doone in the bantamweight finals, and the kayo of Jim Sverchek by Bill Boyd of Seattle in the heavyweight ranks. The lone home town victory was registered by Johnny Marquez, Redwood City welterweight, who copped the 147-pound honors.

Georgie Hansford, veteran Los Angeles lightweight, put a crimp in Earl Booker's aspirations when he knocked out the San Jose Negro in two rounds at Booker's home town. After being floored in the first round, Hansford came back to set Earl down for the doleful decimal with a blasting left hook to the jaw. Hansford had previously won a decision over the young colored starlet.

HERE 'N' THERE—Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh Negro, whipped Filipino Dommy Ganzon in a ten-round lightweight struggle at San Jose; Lou Salica, Brooklyn bantam, took the measure of Mauricio Seria at Stockton; George Theodoratos flattened Alfred "Butch" Rogers after four rounds in a Sacramento ring; "Newsboy" Joe Gavras, promising local lightweight, whipped Eddie Fagundes on the Apostoli-Marino card; at Fresno, Manuel Victoria was whipped by Johnny Dias in a middleweight set-to.

'N' EVERYWHERE—Tommy Cello's lightheavyweight protege, Jack Thompson, will be back at the wars soon. So will Pete Pedro, as soon as his tonsils are removed. As will Eddie Booker, flashy colored welterweight—and so will I, as soon as I recover from New Year's Eve!

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

NEIGHBORHOOD boxing shows will be held on three fronts in Chicago during the balance of the winter, whereas 1936 got underway with presentations in only two sections—Marigold Gardens on the North Side and Cicero Stadium out west. Marigold will continue to hold forth in the north, but the Cicero arena will be replaced by a new organization in West Madison Street named Majestic Arena. The new addition is White City in the south section, an old club which will be making a fresh start under the direction of Mique Malloy.

Co-Promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun will pursue their policy of offering weekly cards at Marigold, but will be given competition by Jack Eile, who heads the Majestic organization. The old featherweight slugger intends to operate at the West Side arena every week during the term of his lease, which provides for eighteen programs.

The veteran Malloy indicates he will offer bimonthly programs at White City throughout the season.

James C. Mullen, Chicago Stadium matchmaker, welcomes these small clubs. He intends to cooperate in every manner, for talent uncovered at these neighborhood arenas may be developed into likely Stadium attractions. The Stadium's 1936 inaugural involved a ten-round bout between John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, and Harry Thomas, slugging 200-pounder from Eagle Bend, Minn.

Bill Daly, Paterson, N. J., fight manager, has purchased a half interest in Frankie Zamaris, Orange, N. J., heavyweight . . . . Duke Calloway, Gary, Ind., bantamweight, has been suspended for six months by Chairman Joe Triner of the Illinois Boxing Commission for failing to appear for a scheduled match with Johnny Brown, former member of the United States Olympic Golden Gloves team, at White City . . . . Max Marek, Chicago heavyweight, defeated Billy Treest, Aurora, in a ten-round slugging match to earn recognition as state champion . . . . He is the second boxer to earn that status since boxing was legalized in 1926, Tuffy Griffith beating Paul Pantaleo for similar honors several years ago . . . . A five-year management agreement concerning Moss T. Brawner, South Side 220-pound fighter, and Eddie Siegal, formerly connected with the Joe Louis management, was filed at the State Athletic Commission, after which Brawner lost a hard six-round decision to Max Zona and got knocked out by Bernie Bowman.

Art Oliver, South Side colored 192-pound boxer, whipped Eddie Boyle of Cleveland in an eight-round headliner at Marigold Gardens to score his fourth consecutive professional victory.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Humbert J. Fugazy was a prominent promoter and matchmaker . . . . It was estimated that fifty million fans heard the radio broadcast of the Tunney-Dempsey title battle at Soldiers' Field in Chicago . . . . Joe Dundee dethroned Pete Latzo as welterweight champion . . . . Tiger Flowers, erstwhile middleweight title-holder, died following an operation in New York . . . . Gene Tunney was called the Galahad of the prize ring . . . . Leo Lomski, Aberdeen, Wash., was hailed as a new light-heavyweight star, comparable to the great Stanley Ketchel . . . . The National Boxing Association listed Chuck Wiggins, Knute Hansen, Paulino Uzcudun and Jack Delaney among the first ten heavyweights.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 35)

Man Mountain gained his wrestling experience while working on a Texas Ranch. There, due to his size, he was allotted the work of trying to match his strength against the cattle and horses. And believe it or not, the 330 pound, 6 foot 2 inch bewhiskered giant, showed from the start that he was both fearless and powerful.

The Texas Terror generally scores his pin via the deadly forearm smash, the powerful body slam or the flying tackle. Yes, he is a former football star and he can use the grid tactics on the mat to perfection.

* * *

THE Jewish mat villain is Harry Finkelstein, the "roughinest, toughinest" hombre that ever represented his nationality on the wrestling floor. It is Harry's hobby to do everything he has been told NOT TO DO. Sure, he knows there are rules and regulations. But, Finkelstein, in his own scholarly manner, opines that rules are only made to be broken. He is one tough hombre.

Finkelstein was born in Boston, February 21, 1909. He graduated from English High School, then took up a law course at Boston University. Finding the family coffers low, "Fink" suddenly left school; joined up with a crew on the Tramp Steamer, "Katrina Luckenback," where he worked in the engine room. He toured the world as an engineman. In his spare moments he would wrestle with his fellow seamen and they certainly were tough. Everything went. The powerful 235 pound, 6 foot 2 inch Hebrew, more than held his own with all who dared face him in matching holds.

Three years ago "Fink" vacated his sea job and turned professional matman. The only kind of wrestling he knew was the kind he took part in on the sea voyages. He was a rough and tumble artist from the start. He believed and still believes in the "prior six" type of mat brawls, although during his pro competition he managed to pick up several important holds.

* * *

JIMMY GURNETT, the Alabama scribe, sends us this note: Now residing in the beer capital of the world, Milwaukee, is a middleweight grappler of note, y-clept George Hartay, who originally hails from Budapest, Hungary. Hartay has been camping on the proverbial doorstep of Gus Kallio, middleweight champion, and for various reasons the diminutive Hungarian, as yet, has been unable to secure a title match with Kallio. However, it won't be long before public acclaim will force the veteran Finn from lair in Arcadia, La., and meet the pride of Milwaukee in the squared circle with the title at stake.

Coming here after a highly victorious tour of southern mats, Hartay, will show those who love their wrestling cleverness something that has taken him to the top of the heap so that he now ranks as the foremost contender for the world's middleweight title.

Hartay has speed to burn and can travel at a dizzy clip as long as his adversary may last in the conflict. Coupled with this speed is a dazzling array of holds which Hartay applies. A long study of wrestling and its trickiest points have made the Milwaukeean one of the most feared men in the game today.

George was born in Budapest, September 13, 1909, moving to the United States some 12 years later, joining the Hungarian Athletic Club, where he took to amateur wrestling as a duck takes to water. Some eighteen months after his first Simon-pure bout, Hartay was a full-fledged professional having ten wins under his belt. Hartay has met Joe Gunther, Gus Kallio, Bobby Pierce, Whitey Walberg and all the "big names" in his division.

* * *

SHUNNED by the pick of the junior heavyweight division, Les Grimes, a cartoonist and artist in his spare time, has been forced to mingle with the best in the heavyweight ranks. He stands well over the six-foot mark and makes the needle of the grocery scales quiver at 192 pounds. What weight Grimes does lack, he makes up for it by cleverness and skill when on the mat.

Born in Queensland, Australia, Les grew up with the desire to be an artist and designer. His father, a prominent rancher, wanted his then rather delicate son to be a minister of the gospel. Finally, Les won his father over and left home to study in a Melbourne art school. During his days as a student, Les felt the urge to have a beautifully-molded physique. He struck up an acquaintance with a well-known Australian wrestler who offered to teach him the game. Marvelled by the build of the Aussie grappler, Grimes jumped at the chance to mold his rather puny body.

A year later, Grimes was proclaimed amateur light-heavyweight titlist of Australia. Fortune smiled on the lad and, in 1926, he won the professional crown by defeating Billy Meske.

That same year, he came to America and worked a time in the logging camps of Northern Canada. In his idle moments Les used to sketch his friends. By chance, one of his portraits fell into the hands of a Hollywood movie scout and Grimes found a contract staring him in the face. The Aussie signed on as a scenic artist but wound up his picture career as a featured player for Fox Films.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

PETER KANE came through with a victory over Eugene Huat, of France, at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court.

A crowd of six thousand fans cheered Kane very time he hit the Frenchman, and Referee Jim Kenrick stopped the uneven contest in the seventh round.

"Lefty" Flynn, "The Jamaica Flash," defeated Raymond Renard, of Belgium, in the 4th of a 12rds bout, at the Ring, when the Belgian received a bad cut eye.

Jimmy Vaughan, who, unless I miss my guess, will be the British Lightweight Champion, before another 12 months have passed. This Becontree lad of 21 years improves with every bout. His hard punching in his contest with Billy Murdoch at the West Ham Baths was evidenced when he kayoed him in seven rounds.

Ernie Roderick gained a narrow points victory over Paul Schaefer, after 12rds of hard hitting at the Liverpool Stadium.

Larry Gains was an easy winner over the German, Emile Scholtz, after 10rds at Hull.

Alby Day and Benny Caplan topped the bill at the benefit show on behalf of Matt Wells, the Ex Lightweight Champion of Great Britain, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

A good crowd was present and witnessed a great bout that was full of action. Referee Jack Bloomfield gave the honors to Day.

Len "Tiger" Smith brought off a surprise at the Ring, London, when he outpointed George Daly at 138 lbs., over 10rds.

Jackie Brown qualified to meet Johnny King for the British Bantamweight Championship when he outpointed Len Beynon, of Swansea, after 12rds of fast boxing at the Belle, Vue, Manchester.

Ronnie James had an easy journey when he beat Frankie Simms over 10rds at Cardiff.

Dave Crowley boxed well to outpoint Cuthbert Taylor at Swansea, in a bout over 12rds.

Jock McAvoy, the Great Britain's Middleweight Champ, defeated Reinus de Boer, the Cruiser Champ of Holland, on points over 12rds, at Sheffield.

Moss Deyong, Victor Berliner, Sam Russell, John E. Harding, Noel Cowan and the writer, who formed the boxing committee that raised 4000 pounds for the Jewish National Fund at the 1936 boxing show, at the Royal Albert Hall, were invited to the first meeting at Lord Melchett's house, where Mr. Norman Laski took the chair.

The presentation of the certificates for services rendered and inscribed in the Golden Book in Palestine, was ably made by Councillor M. Davis, who stated the next show would be staged on March 4th, at the Royal Albert Hall, when another big program will be presented.

Tut Whalley accomplished a very good performance when he forced Tommy Pardoe to retire in the 8th of a 12rds bout at Hanley, after the latter had taken considerable punishment.

Johnny Rust, of South Africa, scored a quick K.O. victory over Ivor Pickens, who was counted out in the 1st round at Oxford.

Norman Snow had his American experience to thank for winning the Southern Area Welterweight Championship, outpointing Leo Phillips over 15rds at the N.S.C. Empress Stadium, Earl's Court.

In the chief supporter, Jimmy Vaughan again proved victorious at the expense of Billy Hughes, who was ruled out in the 8th of a 10 rounder, for hitting below the belt, after two previous cautions.

"Ginger" Sadd boxed skillfully to beat the Hollander, Beb Donars, over the 10 round route, at Norwich.

Robert Disch of Holland stopped Ronnie Barber, in the 8th of a 10rds contest, on the same bill.

Tiny Bostock upset the betting odds when he outpointed Pat Palmer, the Southern Area flyweight champion, over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Frank Hough, the Battersea cruiserweight, caused a mild sensation at the Deutschland Hall, Berlin, when he outpointed the German cruiser champion, Adolph Witt, over twelve rounds.

Ginger Foran proved too good for Ventura Hernandez, of South America, at Liverpool Stadium, in their scheduled twelve-rounder, the latter being put down for several counts, the Referee stopping the fight in the ninth.

Manuel Abrew, heavyweight champion of Scotland, K.O.'ed Alf Sauvage, of France, in the third of a twelve-round bout at West Ham Baths with a left hook to the jaw.

George Odwell and Harry Craster put up a stirring contest over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, London, and at the end, Referee Moss Deyong gave his decision to Odwell.

Larry Gains continued his winning sequence at the Ring, London, when he K.O.'ed the Italian, Presidio Pavesi, in the third with a right to the body.

Len Beynon, Welsh bantam and featherweight champion, was ruled out in the fourth of a twelve-round contest at Maestag, when the referee declared he had hit low against Mog Mason, who was then declared the winner.

Jimmy Walsh, the British lightweight champion, and George Daly put up a good display of boxing at the N. S. C. London, before a crowd of 5,000 fans.

In the chief supporting bout, Benny Caplan outpointed Cuthbert Taylor over ten rounds.

Arthur "Ginger" Sadd gave a boxing lesson to Tommy Martin at the Stadium Club in their ten-rounder.

Harry Edwards won the Midlands featherweight championship when he cleverly outpointed Dick Titley over fifteen rounds at Kent St. Baths, Birmingham.

Bob Firmin scored a T.K.O. over Jim Young at Gt. Yarmouth when the latter failed to come up for the twelfth round.

Ronnie James knocked out Harold "Kid" Lewis in the sixth round of a scheduled twelve-rounder at Swansea.

Frank "Kid" Bonser and Peter Miller put up a great bout over ten rounds at Nottingham. The referee's decision of a draw was well received.

Ernie Simmons, defeated Seaman Shreeve in the seventh of a ten-rounder at Bedford, after a hard bout.

Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight champion, defeated Eric Jones of Coalville, on points after ten rounds at Ulster Hall, Belfast.

Joe Foord, 19 year old brother of Ben Foord, made his English debut in the squared circle at Leicester by K.O.ing Big Boy Glover in 1 min. 45 seconds of the first round.

If ever there was a better charity worker than Moss Deyong, the well known referee, then I haven't seen him.

And to show appreciation for his good work, the British boxing board of control staged a testimonial on his behalf at the Stadium Club, London, where an all star card was staged before a packed house.

Lord Lonsdale, Peer of British sportsmen, presented Benny Lynch, with the first B.B.B.C. Lonsdale Belt, as British champion; a cup as the European champ; and a gold ornament for being the world's champion flyweight.

John Henry Lewis received a similar prize when he beat Len Harvey at Wembley.

In the contests, Benny Lynch, had an easy journey in his scheduled eight-rounder when he K.O.'ed Eric Jones with a left hook in the second.

Jack Hyams gained a good win on points over Frank Hough in their eight-round contest that was full of action.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, was given a hard bout before winning on points by the rising featherweight, Jimmy Lester, over eight rounds.

George Reynolds, Cardiff came in as a last minute substitute for Jimmy Walsh, and upset a four to one shot when he easily defeated Alby Day, the hard hitting lightweight throughout the eight rounds.

The rest of the program resulted as follows: Ray Davis outpointed Jack Watkins over six rounds; Boy Boon defeated George Cunningham over four rounds; Harry "Young" Silver kayoed Eddie Bradshaw in the third of a four-rounder.

"Mossy" deserved the successful show that was staged on his behalf.

Tut Whalley, the Hanley southpaw K.O.'ed Peter Miller in the fifth of a twelve-rounder at West Ham Baths.

Seaman Storrie K.O.'ed Corporal George Robey in the third of a hard hitting contest at East Ham.

Lefty "Satan" Flynn, lightweight champion of Jamaica, suffered his first reverse in the ring, when he was disqualified in the sixth of a twelve-rounder at Liverpool Stadium against Boyo Rees, for an alleged low blow.

George Odwell gave one of his best performances when he scored a T.K.O. over Len "Tiger" Smith in the tenth and last round at the Ring, London, when the referee stopped the bout with the "Tiger" subdued, after taking several counts.

Jimmy Vaughan came in as a last minute substitute for Benny Caplan and defeated Jack Lydon on points, after a good bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jack Hyams was given a hard contest by Jack Robinson over ten rounds at the Stadium Club, before the referee declared him the winner.

Valentin Anglemann, the I.B.U. champion flyweight of the world, narrowly defeated the Austrian, Ernst Weiss, after a good bout at Jeff Dickson's Palais Des Sports, Paris.

Peter Kane again demonstrated his power of punch at the Earl's Court, N. S. C. when he dealt out terrific punishment to the Belgian flyweight champion, Gaston Vandenbos for five and a half rounds before the Referee Mr. Jack Smith stopped the contest and declared Kane the winner.

He followed up with a kayo over Al Habb in the second of a nine-round contest at Liverpool. The reason for a nine-round bout is because there is a rule passed by the B.B.B.C. that states that a boxer must not take part in two contests of 30 minutes boxing each within four days.

Dave McCleave, made his first appearance as a middleweight when he stopped Bob Simpkins in the seventh of a hard hitting contest.

Pat Palmer the Southern Area flyweight champion, and Dick Lewis of Wales, both suffered from badly cut eyes in their scheduled ten-round scrap at Rushden and the bout ended in the eighth. Lewis unable to see because of his eye injury found Palmer declared the winner.

Harry Briars was always on top in his ten-round contest with George Benett at St. Helens, and won with a bit to spare.

Jim Wilde, the Swansea heavyweight, dealt out considerable punishment to Max Hodgetts at Swansea and the referee stopped the bout in the seventh and awarded the bout to Wilde.

Fred Morris and Goff Williams put up a stirring battle for ten rounds at West Ham before the referee declared a draw.

In the other ten-rounder, Johnny Peters proved too clever for the Canadian, Teddy Hayes, who was on the losing end throughout.

Jackie Hurst and Tony Butcher fought their return twelve-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and the bout again was full of exciting moments. After a hard struggle, Hurst deserved the decision.

Ernie Roderick cleverly outpointed "Lefty" Satan Flynn over ten rounds at Dundee.

The Jamaican champion could not cope with the straight hitting of the Liverpool welterweight, and was well behind at the finish.

Young Chocolate, bantam and featherweight champion of Jamaica, in his debut in Great Britain, was made to look small against Len Beynon at the Ring and after taking a beating for five and a half rounds, the referee stopped the contest in Beynon's favor.

Tiny Bostock beat Tommy Farricker of Manchester over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Ken Overlin, Jack Dempsey's protege, came over to Paris, but did not conquer. He met the Cuban, Kid Tunero over ten rounds at Jeff Dickson's Palais Des Sports, and was outpointed after a good bout.

Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight champion, defeated Paddy Ryan of Manchester in the fifth of a ten-rounder, when the referee stopped the contest, owing to Ryan having a badly cut eye.

Sonny Jones defeated Paul Schaefer, both Canadians, in a spirited twelve-round contest at Glasgow, before a good crowd.

Jones proved too good for "Punching Paul" and the latter was way behind on points when the last gong sounded.

Johnny Lafferty, Greenock's future champion, keeps adding to his winning sequences, and at Glasgow, he forced Freddie Smith to retire in the seventh of a ten-rounder, after the latter had taken considerable punishment.

Tommy Farr, challenger for the British heavyweight title, gained a twelve-round points victory over Charlie Rutz, France's heavyweight champion in the chief bout at Earl's Court, N. S. C.

In the supporter, Ginger Roberts of Whitley Bay made a good show against Benny Caplan, over ten rounds, but had to be contented with a draw. The big crowd showed their disapproval in no lighthearted manner and shouted for Roberts as the winner.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FRED BATSCHE, long associated in the boxing game in the middlewest as one of the leading boxing managers in this territory, entered the promotional field in Cincinnati when he reopened the Freeman Avenue Armory (after a 3 year absence) with Freddie Miller and Frankie Kid Covelli heading the program.

Jim Dowling at the Dayton Eagles is the only club operating weekly around here. . . . Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . . a new comer, Johnny Paige, of California, seems to have made all the lighties around here duck water . . . . promoter Batsche has been having a tough time in getting a foe for Paige . . . . Maxwell Katz was co-promoter of the Roller Derby recently at Music Hall . . . . Crow Clark, former boxing promoter and northern Kentucky sportsman is now operating a cafe on Scott-street in Covington . . . . Crow is well known in northern Kentucky circles and his popularity has made his business a huge success . . . . Joe Anderson, former Covington middle star is now on the city payroll . . . . Fireman Joe 'tis now . . . . Fred Harris of Los Angeles sends on advertising when his 12 year old youngster Sunny Harris is open to meet any boy in the world disputing his strength . . . . out on the coast they call the boy "Young Hercules."

Warner Davis, Ludlow fight manager and promoter, has his big light-heavyweight prospect, Gail Boone, going in good strides . . . . the Kentucky puncher was scheduled for a pair of matches at Plainville and at the Cincinnati Armory . . . . Kid Carnaham, a Wooster, Ohio, lightweight, is going great guns around his heath according to reports from that city . . . . Carnaham should get in touch with Warner Davis at 322 Deverill St., Ludlow, Ky. . . . for matches hereabout.

G. W. Kingsbury's sport column in the Kentucky *Post* is a dandy . . . . King is well up on all line of sports and usually favors the boxing and wrestling game in his stories . . . . Lee Cox is now in New York City . . . . Lee is going great guns, according to bulletins I received and is in line for a shot in the Garden . . . . Red Ferguson's great little Louisville lightweight, Jimmy Buckler, was forced to cancel a Dayton match when he was laid up with a slight touch of flu . . . . I wish to thank the many readers of the RING for the Christmas and New Year greetings I received.

George Liddy, former little flyweight ace, is regular altar aide at St. Louis Catholic Church, Sundays . . . . Georgie was one of the finest amateurs and later pro flys we had around these parts . . . . this class is barely extinct here and anywhere in the U.S. at present . . . . only a few pages back in Cincinnati's scrap history there were Bobby and Eddy Ammon, George Liddy, Cricket Helson, Ace Hebe and several lesser lights . . . . Johnny Buck, east end amateur is slated to make his pro debut at Plainville, Ohio . . . . Buck is a big favorite in the eastern part of the city and his pro debut is causing quite a stir in local circles . . . . our hats off here to Earl Butler, Cincinnati's No. 1 fight ref . . . . when Earl steps into the ring, rest assured both principals will get an even break . . . . perhaps Earl's career as a middleweight a few years back has a large part in Earl's makeup to favor no one fighter.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

LOU GEVINSON, former South Atlantic amateur featherweight champion, boxing his third professional match, easily drubbed the veteran, Joe Teems, in an eight-round feature in Washington before a packed house. Teems is a veteran of more than 250 bouts. With the exception of the final round, when Lou appeared dead tired, did Teems show to advantage.

Cowboy Howard Scott reversed the tables on California Joe Rivers in a hot ten-rounder at Baltimore, Md., taking a unanimous decision. The boys went along at a merry pace for the first eight rounds with honors about even, but in round nine, the Cowboy hit Joe with his Sunday punch and had the Mexican wobbly. Rivers made a gallant stand in the final heat, but could not make up for the terrific pasting he had received the round before.

Jimmy Jones, Baltimore middleweight, took an eight-round decision over Bobby Wilson in a slow but hard-fought battle. In another eight-rounder, Steve Carr, a Florida veteran, handed Ben Brown a licking, which came as quite an upset as Brown is highly rated in the Nation's Capital, while Carr was unknown.

Dewey Kimrey, veteran heavyweight from Charlotte, N. C., decisively outpointed the hitherto undefeated Frank Tymosko, Virginia heavyweight champion, in a ten-rounder at Richmond, Va. Mutt Womer, another former amateur champion of Richmond, defeated Toney Amrossa. George Davis, Virginia heavyweight, knocked out Stanley Riberts of Atlanta, Ga., in five rounds.

Buddy Scott, promising light-heavy of Washington, scored over Hobo Williams in a fast ten-rounder at Washington. The boys were fighting a return affair, their last encounter ending in a draw decision that caused plenty of comment. Sammy Braccala of Baltimore beat Stanford Carrier in six rounds and Sammy Williams, colored middleweight of Washington, scored an upset in winning by a technical knockout over Mark Hough, after handing the New Yorker a severe lacing.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore's southern welterweight champion, won over Lew Raymond, another Baltimorean, in ten rounds before a capacity house in Baltimore. Local rivalry had built this match up to one of the most popular to come off in the Monumental City in years.

PICK-UPS—Fight managers galore are trying to line up Lou Gevinson, Washington's former amateur champion, who recently turned professional . . . . Thus far Lou has showed a willingness to stick to Matt Towmey, a local handler of amateur boxers, although Pete Reilly and Max Waxman have made him handsome offers . . . . From the way Gevinson looked in licking Joe Teems, with Waxman a spectator, in his third professional bout, it is no wonder the smart boys are willing to take a gamble on him . . . . Buddy Scott, younger brother of Cowboy Howard Scott, is another local boxer the big time managers would pay a fat sum to get under contract . . . . Scott, who is going to George Washington University in Washington, is being handled by Gabe Menendez, former Florida fight manager, who also looks after Cowboy Howard Scott and Joe Teems . . . . Phil Furr, Washington lightweight, together with his manager, Ralph Murdock, are working out of New York at the present . . . . Phil recently returned to Washington after licking Wildcat O'Connor in New York, to give Johnny Lucas a pasting in Washington . . . . Bobby North, veteran New York fight manager, showed a very promising youngster in Washington in Sammy Meadows, who handed the rough and ready Young Raspi of Baltimore a good trouncing.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

JAMES CURTISS HAMBRIGHT, who was better known in his profession as Battling Bozo, the Birmingham Clown, announced his retirement from the ring following his knockout over Billy Pybern at Birmingham. It was Pybern who was the clown's first opponent.

Last year was "comeback" year. Didn't Leo Lomski, Tommy Freeman, Gorilla Jones, Midget Wolgast, Davey Abad and a host of others keep in the limelight with telling success? Didn't James J. Braddock, a few months previous, cop the duke over Max Baer? Here in our midst everybody was singing the swan song to Baby Miller. He was through—not worth his salt—so the fans were saying. But the Cuban surprised everyone, even himself, by gaining the Southern lightweight title when he trounced Chino Alvarez at Tampa. It was no fluke decision either for Baby followed this win by taking into camp Frankie Saia at Tampa, as well as George Esrick and at Sarasota he trimmed the once Southern champion, Richard Hernandez.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES—At Miami, Amos Tiger, 155, Sapula, Okla., kayoed John Chong, 155, New Orleans (1) . . . . Carl Guggino, 133, Key West, outpointed Geno Salvatore, 136, Chicago (8) . . . . On the same card, Mario Santa, 127, Key West, stopped Pete Vetello, 132, New York . . . . At Washington, D. C., Lou Gevinson, 131, Washington, outpointed Joe Teems, 128, Tampa . . . . At Miami, Everett Simington, 128, Pine Bluff, Mo., drew with Ray Woodward, 132, Miami (10) . . . . Tony Monin, 142, Tampa, bested Bus Breeze, 137, Manhattan, Kan., in ten rounds in the semi-final . . . . At Sarasota, Baby Miller decisioned Richard Hernandez in ten cantos. They are lightweights . . . . Joe Raymond K.O.'ed Bill Scollar in three sessions. They are featherweights . . . . Luis Gonzales flattened Bryan Connelly in three. They are middleweights . . . . Jack Mott stiffened Joe Menendez in two. They are welterweights . . . . Snag Trowbridge, 137, of West Palm Beach, outpointed Johnny Cruz at Peeple's Arena in Miami . . . . Johnny Dean, 138, decisioned Lou Gendell in six rounds, and Claus Vincent took into tow Lefty Louie in four heats.

LeRoy Brown of Charleston, S. C., is rapidly coming to the front under the Al Weill banner . . . . At Miami Beach, Amos Tiger decisioned Norman Cohen in eight rounds. They are welterweights . . . . At Tampa, Red Hutchins and Mariano Arilla drew in ten. They are bantamweights . . . . Johnny Bellus stopped Tommy Grady in two at Miami Beach.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

NATIE BROWN, veteran Washington, D. C., heavyweight, turned in a real upset when he defeated Johnny Whiters, knockout artist from Pontiac, on the Olympia's only card of the past month. Whiters started well against Brown, but a badly gashed eye bothered Johnny in the closing stages, and Brown's accurate punches found their mark often enough to earn him the decision.

Cuts also were the deciding factor in the other feature bout between Steve Dudas, Eastern heavy, and Roscoe Toles, Detroit colored boy. Dudas was going along well until Toles opened cuts over both of his eyes, necessitating the halting of the bout.

Another ten-rounder on the same card brought together a pair of classy lightweights in Lee Bacca and Speedy Johnson. Bacca, a Mexican youth who hails from Denver, was the more enduring of the two and outboxed Johnson to earn a popular decision.

Jack Kearns, well known to all connected with boxing, has become interested in the Detroit situation, and will promote fights in the Olympia. Kearns plans on bringing in topnotch fighters, which is the only way a promoter can get by in Detroit.

Chuck Woods, for some time Detroit's leading welterweight, turned in a victory over Dominic Mancini, Eastern Italian, in a recent start at Louisville.

Dynamite Jimmy Adamick, Jimmy Brady's heavyweight contender, evened the score with the only fighter to defeat him since his pro debut two years ago. Tony Lamerato, Detroit southpaw, outscored him in a Bay City match a year ago, but recently the two met in a Saginaw ring and Adamick was a knockout victor.

Dave Clark, best of Detroit light-heavyweights, has been particularly impressive in recent starts. Dave hasn't boxed in Detroit in more than a year, but he has been keeping busy in the East. Milton Shivers, a protege of Clark's, was also impressive in his pro debut recently.

George Burnette lost his last bout, after winning ten straight. Joe Sutka gained the decision over Burnette, although George had little trouble with Sutka until toward the close of the bout.

Bobby Wood, Flint feather, drew with Bert Ardt, Canadian counter puncher. Wood is one of the best prospects around at the present time.

The amateur season has been going in full swing. Plenty of bouts are being staged and amateur fans are certainly getting their fill of entertainment. Open winners of the Detroit *Times* Diamond Belt are scheduled to box in the National A.A.U. tourney at Boston soon.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

DECEMBER'S high light for this section was the George Salvadore-Battling Burroughs fracas, staged by Houston's popular promoter, Hugh Benbow. The match drew a near capacity crowd in the beautiful new Olympiad Arena. Salvadore, showing the form that carried him near the top of the welterweight heap a couple of years ago, won decisively, despite the fact that Burroughs made a whale of a fight of it. Having completely recovered from a nose operation, Salvadore looked better to the writer than ever at any time in his career.

Sam Slotsky, dynamic little San Antonio promoter, drew the largest boxing crowd the Alamo city has seen in more than ten years, when he presented the Tracy Cox-Kid Azteca bout. Azteca copped the duke after ten fast rounds, sending a large turnout of his countrymen away highly elated, as Cox has made a habit of flattening aspiring young Mexicans consistently in the past couple of years.

Promoter Dick Griffin, Dallas impresario, staged a pair of good shows that drew well. Tommy Loughran outpointed Tom Beaupre, but the youngster came right back to beat Red Burman two weeks later.

Marlin Owens, the punching cowboy, stepped out among the heavies and made a remarkable showing. He spotted Tommy Blanton some twenty pounds, and had things pretty much his own way for nine rounds, only to receive a nasty butt over an eye and having the fight stopped when he seemed practically a cinch winner.

The fight game is picking up all over the state. Houston, of course, continues to lead the pack, being the only place holding regular weekly shows. Dallas, San Antonio and Galveston are doing well, with semi-monthly shows. Beaumont, Corpus Christi, Harlingen and Ft. Worth will soon be back in the running, it is rumored. Managers of good fighters would do well to make their headquarters in Houston. This writer will be glad to give out any information desired, or you may contact Promoter Hugh Benbow, c/o Olympiad Arena, Houston, Texas. Good talent is scarce hereabouts and pleasing boys can do well.

Mike Pereira, pleasing Houston lightweight, and Billy Deeg, hard-punching San Antonio lad, staged a couple of old-time barroom brawls at the Olympiad. The first, a six-rounder, found Mike surviving five knockdowns in the fourth round to win, unpopularly, however. In the return engagement, over the ten-round route, Pereira had things very much his own way, winning decisively, and sending Deeg down a couple of times. Mike is a real club fighter with plenty of heart.

Pat McDuff, the hard-hitting heavy, who has scored twenty-four knockouts in twenty-six fights, has been out some time with a broken ankle, but will soon be ready for action. The Irishman is one of the best punchers it has been our pleasure to watch in many a year and is ready for the best.

Pleasing fighters, wishing to show in this section, would do well to write Jack Thurmond, 511 N. Jenkins St., Houston.

Other results over the state: Willard Brown drew with Brescia Garcia; Marlin Owens knocked out Ted Way; Way was also beaten by Babe Kiser and drew with Walter Jones; Billy Deeg stopped Tiger White, Babe Kiser K.O.'ed Joe White; White was also stopped by Jack Kirkland; Kirkland was knocked out by Maxie Long; Long also stopped Dynamite Payne.

Billy Pereira, a real prospect, knocked out Lonnie Hale; Tiger Pelone, another brilliant recruit to the pro ranks, stopped Tiger White and won two dukes over Johnny Lindsey. Watch this Pelone, he's headed places.

Max Roesch K.O.'ed Benny Gosney; James Elder, former state amateur champ, scored a couple of knockout victories in Dallas; Big Boy Benson flattened Willie Jefferson; Jack Rodriquez won over Lloyd Cude and Jimmie Hearne; Scrip D'Olive beat Roberto Gomez; Kid Bruno won from Joe Novellino; Chick Sanchez K.O.'ed George Holmes; Cecil Lozado beat Bobby Walters; Ted Tello decisioned Mike Battlino.

The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

MAINE MITT MORSELS

By CHARLEY MILLER

OVER in Portland, Chick Hayes is keeping the boxing game alive. He has a slam-bang show weekly. Paul Junior of Lewiston, Maine's state lightweight champ, scored a two-round K.O. over Rudy Vastano of Fort Williams. In the preliminaries, Don Labbe, Lewiston middleweight, knocked out Johnny Renda of Pittsburgh in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout. Jack Dubois of Sherbrooke, P. Q., won a newspaper decision over Gabby Poulin of Waterville in six heats, while Frisco Dick of Waterville won over Coley Welsh of Portland in four rounds. Buster Carroll of Bath defeated Ken Pease of Fort Williams in six rounds, and the clever little Tony Sanson of Portland was given the nod over George Perkins of Biddeford in the opener.

A fast finish gave Willie Hagen of Haverhill, Mass., the edge over Ginger Beck of Portland over the six-round route at Springvale, while Hagen's fellow-townsman, Manny Sullivan, defeated Frisco Dick of Augusta in the semi of a six-round bout. There were four other bouts.

Roy Worcester of Bangor, who holds the state amateur heavyweight championship, is training to become a pro, and if signs mean anything, we may see another real McCoy from this section. Standing six feet in his stocking slippers and only twenty years of age, this giant sure packs a mean wallop and has a fast and stiff left jab. He also punches short and with terrific force with his right hand and moves about the ring with a speed and grace that sure was amazing to this writer.

Buster Carroll of Bath outboxed Pancho Ville of Waterville, winning a six-round decision at Rockland, while Jackie Davis of Bath won over Ponzi Cochran of Rockland in the semi-final. Frankie Merrill of Augusta won a two-round K.O. over Walter Reynolds of Rockland. Merrill is a sharp puncher. Dusty Peters of Rockland beat the fighting Tiger Kahill of Augusta in six heats.

Maine boxers aren't doing so badly these days, what with Al McCoy of Bangor winning the New England heavyweight title, and Jimmy O'Boyce of Bangor beating Eddie Maguire, the Irish champion . . . . The newest fight manager in this section is Charley Crommet of Bangor . . . . He has a half-dozen boys under his wing . . . . Bangor has the following fighters who are keeping busy: Tommy Burns, Tommy Regan, Bobby Campbell, Carroll Mullens, Floyd Atwell and Johnny Lawless . . . . Up at Lincoln, Peanut McKenney is knocking them over, while at Greenville, Paul McKeon, former state amateur middleweight champion, is showing good signs . . . . and over in Lewiston and Portland they are too numerous to mention, and we may yet find another Al McCoy.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

JIMMY STATHIS of Springfield, Mass., who has been campaigning throughout New England for the last eight years, has taken a new lease of life. He scored two wins by K.O.'s in the first round and one in the second round. Stathis has met Ruby Bradley, Snooks Lacey, Gus McLellan and has never been down for the full count, although in many of his fights he has given away as much as ten pounds.

Joe Gelinas of Athol, Mass., fought ten rounds to a draw with Tony Rock of Scranton, Pa., at the Valley Arena of Holyoke.

Clarence Sloat won a technical K. O. over Phil Salvadore of Chelsea, Mass., in the second round. Sloat carried too heavy a punch for Salvadore.

Charlie Ersey of Athol, stablemate of Gelinas, won on a technical K.O. from Earl Lester of New York in the third round.

Fierio Maruco of North Adams, Mass., won by a technical K.O. over Jimmy Canney of Boston in the third round.

Jimmy Stathis of Springfield stopped Tommy Burns of West Springfield in the second round.

Saverio Turiello of Italy won a decision over Andrea Jessurun of New York in ten.

Tommy Logan returned to the ring after an absence of three months and gained a decision over Doug Murchie of North Adams in six rounds.

Victor Vallee of New York stopped Murray Caldwell of New Bedford in the second round.

Unknown Winston of Holyoke has done good work in Chicago, winning over Harry Thomas and knocking out Maurice Strickland in his last two starts there.

Pittsfield, Mass., has opened up this winter with amateur boxing shows, and Holyoke will have the Simon-pures in the City Hall, where the Valley Arena Club got its start. There are now quite a few amateur teams in this vicinity. Joe O'Brien has a team, including Maurice Canty, Mede Mahone; Henry Jolly has a team in Ludlow, Earle Leiberman has a team at the Y.M.C.A., and Joe Stone also has a couple of good boys in the middleweight and light-heavy classes.

Fighters wishing information from Holyoke can obtain it by sending a stamped envelope addressed to me at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL McCOY may not be a French-Canadian, as claimed, but nevertheless his ring activities are of interest to fans in eastern Canada in general and Montreal and Quebec in particular. His appearances in Montreal and Quebec rings established him as somewhat of a fistic idol hereabouts, where he ranks as a star drawing card. McCoy, whose real moniker is Florian LeBrasseur, stepped just about on the threshold of the heavyweight "big time," as well as capturing the New England heavyweight crown, when he unloosed a two-fisted barrage in the last round to score over Tony Shucco in a twelve-round battle in Boston.

Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' Canadian bantam king, was the Dominion's outstanding performer during the past year, but prospects of enticing Sixto Escobar into the ring with him are none too bright. Gibbs started 1937 right by accepting an offer for Martin to meet Filio Echeverria, the Spanish bantam he whipped in the Garden, in a return bout at Havana, Cuba.

Oliver Shank shared honors with Martin in the press sport reviews that appeared in the Dominion's foremost newspapers. Shank was acknowledged as the best heavyweight in Canada as well as the best ring prospect revealed here. His rival claimants for the Canadian heavy crown are Sonny Buxton, Vancouver ace, and Jack Tebo, Alberta's "Assassin." Shank was roughing it in the northern Quebec woods for a month and scaled close to 195 stripped upon his return. Co-manager Max Alper was pleased with the beneficial results of his idea of sending him there and predicted Shank would be close to 200 next summer.

Fred Osborne, former Western Canada middleweight king, has been keeping the game going in Edmonton in his capacities as matchmaker and coach. Osborne's proteges have been showing up well in their bouts on his shows, which are drawing increasingly good support, and the game is bound to benefit thereabouts with the local talent being developed in that fashion. Eddie MacSporran and George Shank, Oliver's cousin, who is still in his teens though a heavy, are two of his pupils who are showing good progress.

Kid Alcide, middleweight, has been on the shelf for a while with a fractured arm.

Toronto is back in the fistic picture, with shows being staged at the Maple Leaf Gardens by Sammy Keller and Playfair Brown. Sammy Luftspring, Irving Pease, Ted Keating, Baby Yack and Bobby Docherty are among the local favorites on the cards. Luftspring stopped Frankie Genovese in two rounds in the feature of the last card.

STRAY SHOTS—Billy Marquart, Winnipeg's Olympic featherweight, is going strong as a pro . . . . scored his seventh straight win at Chicago's Marigold Garden Arena when he whipped Johnny Cellura of Detroit in a six-rounder . . . . it was his third decision victory to add to four knockouts . . . . Jimmy Jones is doing well abroad with his proteges, Sonny Jones, his welterweight nephew, and Katsumi Morioka, his Japanese flyweight . . . . Sonny whipped Paul Schaeffer, the Winnipeg boy, who had been doing well over there, in easy fashion in a twelve-round feature at Glasgow, Scotland, and Morioka gained revenge on Tut Whalley by trouncing him in a fast ten-rounder . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa welterweight, has battled his way to main event status at the Bronx Coliseum, New York . . . . he whipped Teddy Loder then fought to a furious draw with Phil Furr . . . . Maxie Berger's knockout of Lew Massey in four rounds was impressive . . . . Maxie was in Montreal visiting his folks over the holiday season, which accounts for his lack of action since the Massey massacre . . . . Tommy Sullivan, the best of the amateur referees, has his application in for a pro job . . . . He should be quickly accepted by the commission . . . . Elmer Ferguson, *Herald's* sports editor, praised the fairness of Nat Fleischer's world ratings in his daily column, "Gist and Jest of It."

NORTHERN CANADA NEWS
By JACK KELLY

BOXING is staging an impressive boom just now in Edmonton, capital city of Alberta and Canada's most northern city. At present there are more good fighters in and around this section than there has been for the past twenty years and pro cards are being staged every two weeks by Promoter Fred Osbourne, who has graduated from the ring himself.

The winter season was started off recently when Ford Smith of Kalispell, Montana, was brought to Edmonton for a ten-round bout with Jack Tebo, hard-hitting French-Canadian heavy from Fairview, in the northern part of Alberta. Tebo won a decision over the Montana fighter. The match was promoted by W. R. Wells, with Osbourne doing the matchmaking. It was a decided success and drew a capacity house.

Osbourne has since staged two fight cards that were filled with action. Knockouts were plentiful in both of them. Out of these cards has come a promising crop of fighters.

George Shank, cousin to Oliver Shank, who is now fighting in Montreal under the management of Lawson Bampton, looks like a first rate heavyweight prospect. In his last six pro fights he has scored four knockouts, and the last two kayoes he planted came within twenty seconds of the time the bout started. He is under contract to Fred Osbourne, who is training him. Osbourne incidentally is the man who trained Oliver Shank and sent him to Montreal.

Eddie McSporran and Gordon Grayston are a pair of Edmonton middleweights who have been developing smartly during the past year. In his last bout here, McSporran won a decision over Emil Lust of Medicine Hat, former welter champ of western Canada. Lust has grown out of the welters into a middleweight. It was a ten-round affair. In the fourth round, McSporran planted a right on Lust's jaw that resulted in a fracture which will keep Emil out of fighting for at least a month.

Another heavy-hitting middleweight that the Edmonton shows have brought to light is Wilbert Young of Ribstone, Saskatchewan. He scored knockouts in his two last fights here, one over Boots McNeil, Calgary colored veteran, and the other over Art Lynn of Peace River. Young appears to have a kayo punch in both hands.

Edmonton fighters are also doing well in other parts of Canada. Jimmy Chapman, bantam, is turning in impressive performances at Vancouver. Les Ferguson, Osbourne-trained Edmontonian, is likewise getting along well on the Pacific Coast. He is a heavyweight.

Eddie Wenstob, who comes from near Edmonton, has returned to his ring campaign centering around Minneapolis and St. Paul. The thumb which he broke some time ago in his fight with Fred Lenhart has knit and he is ready for battling again. Wenstob had an impressive campaign in England before going to St. Paul last fall. He is rated as one of Canada's leading light-heavyweight prospects. He is working under the baton of Ed Shave.

Fight attendances in Edmonton have been encouraging and there is every indication that the game is going to enjoy a period of real prosperity in this section of the Canadian Northwest.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

KID LU LU did not last long as a threat in his fight with Kid Hart, who claims the Maritime featherweight championship. The boy from Timmins, Ont., was badly outclassed, and was only given one round.

THE RING is carried upon all the foremost newsstands from Winnipeg to Victoria, B. C., and last month's ratings in the boxing world, February issue, certainly went over big. Nat Fleischer's RING carries a big punch and we noticed that a number of Canadian newspapers printed in their sporting sections THE RING'S ratings for the year, showing that it's as near perfect as this type of selecting can be. Every follower of both boxing and wrestling, as well as the athletes themselves, owe Nat and his magazine a vote of thanks.

Jack Glass, Moose Jaw, Sask.—With regard to your fighting as a pro, it would be best to enter a few amateur fights first to get your bearings. Brandon has staged some fairly good amateur boxing. Write Brandon A.A.B. Club.

Kid Parsons, Moncton, N. B.—Would not be interested in handling you, as I am unable to give time enough to the sport, as I once did, but will give your letter to the proper persons, who will get in touch with you.

Glen Walsh, Vermilion, Alta.—You can get in touch with the local amateur commission in Edmonton near you. They will give you the particulars, as the new commission will be in force.

Paul Schaefer, London, Eng.—Would advise the U.S.A. Things in Canada are not very good from a promotional angle right now, and think you will find things busy in your weight around New York.

"Kid" Lu Lu, Moncton, N. B.—Your answer here, no personal replies, lacking stamp. Cannot help you. Understand that you have a manager.

Henry LeBlanc, St. John, N. B.—Your commission there is not recognized from the standpoint you mentioned.

Clem Beatty, Calgary, Alta.—Eddie Wenstob is about the best light-heavyweight in Canada, and although on the sick list now, will be heard from later. Should think heavyweight title rests between Oliver Shank, Jack Tebo and Sonny Buxton. I favor the first two, having seen them fight. Have not seen Buxton, who is really a light-heavyweight.

Jack Ledden, St. John, N. B.—As we expressed some time ago, Johnny Lifford of St. John, N. B., had gone back a long way. He was defeated by "Kid" Hart, a featherweight, in the ten-round main go in that city some time ago, and Hart was given a severe lacing by Frankie Martin, the Canadian bantam champion, recently. Martin was outweighed and had not been fighting for some time.

Frankie Kamecki of Winnipeg, Man., is now in New York. He will show to advantage once he becomes used to that section.

Were very pleased to hear from Arthur Tracey of Detroit, Mich., late of Darwin, Lancs, England. He has met some of the best boys at his weight some years ago, amongst them Seaman Hall, Frankie Moody, Roland Todd, and is now coach for the Amateur Boxing Club in Detroit that developed Joe Louis as an amateur boxer a few years ago. Thanks for the letter, Art, and best wishes.

Tommy Bland, now in New York, is training for the Canadian Mounted Police.

Seaman Smart staged a police show in Winnipeg, Man., this month, showing the amateur boxers of this city.

Billy Marquart of Winnipeg, Man., is gradually becoming a good attraction in Chicago, Ill., and the former amateur featherweight champion of Canada, if his showing continues to improve, will be a star headliner in the Windy City before very long.

Frankie Genovese of Toronto has returned to that city. He could have been very busy whilst in New York.

Winnipeg Police Athletic Club staged a number of interesting bouts that provided entertainment.

We wish to thank the many readers who so kindly sent Christmas cards to the writer.

Amateur shows are to be staged in Winnipeg regularly by the Police Commission.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

JOE WATERMAN, popular matchmaker of the Los Angeles Olympic, closed one of the most successful years in boxing history during 1936. More than 450,000 fight fans paid in excess of $325,000 to witness his weekly cards at the Grand Avenue house of maul. Waterman's first attempt at reviving the Olympic as a fight arena drew a "gate" of $1,200 with Midget Wolgast facing Little Dempsey in the top spot.

From that figure, the ex-sailor built up to a net of $16,000 for the Henry Armstrong-Baby Arizmendi show.

While a lot of other matchmakers were bemoaning the lack of talent and digging deeper into the red ink well, Waterman set about the task of developing talent, and he brought out plenty of it. Among other things, he offered $1,000 to the best pro fighter in his first year out of the amateurs, and the underpaid, neglected preliminary scrapper suddenly came to life.

Some of the young fighters who broke into the main event class under Waterman's regime are Glen Lee, contender for Barney Ross' welterweight title, and a big card at both the Olympic and Hollywood clubs; Billy Barnes, protege of Harry Sherry, a 144-pound ace from Salt Lake City; Charles (Killer) Coates, Suey Welch's Negro knockout king, who drew a "gate" of $8,000 against Maxie Rosenbloom; Sailor Hewitt, crack welterweight of the U. S. Navy; Young Bert Colima, Rudy Villa, Toby Vigil, Emilio Magana, Tommy Hart and a host of others.

Johnny Keyes and Charley Martin are doing a thriving business at their Barbara Hotel cafe in Los Angeles. They are serving fine Italian dinners and their cocktail bar gets a *terrific* play. Keyes is not out of the boxing game, however, and plans on getting a stable of fighters together for the spring and summer seasons in California. Martin handles Hymie Caplin's ring stars on the Coast, namely, Lou Salica and Abie Feldman. Salica is a prime favorite with California fans. Boxing men believe Salica and Escobar would draw better than $30,000 here for the bantamweight title.

This is from the able pen of Bob Cronin, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News:*

"When John L. Sullivan made his famous trip to London, the man afterward King Edward VII, was then the jolly Prince of Wales. Old John took a fancy to a young London correspondent of a New York newspaper named Arthur Brisbane. Prince Edward's handy man invited John L. up to the house to spend the evening, but the Boston Strong Boy told the equerry that he wouldn't go, 'unless Arthur here, can go along with me.'

"So, it was fixed up for young Brisbane to accompany the American heavyweight champion to the prince's palace. The equerry managed the introductions. Brisbane never tired, when among boxing fans, to recite the meeting of the prince and the champ, the handshake and the salutation, to-wit: 'Glad to meet you, Prince, and how is Missus Wales?' The Prince and John L. talked fight by the hour, showing that his royal highness was a pretty good guy.

"Along about this time an unknown English poet hooked John L. and the Prince up in a brief bit of rhyme which has become world famous and which is quoted in introductions to this day. Here it is:

Perchance, some day, the Prince will King
Become, when value much
To that same hand shall cling
Which Sullivan did touch.

The loyal throng, as on they pass,
Shall step with more elan
To kiss the hand which got the squeeze
Of John L. Sullivan.

"The American, of course, in the process of jovial introduction, shortened it to, 'Shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan.' Brisbane, who died Christmas Day, covered the famous fight, his first, in Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888, which was fought in the rain and mud and called a draw at the end of thirty-nine rounds, when the plug uglies broke down the ring."

Boxing and wrestling men are going into business for fair. Howard "Hangman" Cantonwine, one of the best liked grapplers on the Coast, recently opened a high class cafe in L. A. on Western Avenue near Florence. Cantonwine has a gallery of sport pictures, celebrities of the past and present, that is most interesting.

Bud Taylor, that fistic immortal, is packing them in with his combination cafe and cabaret at Washington and Vermont in Los Angeles. And little Jimmy Murray, who manages Pablo Dano, is batting a million with his "Side Door" cafe in the heart of Hollywood.

Last, but not least, is Hymie Miller's Kosher spot in Hollywood. The New Yorker is getting a big play at his new restaurant. Miller has taken out a manager's license for 1937 and plans on bringing out several good boxers from New York for action at Hollywood and Olympic Arenas.

The minimum charge for admission to pro boxing shows in California during 1937 will be forty cents, the California Boxing Commission recently ruled.

Hollywood Legion Stadium fight fans may see a return match between Carmen Barth and Gus Lesnevich during March. The rival 165-pounders fought a ten-round thriller in October. Lesnevich got the duke, but it was very, very close. Young Stuhley, who made a good fight against Freddie Steele, middleweight king, last November at the Olympic, will probably meet the winner of the proposed Barth-Lesnevich battle.

It's going to be a bigger and better fight stable during 1937 for Stanley (Roxie) Eisen, the Patent Leather Kid of boxing. The ace of the Eisen stable is Johnny Pasco, Northwest Filipino lightweight, whom Seattle fight critics call the "Hatchet Man." The brown doll can flatten a fighter with a single punch. Rudy Villa, Mexican featherweight, former Los Angeles *Examiner* Golden Gloves champion; Mark Diaz, the bare-footed Filipino featherweight; Santos Hugo, General Padilla, Joe Calder, Young Speedy, Jimmy Lakes and Frankie Hernandez complete the list of battlers who are flying the colors of the Patent Leather Kid.

In his widely read column, "The Inside Track," Sid Ziff, sports editor of the L. A. *Herald-Express,* comments as follows:

"Damon Runyon, one of America's premier sports columnists, expresses amazement that anyone could wish to see Maxie Rosenbloom in action against Joe Louis. He regards it as quite quaint indeed and hints that Californians must be a hardy race to be able to stand for 'Rosenpop.'

"But Mr. Runyon has not had the fortune to witness Rosenbloom in recent years. Perhaps he is glad of that and considers it his fortune that he has missed Rosenbloom, an attitude going back to years before when Rosenbloom toiled wearily in the East.

"Rosenbloom here has been nothing short of sensational. His boxing has been a constant revelation. He has made every rival look a novice. We can scent bum fighters as readily as Easterners, perhaps even more so, since we do not care to see Louis fight here against Eddie Simms or others of that ilk that he has pounded out for a susceptible Eastern clientele.

"Of one thing I am sure—that Rosenbloom would give Louis the hardest fight he has had since Max Schmeling."

Solly Krieger, the New York middleweight who slipped a sleep producer to Harry Balsamo, once spent several months in Los Angeles but couldn't get much action. He flattened Ray Acosta—then a good fighter—at Hollywood Legion Stadium. The Gothamite had some tough breaks on the Coast. We are glad to see Krieger in the limelight and hope Hymie Caplin makes a barrel of dough with him.

Hayden (Young) Stuhley was sent transportation to Chicago on the Western airplane that was lost between San Francisco and Salt Lake. However, the Kewanee, Ill., middleweight was hoisting a few in celebration of his going ten heats with Freddie Steele in a fast battle, so he missed the plane. He'll *never* be a prohibitionist now!

Eddie Stanton, who handles Stuhley, brought another good middleweight to the Coast. His name is "Irish Eddie" Bradley, Quincy, Ill., belter. In his first appearance at Hollywood Legion Stadium, Bradley fought six torrid rounds against Angelo Puglisi of Duluth, Minn. It was one of the best fights of the year at the Movie City club.

Teddy Yarosz, who regained his lost prestige by whipping Solly Krieger at the New York Hippodrome.

The biggest upset of the 1936 fistic season in L. A. was Chet Shandel's one-round knockout over George Theodoratos, former grid star of Washington State. The Frisco stevedore flattened the Greek in one round at the Olympic. Theodoratos was such an overwhelming favorite to knock out the veteran 235-pounder that one gambler—Mushy (The Newsboy) Greenstone—laid a "sucker" $50 to $2 in the gallery at the Olympic, where most of the bettors congregate.

Joey Greenberg, manager of Glen Lee, sensational Nebraska welterweight who has been starring in Los Angeles rings, still has hopes of landing a shot with Barney Ross for his protege in Los Angeles during March or April. Lee's manager has a backer who will guarantee the welterweight champion $10,000 to face the puncher from the Corn State in an over-the-weight scuffle. That's a lot of money. Ross hasn't been overly active during the past six months and there are few spots in the old U. S. A. where Ross can grab that kind of dough for a non-title fight. Lee earned more than $15,000 during 1936 in California rings. Less than a year ago, the popular leather pusher received $25 for a four-round bout at Hollywood. The lad from Nebraska's prairies never fails to stage a whirlwind battle.

RANDOM SHOTS—On the Lenglet-Coates show, Olympic fight fans saw a promising young fighter in action . . . . we refer to "Sailor" Hewitt, holder of the Navy welterweight title . . . . the fighting gob stiffened Louie Carranza in one round of their scheduled six-round bout . . . . Joe Waterman will soon reward the sailor with a main event . . . . Jimmy Woodruff, former Navy battler, manages Hewitt . . . . Man of the year in Los Angeles wrestling was Vincent Lopez, the gay caballero from Mexico by way of the Pacific Northwest . . . . he drew the biggest gates of the 1936 mat season at Lou Daro's Olympic . . . . top gate of 1936 was when the Latin met Dave Levin at Wrigley Field . . . . the receipts were $21,000 . . . . Lopez and Calza drew $11,000 at the Olympic and the Mexican twice drew better than ten grand with Man Mountain Dean.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

MAKING his third non-title start since dethroning Tony Canzoneri from the lightweight throne, Lou Ambers, the Herkimer Hacksaw, scored a technical knockout over Charley "Stumpy" Jacobs, after seven slashing rounds of smart jabbing, hooking, ducking and blocking as to make a mere punching bag out of the game, stouthearted Richmond, Va., boy. Battle-scarred Stumpy was no match for elusive Lou. The payoff was on $3,400.

In the supporting bouts, Eddie Dempsey of Syracuse, Al Traino and Tiger Smith were the only boys that made a fight of it. After being floored for a nine count in the first of a scheduled six-rounder, Dempsey came back in the next round with hard left hooks to the stomach and took the fight out of Norm Cordaro, who quit in the third round.

The "Toy Bulldog," Al Traino, making his first start in a local ring after an absence of about three years, displayed to hometowners why he is a favorite in other cities in and around the state and Canada by the easy manner in which he whipped Johnny Huffman, and Tiger Smith, the man eater, beat Jack Sylvester of Buffalo.

Jeff Furrone, Jersey City, scored a T.K.O. over Mickey Devine, Buffalo, in six rounds. Eddie Dempsey, 136, Syracuse, scored a T.K.O. over Norm Cordaro, 138, of Batavia, N. Y. Big Bill Fogarty, 190, Rochester, was awarded the decision over Leo Ranger Stupp, 183, Buffalo, N. Y., in six rounds.

Following are the results of the amateur bouts that took place during the month:

Jimmie White, Cleveland, defeated Sammy Goritz, Rochester; Jackie Donovan, Buffalo, defeated Charley Stewart, Cleveland; Johnny Joca, Cleveland, decisioned Paul Colombo, Batavia; Jimmy Dob, Cleveland, outpointed Jimmie Evans, Auburn; Tony Di Carlo kayoed Barney Oldfield, both Rochester boys; Georgie Jones, Niagara Falls, decisioned Tony Palozzi, Rochester; Henry Smith, Rochester, outpointed Marvin Cicero, Niagara Falls; Irish Eddie Nonin, Niagara Falls, decisioned John Sullivan, Rochester; Joe Birdie, Rochester, defeated Jimmie Macia, Corning; Jimmy Evans, Auburn, N. Y., defeated Nick Hook, Rochester.

DIARY—Many local amateur mitt slingers are about ready to forsake the Simon-pures now that pro boxing is here to stay . . . . Many local fans are surprised to find out that Sammy Giardino and Joe Birdie are brothers . . . . Walter Scott, former gridder, and only Rochester pro wrestler, sports a cute cauliflower ear after being in the game about a year . . . . Jules Bauman is shaping up good cards for his wrestling shows this winter.

The following boys are in training for coming fights: Bill Fogarty, 195 pounds; Johnny Walker, 190 pounds; Frankie Laspino, 160; LeRoy Tiger Smith, 160; Johnny Baker, 147; Tony Palozzi, 147; Al Traino, My Lathron, George Polito, Sammy Garty, 160; Joe Di Carlo, 147; Johnny Sullivan, 195; Al Gillet, Eddie Thomas, Tony Di Carlo, Earl Traino, Nick Hook, Joe Birdie and Bob Smith.

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month. My address is 238 Lyndhurst Street. Get your notes in by the first of each month.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

TONY GALENTO, the 225-pound heavyweight from Orange, is the cynosure of boxing eyes in New Jersey. The pudgy Italian, rated among the first fifteen heavyweights in the world by THE RING and eighth by the N. B. A., is in the midst of a sensational winning streak. He has won his last four bouts by sensational knockouts, stopping Izzy Singer of Paterson, Roy Lazer of Paterson, Freddy Fiducia of Newark and Terry Mitchell of Boston.

Two rival factions are angling for the services of Joe Louis to meet Galento at the Newark Armory. Galento and many of his followers predict he can stop the Brown Bomber with his vaunted left hook. Babe Culnan and Willie Gilzenberg, matchmakers at the Newark Laurel Garden, seem to have the option on Galento's services, but this writer learns that Harry Mendel, co-promoter of the six-day races, is trying to get the inside track on Galento on the strength of his being able to sign Louis.

The new Roosevelt Stadium, a WPA project in Jersey City, will seat at least 40,000 fans for boxing. The arena will be used by the New York Giants' farm team, the Jersey City club of the International League. If boxing plans go through, we predict Jackie Farrell, former New York *Daily News* sports writer, will be one of the major domos of the plant. Farrell is now matchmaker of Braddock Bowl in Jersey City.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Jack Rapaport, one of the best welterweight boxers ever developed in this state, is now on a WPA project in South Orange . . . . Danny Sullivan, fight referee, is making his headquarters in Miami Beach, where he is the leading third man in the ring . . . . Sammy Tucker, a veteran boxer, is making his comeback in Miami, and another localite gracing the sands of Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic is Harry Rapaport, well-known fight manager.

Which reminds us of Gus Lesnevich of Hackensack, who is making a good record on the Pacific Coast. The writer was with Lesnevich in Miami last winter. Gus couldn't get a bout from the local promoters. Now look where he is—among the best middleweights in the country.

Jimmy Leto, who is doing well in New York rings, is listed as from Tampa and Hartford, but Jimmy was born in Bayonne, N. J.

The writer has a sporting and theatrical broadcast over WHBI, Newark (1250 kilocycles) every Sunday night at 10:30, in which he presents well-known guest stars.

Emmet Petrin and Allie Blatt are now handling Don Petrin, the clever light-heavyweight boxer from Newark. Petrin is the one who trounced Max Schmeling and Jimmy Braddock in their training camps and was chased out. Hugh Bradley of the New York *Post* once called Petrin the cleverest boxer in the ring today. And Don deserves the compliment but he can't eat a rave. He wants fights and can't get them.

Abie Bain, who once was the rage in Newark, has retired for the sixth time and is working in Los Angeles. Bain is anxious to break into the movies.

Gus Troxler, one of the oldest fight promoters in the game, is still around and well after a long illness. Troxler has invented many boxing articles. A grand old fellow! Benny Leonard started his ring career at Troxler's arena. Gus also taught the art of self-defense to United States Senator A. Harry Moore many, many years ago.

Willie Ratner, popular sports writer of the Newark *Evening News*, who has done much to increase interest in the boxing game, is now vacationing in Miami and we'll bet a whole dollar he's probably walking up to a mutuel window at the grand Hialeah race track right now, ready to sink a "deuce" on his favorite plug in the fifth race. The writer lived a few hundred yards from the Hialeah course last year and we go on record as saying it is the most beautiful place of its kind in the world. (The chamber of commerce didn't pay us for that statement. Please send check immediately.)

Boxing is drawing well in the following cities: Newark, Jersey City, Plainfield, Atlantic City, Camden and Trenton. Send in your boxing news to the writer for publication in THE RING. Boxers and managers wishing information about the game in this state can receive same by enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope and mailing it to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

NATHAN MANN, two-fisted heavyweight of Hamden, had no trouble in winning a kayo victory over Ralph Barbara, Brooklyn clouter, in the second round at the New Haven Arena.

Another knockout was scored in the second round on the same card when Johnny Bellus, New Haven ringster, clashed with Larry Anzalone in a billed six-round semi-final scrap which Bellus won. Bellus nailed Anzalone with hard blows to the jaw and body that sent him to the deck and out.

Snooks Lacey, Norwich lightie, pounded his way through to win a six-round decision over Charlie Aldino of Willimantic. Wally Banola, New Britain light-heavyweight, outscored Johnny Early, New Haven, to gain a verdict on points in a four-rounder. Johnny Mack of New Britain battled his way to a four-round decision over Pinky Morris, Bridgeport battler.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—Irish Eddie Dolan, with a hundred straight ring triumphs to his credit, will show his wares in New York rings . . . . Steve Carr, Meriden knuckle-pusher, was rocked to sleep at the hands of Melio Bettlina at West Palm Beach, Florida . . . . and then turned in a knockout triumph over Carl Knowles in ten . . . . Louis Kid Cocoa, holder of the New England welterweight title, who is steadily advancing in his division, scored a victory over Paulie Walker at New York . . . . Phil Baker of Norwalk surprised all of us by his win over Kid Chocolate in New York . . . . This writer wishes to hear from dependable fighters of all weights who are not under contract with anyone. Get in touch with me at 50 Crown Street, Waterbury, Conn. . . . . Gene Bonin, heavyweight, lost the duke to Carl Knowles in ten at Florida.

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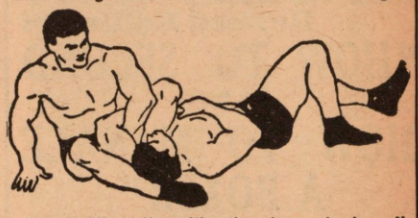

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

PRO boxing had a real innings in this city—the first for months—when Al McCoy, the Boston-Maine boy, defeated Tony Shucco, Boston, for the New England heavy title in a twelve-rounder fought in Mechanics Hall, this city. The show, promoted by the Goodwin A. C., was outstanding. For ten rounds Shucco put up one great fight, clearly outboxing McCoy and, in a majority of the rounds, landing about three or four blows to one. But those scored by McCoy had far more steam behind them—slams directed to the body that made their presence felt.

Coming out for the eleventh, Shucco was very weary and his legs entirely minus their spring. He fought back, but was on the defensive all the way. McCoy took that round and, in the next and final, had Shucco down for a count of four. As the bell clanged, Tony faded into the ropes all done and a wreck for the time being. Referee Johnny Martin called it a draw, but the ballots of the judges were for McCoy, and their votes won the election.

It was McCoy's first appearance in a Boston ring since his twelve-round draw with Shucco in December, 1935, also his first Hub bout as a heavyweight. His poundage was given as 188, and Shucco, 187. The urge is now on to send him against Joe Louis though wisdom dictates that for the present he be campaigned against lesser lights. A return bout with Shucco, also the bringing back of Sharkey as McCoy's opponent, are being talked, though such are hardly likely to materialize.

The show drew an official gate of $10,603 net, and a "house" of 7,519. Unofficially, there were about 9,000 customers in the building, hundreds of whom had crashed through the gates. Though the club had provided for ample police assistance, such was not particularly noticeable. In the semi-final, Dick Hogan of Charlestown, a former amateur heavy, won in eight rounds over Matty Bloom of Revere, a rival in both the "pure" and "pro" ranks. This fight, like others on the card, was a good one.

With Bill Brennan, McCoy's manager, and Al now in Florida for a brief rest, the Goodwin A. C. has been trying to match Shucco with Bob Pastor of New York, but without definite result at this writing. The prospective Louis-Pastor affair set for January 29 has halted the negotiations.

For the professional Irish team of battlers, piloted by Gerald Egan of Dublin, assisted by Dan Morgan, the 1937 debut in Boston opened very inauspiciously. The trio—Eddie Maguire, middleweight; Mossy Condon, welter; and Jack Lenihan, lightweight; all claiming to be champions in those classes in Ireland—fared rather poorly on New Year's Night when two of the number showed their wares, while the third, touched with an attack of "flu," was unable to perform. Maguire, pitted against Jimmy O'Boyne of this city and Bangor, Me., in the feature ten rounds, received such a pasting in the final round, following his getting away to a good start, that the contest was stopped. At the time Maguire was bleeding from the nose and cuts over and under the left eye.

Condon, the welter, encountered Joe Gelinas of Athol in a scheduled eight, but was stopped in the first round. Bobby Britton of New York, Jack's son, filling in for Lenihan on short notice, lost in eight rounds to Mike Kaplan of Dorchester. A holiday night in Boston is usually a bad night for a show, and this New Year's affair was no exception. It attracted about three thousand customers and a net gate of $2,580.50. The show was staged by the Garden boxing department which, after a layoff, has come back into the game.

Joe Gelinas, the big Athol welter, his fighting weight being about 150, has been going in high for some time. He is game, can punch and take it, and has had considerable ring experience. On December 10, at Eddie Mack's Egleston Square A. C., Roxbury, he outpointed Tony Ciaccio of Norristown, Pa., in a rugged ten-rounder. Ciaccio had previously made good in the same ring. In one of the other bouts Dick Maloney, South Boston, 166 pounds, a brother of the famous Jim Maloney, stopped Bobby Alexander, 148, Newport, Vt., in the initial heat. Maloney, a hard-hitting, two-fisted youngster, seems to have the makings. The show did not draw—less than five hundred customers turning out.

Despite the fact that professional boxing in Boston has seen more than one flivver, it remains that the year 1936 was far kinder to the sport than was 1935. Figures for 1936 show a net of $58,083.50 in takings, with a total attendance of 49,859 cash customers. Thirteen pro shows were staged in Boston, with that between Jack Sharkey and Tony Shucco, February 7, 1936, drawing $17,908—the top figure for the year. Considering the number of "face fans" who witness bouts, fully 60,000 saw the 1936 events. Outside of Boston, pro boxing on a weekly basis has been clicking regularly at the Valley Arena A. C., Holyoke, also at Lynn, Mass., and several other spots.

We lack at this time the facts and figures as pertains to the amateur end of the sport, but this department of boxing has not been in such a healthy condition, if ever before, as it is today. Thanks to the Irish-American A. A., Boston *Globe* A. A., and several other organizations, New England today can boast more than seven hundred amateur and novice ring performers who are battling for glory, medals and watches in this section of the country. The awarding of the senior national amateur championships to Boston, to be boxed here in April, speaks for the comeback of the "pure" end of the game.

The eventual result of the numerous tourneys, staged both in Boston and elsewhere in New England, but more particularly here as the Hub is a natural center, means the development of that talent for which boxing has been so badly off for many months. This will hardly come about during the present year, but we look for a fairly classy array of fighting men in 1938. The way the sport is now going, this roseate view can hardly miss realization.

The annual Diamond Belt boxing championships were settled the night of December 21 in Boston Garden, and attracted more than seven thousand spectators, who got a big run for their money. The boxing, as a whole, was very good. Thirty picked performers—boys who had won their spurs in previous eliminations—competed in twenty-two bouts. The winners in the various classes follow: 112 pounds, Charles Morris, Natick; 118, Salvatore Bartolo, East Boston; 126, John Farren, South Boston; 135, Ed Dulmaine, North Grafton; 147, George Martin, Boston; 160, Neil Doherty, Brookline; 175, Roy Kelley, Brookline; heavy, Yancy Henry, Lynn. Henry had the unique experience of winning his title without putting up his hands. He drew a bye in the semi-final, and won the final when his selected opponent defaulted.

Henry Edmond, welter, and Alec Veradt, feather, Taunton, Mass., battlers, who a few weeks ago started forth on a South American invasion, will be back home before the ink is dry on these notes. The boys made their first ring essay at Georgetown, British Guiana, and each met with a defeat. It was the climate, not the upset, however, which really got to them. While well treated, they ran into too much heat and dampness for boys reared in New England and, even before they had put up their hands had decided that "Home, Sweet Home," and the climate of the old Bay State, was more to their liking.

Having for years urged the splitting up of the amateur boxers into two divisions—one for the veterans and the other for the newer performers, it is a pleasure to note that in connection with the all-New England Golden Glove series of tourneys, sponsored by a Boston newspaper, the boxers have been divided into open and sub-novice camps. We regard such an arrangement as fair to all concerned. Outside of this series of tournaments, which will not reach the finals until another month, and occasional novice classes staged by various organizations, the green horns, so-called, have had very little chance to shine in amateur boxing rings. Such new boys, entering the open classes and, because of the fact, forced to compete against ringsters having had from one to three years active experience, usually come in for a beating, possible injury and discouragement. In many such instances they are driven out of boxing before they really have got started. When in an amateur tourney of 16 bouts, 11 end with kayos—and we have seen such, the situation demands that the A.A.U. and its various sectional branches shall give the subject serious consideration. Veteran boxers in a Class A., and the new comers in Class B, until they have cut their teeth would be a move in the best interests of boxing.

The senior National amateur championships, after a lapse of several years, will be back in Boston again this season. The dates allotted for this amateur blue ribbon event are April 12, 13 and 14. Eugene C. Driscoll, chairman of the boxing committee of the N.E.A.A.A.U., with his associates will have charge of the event.

Bob "Bibber" McCoy of Cambridge, mentioned in another paragraph, once more is heavyweight mat champion of New England. Having lost that title some time ago to Al Mercier of Springfield, "Bibber" regained it Dec. 29, when he defeated Mercier at Mechanics Hall, two straight falls in 17:51 and 8:21.

While not a Greater Boston item, though there is a connection, on New Year's Day the boxing fans of Halifax, N. S., were treated to one of those things. The principals were Werther Arcelli of Boston, and an opponent giving his name as "Whitney Hurwitz of New York," and claiming to be attached to the stable of Joe Gould, manager of Jimmy Braddock. "Whitey" Hurwitz of Boston, who has not boxed here for months, was supposed to be the chap who appeared at Halifax. However, he contends that he was in Boston on the holiday—miles removed from Halifax. So, it would seem that somebody impersonated him. In any event, the chap who faced Arcelli was in no condition to box and the referee stopped the affair in the second round and ruled "no contest." No blame was attached to Arcelli. The horse out of the barn, the Halifax Commission has started an investigaion which, seemingly, will not bear very much fruit.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

HAPPY New Year, folks! We, from the Philippines, greet you!

Another year has passed and the fight game in this part of the globe anticipates better and bigger luck, what with the promised arrival of Small Montana, Lou Salica, Ceferino Garcia and Midget Wolgast.

In the middle part of 1936, the fight game hereabouts fell many notches lower because of the unexpected exodus of good fighters like Joe Eagle, Baby Johnson, B. de Guzman, Star Frisco and Joe Mendiola, and Jes Cortez.

B. de Guzman, junior featherweight, featherweight and junior lightweight champion of the Orient, and the prodigal of Paquito Limgenco's stable of fighters, blew into town after a fairly successful barnstorming trip in Hawaii-lei and California.

Naning Sangle has the semblance of being as busy as a bumble bee as the promoter of the Maypajo and Mariguina boxing clubs, with an occasional show at the Memorial Stadium. The attendance record of each of his clubs does not fall in proportion to his hustle and bustle mannerisms.

K. O. Berry and Boy Thil, featherweights, slugged to a good draw for ten rounds in Baguio, Mt. Province. There was a fair crowd.

Little Pancho is having a fine time out here, having beaten all opposition since bowing in defeat before Cris Pineda, bantamweight champion.

P. B. Santos and Bebeng Gutierrez, Jes Cortez's former matchmaker, were reported negotiating with Cortez for the services of Montana, Salica and Wolgast. If they can bring these lads down here, I believe that they can make a go out of them.

What the local game needs is new faces and more new faces. Billing the same lads in as many starts soured the interests of Mr. Publico so much that the fighters had to fight sometimes before a big crowd of "passes."

Clever Henry is back from Singapore and is scheduled to clash with Primo Vidal, 136, at the Maypajo Boxing Pavilion. Henry, according to reports, beat Joe Eagle, Joe Diamond and a couple of lessers down in old Singapore. He is an American Negro-Filipino by birth and, properly managed, may make good in the big time.

Paquito Limgenco has been in the doldrums, as far as promoting fights is concerned, lately. And where's Leon Castillo, Limgenco's number one adviser, now that the latter has temporarily quit the racket? Leon knows the game from the ground up and back and should be a great help to anyone desirous of having a competent man to guide them in their activities in Manila.

Here are the 1936 ratings of Philippine fighters who did their chores in Manila and thereabouts:

FLYWEIGHTS—Little Dado, champion; Little Pancho, Speed Cabanela, Small Doro, Johnny Mortell, Little Abayan.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Cris Pineda, champion; Little Pancho, Little Dado.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—B. de Guzman, champion; Jose Villanueva, Little Pancho, Cris Pineda, Ventura Marquez, Cunning Nene.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Title vacant; Clever Henry, B. de Guzman, Tiger Flowers.

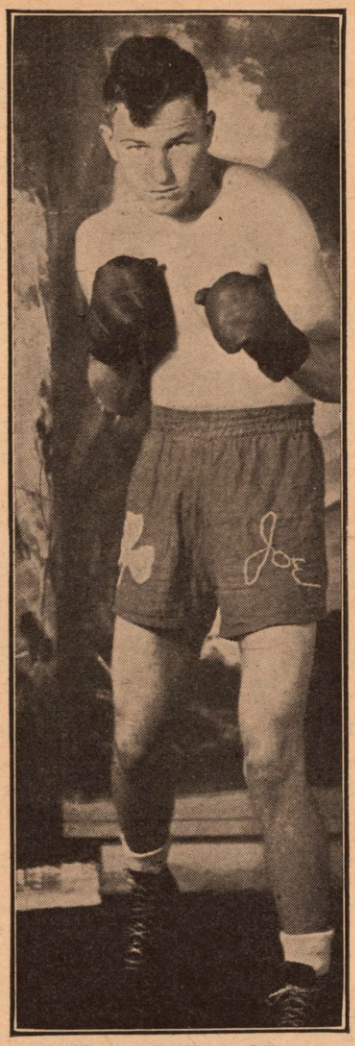
The other divisions are literally dead and the few that belong in them are of such calibre that mentioning them in these columns would be an utter waste of energy.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

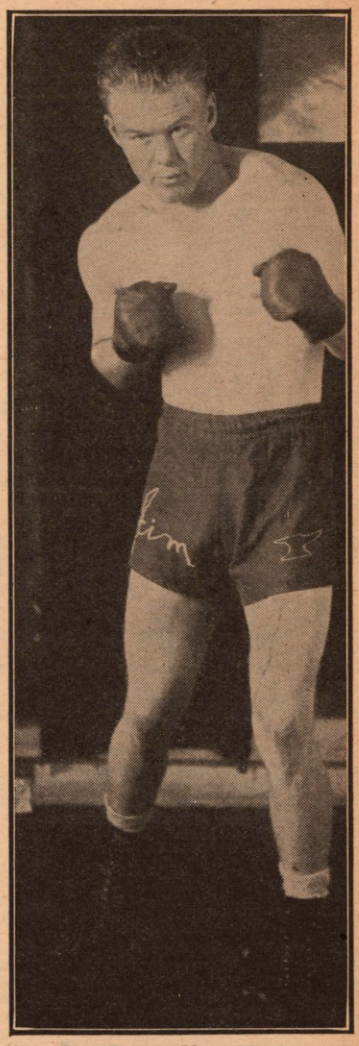
ONLY the introduction of Jack Torrance, hefty 250-pounder and world's record holder in the shot-put event, to the professional boxing circle was of noteworthy importance during the month.

Torrance, under the personal guidance of Herb Brodie but assigned to Mike Jacobs, New York impresario, gave a favorable performance considering it was his first public appearance as a fighter, professionally or otherwise. The former L.S.U. athlete went through his movements with the one-two-three precision of an automaton, proving he has his lessons well learned, but to the writer he did not display a killer punch or aggressiveness as found in a natural fighter, although his opponent, an unknown named Flynn of New York, went out in the second round of a ten-round scheduled bout.

In the only colored show in New Orleans, Wesley Farrell, New Orleans welterweight, stopped Johnny Jackson, Baton Rouge, La., in four rounds. Jackson had previously gone to a draw with Farrell.



Joe Perry, brother of Jim, a featherweight.



Jim Perry, New Mexico heavyweight.

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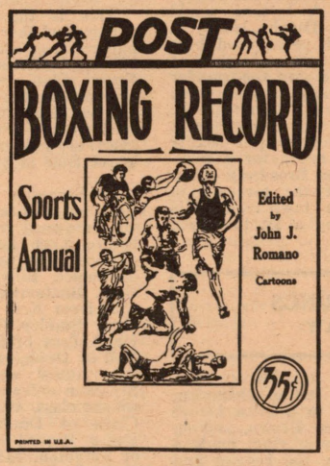

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BUFFALO will see several world's boxing champions in action before the close of the present indoor season, if the plans of Messrs. Julius Cohen and Vince Plunkett of the Buffalo Sporting Club do not go amiss. Matchmaker Plunkett has made overtures to such sterling ringsters as John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion; Barney Ross, welterweight champion, and Jimmy McLarnin, the clouting Celt from Vancouver, who never fails to pack them in wherever he shows.

Babe Risko, Syracuse middleweight and ex-champion, outpointed Tony Tozzo of Buffalo in the B.S.C. star match. It was the club's initial attempt at boxing promotion and the entire card was voted a good one. Other matches resulted as follows: Steve Halaiko knocked out Johnny Van Durik, third round; Johnny Whiters, 201, knocked out Dick Camp, first round; Joe Gerace defeated Mickey Genaro, six rounds; Steve Redmond and Joe Lyons boxed a draw, six rounds.

Steve Halaiko went down to defeat by knockout at the hands of Pedro Montanez in Puerto Rico in three rounds. The hard-punching West Indian was too much for Steve.

The knockout of Howell King by Eddie Dolan was a surprise on the Queensberry Club's card. Dolan, a southpaw, took all the ambition out of the Detroit colored boy.

The Broadway Auditorium is now a beautiful sports arena. The new seats, on all sides, will give all a fine view for boxing and other sports.

A new gymnasium for Buffalo will soon be a reality and some other surprises are in store for the fans.

Jake Carey, Rochester's good showman, has returned to boxing promotion as matchmaker for the Acme A. C. If anyone can give the Flower City folk good fights Mr. Carey is the boy to turn the trick. Welcome back, Jake!

Billy Shaw is doing good work pairing 'em up for the Syracuse Arena. Billy is a youngster in years but a veteran at promoting. He has staged some very successful fights in the Salt City.

There is a splendid opportunity here for good middleweights, light-heavyweights and heavyweights. Boxers who are not tied up with contracts should write to Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Prof. Billy Michael is taking good care not to rush Jackie Donovan into trouble by overmatching . . . . The Irish kid from Buffalo's South Side looks like a comer . . . . Jimmy Goodrich was painfully injured in an automobile accident and Luke Carr, a real pal, is taking Goodrich's turns in the ring and handing the fees right over to Jimmy . . . . This is the kind of sportsmanship that counts . . . . Paulie Mahoney, after four defeats, is trying for a comeback . . . . He's not too old (as he is just about twenty) . . . . and may yet hit the high spots if not overmatched again . . . . There's a wonderful chance here for a young white heavyweight who can punch . . . . A fortune would come his way quickly . . . . Dutch Jessel, a character around the fights for years, died here in mid-December . . . . Dutch was a brother of the late "Bully" Jessel, one-time star 100-pounder . . . . The Jessel boys were always around when boxing shows were staged . . . . Both will be missed . . . . Playfair Brown is going great again as the promoter of Toronto's pro boxing . . . . Art Johnson is getting ready for a number of big amateur shows at the Broadway Auditorium . . . . Art was one of the pioneers in bringing boxing back in this town . . . . His former amateurs are now doing a lot to revive the pro game.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

LEROY BROWN, Southern light-heavyweight, and Domenico Ceccarelli, Italian champion, fought ten vicious rounds to a draw before a good-sized crowd at the Arena. Brown, making his first appearance in a Syracuse ring, made a big hit with the fans by giving the heavier and more rugged Italian as good as he sent all the way.

On the same card, Teddy Loder, New York German welterweight, who is handled by Henny Andrews, scored a convincing six-round technical knockout over Al Traino of Rochester. Traino received a bad cut over his left eye and Dr. John W. Carter, Arena club physician, ordered the contest stopped at the end of the fifth. Johnny Rossi of Boston knocked out Billy Munico of Auburn in the sixth round of a bout scheduled for ten, making many friends by the cool, capable manner in which he went about the task of wearing the Prison City entry down before putting over the lethal sock.

Joe Moniz, Portuguese heavyweight, scored a knockout over Big Bill Fogarty of Rochester in the fifth, and Eddie Dempsey of Syracuse and Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel of Syracuse slugged through four rounds to an even break.

Babe Risko, former middleweight champion, had an easy time beating Joe (Butch) Lynch, New York slugger, in the Olympic Club's third show at the Arena. Risko handed Lynch a terrific body lacing, flooring the Gothamite several times in the sixth and seventh, and finally knocked him out in the eighth.

Johnny Rossi, the Boston middleweight, kayoed Billy Munico of Auburn again on this card, turning the trick as before in the sixth heat. Bob Moody, powerful local Negro heavyweight, knocked out Salvatore Ruggerillo, New York's Italian giant, in the second round of a scheduled ten. Tony De Angelo, Garfield, N. J., welterweight, slugged out a six-round decision over Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, local colored clouter, while Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse Negro, annexed a close decision over Johnny Stanley of Ogdensburg in four.

The same Johnny Hoffman journeyed to Scranton ten days later and gave Pete Susky a torrid six-round argument, losing a points decision . . . . Joey Brown engaged in two more slashing frays with Midget Doyle at Buffalo, both ending in draws . . . . Bert Courage, the Hobart College amateur heavyweight sensation, beat Joe Borrell of Endicott in a slam-bang five-round bout at Geneva on a benefit show staged by Chief of Police Bill Morris . . . . Irv Robbins, Syracuse's amateur fistic impresario, arranged the card . . . . Robbins is also booking amateur bouts for the Fulton, N. Y., Auditorium.

Pro boxing activity in Utica and Binghamton is at a standstill . . . . Joe Netro is trying to put his middleweight ace, Ralph De John, in Buffalo against Jimmy Clark, a natural for the Bison City that would draw close to eight grand . . . . Your correspondent is matchmaker for the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., of Syracuse, and stages weekly shows at the Arena, which has a capacity of ten thousand . . . . Address mail to us at 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—In the only boxing show of the past month here, Mickey Serrian, the highly rated Scranton windmill, defeated Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia, former junior welterweight champion. The bout went the limit of ten rounds. The under-card, composed mostly of local talent, proved a boost to the box office as the crowd cheered their favorites. In the six-round semi, Pete Susky of Scranton outpointed Johnny Hoffman of Syracuse. Jackie Munley of Old Forge was a T.K.O. winner in four rounds over Johnny Leonard of Wilkes-Barre. Tom Callahan of Taylor was another T.K.O. winner over Johnny Snyder of Wilkes-Barre in the second. In the opening bout, Tommy Scavo of Old Forge decisioned Harry Devlin of Scranton in four rounds.

This is the only way promoters will make money, and they should run more often using local fighters from all parts of the Coal Regions. Frank "Whitey" McGrail, promoter of the new Scranton Sports Club, and Jack "Three Star" Hennessy, his matchmaker, who will handle the technical end of the game, have promised Coal Region fans they will run every two weeks. Any manager or fighter wanting work should contact Three Star at 518 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton.

At Scranton (amateurs)—In the finals of the Scranton Police amateur tournament, champions were crowned from flyweight to light-heavyweight, before 2,500 fans at Town Hall. The following champs were named: Mickey Early of Dunmore decisioned Billy Dolphin of Scranton, flyweight class. Bantamweight class, Andy Simko of Taylor won from Ken Jones of Scranton. Featherweight class, Stanley Brenshaw of Scranton lost to Len De Andrea of Dunmore. Lightweight class, Rego Dell of Dunmore kayoed Frank O'Brien of Scranton. Junior welterweight class, Joie Dunn of Scranton defeated Joe Vincent of Taylor. Welterweight class, Walter Wright of Scranton beat Joe Clark of Dunmore. Junior middleweight class, Roger Bozard of Thornhurst beat Lou Murphy of Scranton. Middleweight class, Roy Davis beat Gene McCauligan, both hailing from Scranton. Light-heavyweight class, both Scranton boys, Joe Downey kayoed Chester Casey in two rounds. If the pro clubs could draw the amateur crowds there would be no doubt of steady pro shows.

At Archibald (amateurs)—The writer handled the shows sponsored by the Holy Name Society of Archibald. All three shows drew capacity crowds. Out of sixty entrants, eighteen were eligible for the finals. Champions of their respective classes are as follows: Flyweight class, Billy Dolphin of Scranton beat Danny Meehan of Archibald. Ray Simon of Archibald won from Mickey Reilly of Jessup in the bantamweight class. Featherweight class, Gus Tomassi of Eynon kayoed Pat O'Malley of Scranton in two. Junior lightweight class, Mike Fedyshyn of Scranton decisioned James Romano of Minooka. In the lightweight class, Eddie Ward of Scranton kayoed Walter Bernesky of Mayfield in the first round. In the welterweight class, Bobby Tallet of Mayfield decisioned Harold Gilloegly of Scranton. In the junior middleweight class, Joe Cebula of Dickson City beat Bruno Perruzzi of Jessup. Middleweight class, Gene McCauligan of Scranton beat Joe Pavlo, another Scranton entrant. Joe Downey of Scranton won the light-heavyweight title when he decisioned George Evanich of Taylor.

Four of Arthur Thomas' amateur boxers traveled to Watertown, N. Y., to represent the Coal Fields in bouts with the best Simon-pures hailing from Canada. They all emerged victorious. In a flyweight bout, Billy Speary defeated the Canadian champion, Mickey Hennessy. In a bantamweight bout, Dickie Powell beat Joe Debrosky. In a lightweight struggle, Mal Lewis kayoed Denny Timmins in the third round. In a welterweight contest, Fred Lewis beat Ross Armstrong. All bouts were scheduled for five rounds, the victors hailing from Nanticoke, Pa., and the victims from Montreal, Canada.

JUST RAMBLING—Eddie McGeever, classy Scranton welterweight, drew with Tommy Cross in ten rounds at Atlantic City . . . . McGeever and Joe Nealon would sure be a good match for Scranton . . . . Jakie Munley of Old Forge traveled to Philadelphia to be the victim of a T.K.O. in five rounds to Joe Duca, protege of Cill Bent, hustling fight manager of the Quaker Town . . . . Johnny Coyne, Scranton featherweight, under the management of Clarence Gillespie, was in town over the holidays visiting his family . . . . As was Harry "Whitey" Lutz, former Scranton fight pilot, now a promoter in Virginia . . . . Chester Palutis, leading light-heavyweight of the Coal Fields, is back in town after a successful campaign of mitt-slinging at the Southern fight clubs . . . . Frank "Whitey" McGrail, new promoter of the Scranton Sports Club, informs the writer that all members of the fistic fraternity seeking work at his club should contact his matchmaker, Jack "Three Star" Hennessy, at 518 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton . . . . THE RING is becoming more popular throughout the Coal Belt . . . . Members of the fight element reach for it when discussing boxing . . . . THE RING can be purchased at any newsstand in the entire Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop at Wyoming and Linden Streets.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

CURRENT speculation on the local fistic mart indicates a fairly active indoor season. Quite a few promoters are dabbling in the sport. They are angling for the better attractions and the net result is anything but disparaging.

The last fight card of class held here was the Al Gainor and Champion John Henry Lewis non-titular contest. The match was staged in the Forbes Field major league ball park during the summer. Gate receipts soared to the $30,000 level. The fight lasted the scheduled twelve rounds with the champion emerging the unanimous winner.

Local leather-slingers of distinction: Fritzie Zivic, youngest of five battling Zivic brothers, who is rated as one of the first ten welters in the country; Teddy Yarosz, erstwhile middleweight kingpin, whom the N. B. A. regards as No. 1 challenger for the 160-pound crown; and Tony Marino, the bantam who held the world's title in his class.

For the past few months the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* has been staging their gigantic Diamond Belt amateur ring tournament and the affair has been most successful. Harry Kecks, sports ed directed the tourney.

Al Gainor of New Haven, Conn., who has thrilled local crowds with his dazzling pugilistic displays in many bouts, returned to Motor Square Garden to hang a sleep-producer on Oscar Rankin in the third heat.

The many followers of the timely fight chatter written by Eddie Borden from time to time in THE RING will gobble up the new 1937 edition of the Everlast Boxing Record, this year edited by Borden himself.

Printed matter on boxing—technical, biographical and otherwise—can be obtained in any of the great number of books located within the environs of THE RING book department. The books are written by celebrated writers and authors of renown and are the best on the market.

Any news and other boxing items sent to this column will be welcomed if sent to the scribe before the first of the month in care General Delivery, Donora, Pennsylvania. Send stamp if reply is requested.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Denver, Colo.—Dick Proo, Denver welterweight, kayoed Frank Muriski of Pittsburgh in the opening round of a six-round headline attraction of the Elks initial venture in the professional field. Al Reynolds, Negro lightweight, decisioned Lester Roybal of Del Norte in the four-round semi-windup.

At Denver, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg welterweight sensation, ran his victory string to sixty-four straight when he polished off Carl (Sonny Boy) Acker, Kansas City battler. Louis was given a technical knockout in the fourth round after Acker had absorbed a terrific battering. The bout was Louis' Denver debut, and to say that he proved a revelation would be putting it mildly. In the eight-round semi-windup, Joe Jaramillo, Denver welter, won the decision over Billy Pryor, Pueblo, in a slam-bang, rough and tumble battle.

In the January issue of this magazine, one of my notes stated that Tiny Garcia, Santa Fe lightweight, quit in a battle with Battling Kirk at Walsenburg. Joe M. Roybal, promoter at Las Vegas, N. M., calls my attention that it was JOE Garcia, not TINY, who made this poor showing. Sorry, and thanks for calling my attention to the error.

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Putting on one of the best performances of his brief career, Dick Proo, Denver Italian welterweight, blasted Tiny Garcia of Santa Fe out of the picture in the fifth round. The game "Matador" put up a stout defense, but was spotting Proo too much poundage. Proo weighed 142 pounds to Garcia's 136. The Denverite really scored a knockout in the opening session, but when there was some dissension as to the count, Proo agreed to continue the fight.

At Denver, Colo.—Before the largest crowd to attend a Denver battle in 1936, Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's middleweight bomber, punched out an easy ten-round victory over George Black of Milwaukee. Black was dropped three times in the fourth round, and once in each of the seventh, ninth and tenth sessions. It was Louis' best showing to date, and incidentally, his sixty-fifth consecutive win. Louis scaled 154 pounds to the Milwaukee boy's 158. Joe Jaramillo, Denver welterweight, won a bloody, slashing eight-round go from Tommy Jordan, California warrior, in the semi-windup.

Fight fans and sport writers alike are agog over this Walsenburg Dusky Thunderbolt. A quiet-spoken youngster, Louis is far and away the best fistic prospect we have uncovered out here in the snow-clad Rockies since Jim Flynn came out of Pueblo more than thirty years ago. Keep your eyes on this colored kid. You'll hear a lot about him in another year.

Les Showers has come up with another three-day amateur tournament at Dodge City, Kansas. Like practically every tourney Les has put on this year, it was a rip-snorting meet, playing to turn away crowds every night. What some professional promoters out in this country wouldn't give to draw the fans in like genial Les does.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Dick Proo, Denver welterweight, was awarded a technical kayo over Mickey O'Dare of St. Paul in the second round of their ten-round bout, when O'Dare went down without being hit. O'Dare has been barred from further fighting in this state, and justly so. In the eight-round semi-windup, Billy Pryor, Pueblo, and Mike Montoya, veteran La Veta mauler, fought a slashing, bloody draw. The pair are middleweights.

A letter from Manuel Meng, Pueblo sportsman, informs me that he has taken over the management of Ernie Lara, hustling little Pueblo featherweight, who holds the Colorado state 126-pound title. Lara has just returned from an invasion of West Coast rings, where he went over big.

At Walsenburg, Colo.—Cyclone Lynch, Walsenburg heavyweight, spotted Jack Howard, Grand Junction, twelve pounds of beef and knocked the western slope battler colder than an Arctic herring in the third round of their ten-round go. Lynch scaled 178 pounds to Howard's 190. Mike Montoya, La Veta middleweight, kayoed Benny Chavez of Pueblo in the third heat of the eight-round semi-windup.

At Gallup, N. M.—Young Joe Louis chalked up his sixty-sixth straight victory when he put the skids under Eddie Murdock, veteran Texas battler, in the seventh round of their ten-round battle. Murdock, at 158 pounds, had a four-pound weight advantage.

At Belen, N. M.—Abie Chavez, Albuquerque featherweight, was given the decision over Joe Perry of Fort Sumner in a bristling ten-round battle. The consensus of opinion was that Perry was "robbed," since he had all the better of the milling. This once more brings out my contention that the silly, asinine system of having three officials judge the winner, instead of one, is handicapping the ring sport more than any other one cause. When we go back to the idea of letting the referee "call them," we will have made a long stride forward.

At Denver, Colo.—Eddie Pierce, South African middleweight, finally brought Young Joe Louis' victory streak to a halt. After winning sixty-six consecutive battles, the Walsenburg Bomber tripped when he met the foreigner. Pierce had the edge in eight of the ten rounds, though his margin in some of them was slight. There were no knockdowns during the entire mill and both men finished strong and full of fight. Coming in at 159 pounds, Pierce had a four-pound pull in the weights.

The end of the trail is in sight for Mike Montoya, the veteran La Veta middleweight. Always a popular performer, Mike is absorbing terrific drubbings now most every time he goes to the post. In his latest appearance he was knocked down eight times in three rounds by Joe Jaramillo in the semi-final to the Louis-Pierce battle in Denver. We hope that he will take the hint while he has still got his physical well-being.

Ray Stroh, Loveland featherweight, is coming along by leaps and bounds. In three Denver appearances he has built up a big following with his classy mitt-slinging. But for the fact that he is a "little" fellow, which, for some unknown reason, doesn't seem to appeal to the Colorado fight public, we'd say that Stroh would be a headliner in a few more months.

Remember, I have a list of all active promoters out here in this neck of the woods that you can have for a dime. Will also be glad to answer questions relative to the fight game out here, but don't forget to inclose postage if you expect a reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Answers to queries: B. B., San Angelo, Texas—Paul Berlenbach was of German descent. Jack Delaney was not Irish. He was a French-Canadian.

M. A. Mc., St. Paul, Minn.—Paddy Ryan died in 1905 of Bright's Disease.

G. F. H., Baton Rouge, La.—Joe Mandot was a topnotcher in the 133-pound ranks about twenty years ago. At last accounts, he was living in New Orleans. Frankie Russell was another New Orleans lightweight of the same period. He was shot and killed in a gang war a great many years ago. About 1920, I think.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Ty Dillon, Sioux City boxing promoter, comes forth with an early announcement that he would like to hear from talent around the Middle West. Dillon, manager of the Uptown Arena, stated he would operate weekly cards here during the summer season. Mail will reach him at 110 George Street.

Rapid City, So. Dak.—Ted Garcia, Belle Fourche featherweight, outpointed Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis in ten rounds. Garcia and Sharkey battled in one of the best fights staged here this season. Both boys tipped the beam at 131 pounds. Jackie Bickett, Belle Fourche bantamweight, stopped Battling Ginsberg of St. Paul in one round.

Knoxville, Ia.—Dick Neibur, Newton welterweight, shaded Johnny Cruze of Des Moines in six rounds. Chuck Brodus, Des Moines light-heavyweight, defeated Johnny Neumann, Knoxville's fighting cop, in six.

Spencer, Ia.—Results of an amateur boxing tournament staged are as follows: Don Hendrickson of Spencer, 118, outpointed Dick Beck of Spencer, 126. Warren Carrigan of Spencer, 204, outpointed Henry Van Bevan of Milford, 175. Ervin Chesley of Spencer, 160, knocked out Walter Wright of Spencer, 168. Bob Freeburg of Spencer, 134, outpointed Chris Dorman of Spencer, 134. Melvin Tuttle of Spencer, 130, outpointed Stub Mattlin of Spencer, 138. Raymond Reisman of Royal, 168, outpointed Ernest Burdick of Spencer, 158. Carroll Carrigan of Spencer, 158, outpointed Elmer Ross of Spencer, 158. Prentice Jones of Spencer, 144, outpointed Keith Carrigan of Spencer, 144. Lee Thompson of Spencer, 126, outpointed Harry Richards of Royal, 120.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—Larry Udell, Aberdeen light-heavyweight boxer, has hung up his gloves after one bout in a contemplated attempt to make a comeback. Before going over the hill, Udell fought eighty-two bouts. He lost five by the T.K.O. route, including one to Joe Louis; scored thirty-five knockouts, and won thirty by decisions. THE RING extends best wishes, Larry, for the future.

Sioux City, Ia.—In the only professional boxing card of the month staged at the Elks Club, Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, and Peter Doss, St. Louis Negro light-heavyweight, battled six rounds to a draw. In another feature six, Billy Clancy, Leeds, Ia., featherweight, and Gene Mann of Sioux City battled to a draw.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, Ia., Negro middleweight, and Chuck Broddus of Des Moines fought to a ten-round draw; Floyd Barker of Marshalltown topped Johny De Cruz of Des Moines in three rounds; Charence Anams of Marshalltown stopped Scrappy Eash, also of Marshalltown, in two heats.

THE LAST BELL—Jack Lewis, Omaha boxing manager and promoter, died at the Covenant Hospital in Omaha. Jack was well known throughout the boxing world, having managed several leading boxers. Included in his list were such tough boys as Ed "Bearcat" Wright, Tiny Herman, Andy Schmader, Billy Rolfe and Earl Puryear.

Sioux City, Ia.—The largest boxing event staged indoors during the past month here was the Golden Gloves amateur tournament. For five nights the tournament raged and drew capacity houses. Entries were received from the following states: Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota and Iowa. The event was sponsored by the Sioux City *Journal*, which will send the winners to Chicago to compete in the Chicago *Tribune* tournament. The results of the finals were as follows: Levi De Cora beat Lawrence Mansfield by the T.K.O. route in three rounds for the bantamweight title; Bernard Springer scored over Tommy Chosa for the flyweight belt, while Clayton Johnson beat Phillip Bernard for the featherweight honor. Walter Brey beat Dan Mitchell for the lightweight title, Wilbur De Cora scored over Leo Manon for welterweight honors; Carroll Carrigan won the 160-pound title by beating Francis Warrington; Johnny Gates beat Carl Rusch to win the light-heavy crown. Warren Carrigan beat Arnold Davis for the heavyweight title.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Your scribe wishes to take time out and thank all the readers for their help in keeping this column moving during the past year . . . . I also want to thank the senders of Christmas cards—over 400 were received, many from foreign lands . . . . I deeply appreciate these cards and the many friends I have made through THE RING Magazine . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, will make Los Angeles his headquarters during the winter months . . . . Slater is a good club fighter and should be a crowd pleaser in his new port . . . . Other Sioux City fighters who are in that section are Everette Rightmire and Young Newsboy Brown, both featherweights . . . . To a Reader, Spencer, Ia.: Copies of the Sioux City *Journal* containing my articles can be bought from them; that is, if there are any left on file . . . . Sailor Burke, Sioux City boxing manager, is again making Omaha his headquarters . . . . Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, knocked out George Feist of Grand Forks, N. D., in the fourth round at Chicago.

At Winona, Minn., Joe Goeders of Albert Lea, Minn., scored over Bert Paxton of Detroit . . . . Don McDermott of Albert Lea stopped Jack Edwards of Milwaukee in three rounds . . . . Wayne Walden of Albert Lea knocked out Jimmy Douba of Winona in two rounds; Jim Hauser of Winona beat Tommy Dennis of Milwaukee; Frank Kouba beat Kid Webster . . . . At Lincoln, Nebr., Wesley Dunn, a welterweight, scored a fifty-second kayo over Lee Perry in the state amateur boxing tournament . . . . A group of boxing students, headed by Ralph Sherman of Brooklyn, N. Y., are seeking to make boxing a competitive sport at the Iowa University . . . . Rising Sun, Ia., is still on the boxing map . . . . Dick Demaray of Fargo, N. D., has hit a winning streak, scoring wins over Jimmy Best, Buddy McCrea and Maxie Strubb.

The V. of F. W. are still holding cards at Washington, Ia. . . . . Andy George is promoting at Marshalltown . . . . Pat Robertson, New York Negro feather, halted Albert Manriquez in four rounds at Chicago . . . . The Sioux Cityan was forced out by a cut eye . . . . E. Quillin Hoberg, A.A.U. commissioner for the Sioux City district, announced that amateur boxers should apply for memberships and send their 25-cent fee to W. H. Thomas, 840 First National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Nebr. . . . . A Christmas present better late than never: All gym dues due Hawkins' Gym for the year 1936 are cancelled . . . . We will start 1937 off with a clean slate . . . . The writer has no promoters' list made up at this time; until further notice I will keep names showing up in these notes from time to time . . . . To Tommy O'Loughlin in Los Angeles: Impossible to keep snow off of track . . . . Address all correspondence for this column to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

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OPPOSITE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

SEATTLE sprang a surprise last month when Nate Druxman staged a return fight between Allen Mathews and Johnny Sykes and sold out the Crystal Pool. The first fight, a wild swinging affair which Mathews won, clicked the turnstiles to the tune of $1,500. The second was just as exciting, with both boys on the floor and Allen coming through the winner after ten rounds of battling.

Bud Davies made a rather disastrous trip to Salem and Portland, Oregon, with his heavyweight, Danny Pahl. Dan won and lost a fight to Frank Riggi, rough, tough heavy. Jock MacComber not only took a decision from Pahl, but broke Dan's ribs as well.

Gordon Wallace fought Harry Dublinsky in a Vancouver Christmas Cheer Fund show promoted by the Vancouver newspapers and presided over by John Finlay Allen. Dublinsky came here with a tremendous reputation as the leading welter in the East, but showed nothing in the way of fighting ability. He was K.O.'ed by Wallace in the fifth round.

Chuck Nickason, sensational young light-heavyweight under the management of Ted Moore, former star British middleweight, is making rapid strides in the pro ranks. In six months, Chuck is the most improved fighter in the Northwest and is undoubtedly the hardest hitter with either hand in this section of the country. In his second pro fight, Nickason stopped Len Hytz in one round and put Jerome Lewis to sleep in three rounds.

Ralph Norwood, who went six rounds with Max Baer when the playboy was making a comeback last August, was stopped in five rounds by Sonny Buxton, Canadian heavyweight title-holder.

Jerome Lewis had Johnny Killbane on the verge of a knockout but Johnny managed to hang on and win the decision by a last-round rally. Killbane, formerly a protege of Jack Allen, is now in the hands of Tommy Burns, one-time world's heavyweight champion.

A new sensation has been added to the Cavadas enterprises in King Ketchel, promising twenty-year-old heavyweight, a hard hitter. Ketchel, according to his trainer, Ted Moore, is headed towards fistic fame. Ketchel won on a T.K.O. from Russ Coates in the second round.

Bill Townsend won a decision from Dusty Jones in a ten-round fight although Townsend was down for a nine count.

Ted Moore has completed arrangements with Jimmie Murray to ship his entire stable of fighters to Los Angeles. Ted is starting Jimmie off with Sonny Buxton, Canadian heavyweight champion; Eddie Ryan, dynamic young featherweight; and Chuck Nickason, hard-punching light-heavyweight.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Jack Allen is making pro overtures to Eddie Brady, B. C. amateur light-heavyweight king . . . . Packey Pahl is back in training after suffering a broken rib in the hands of Jock MacComber . . . . Ford Smith is back in the Northwest . . . . He was kayoed by Tiger Jack Fox and lost a decision to Jack Tebo . . . . Jack MacAnena has been appointed the local representative of "Stadiums" in Australia, with power to sign fighters for Australian fights . . . . Jack is sending Al Ford, Chacky Wright and Midnight Bell . . . . The beating recently administered to Truman Kennedy by Al Ford cost Kennedy eight stitches on his face and probably a three months' layoff . . . . Fred "Kid" Osborne is now doing his own promoting in Edmonton . . . . Efforts are being made to match Eddie Wenstob and Sonny Buxton to determine supremacy among the Canadian light-heavyweights.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC" MITCHELL

HELENA—Hubert Dennis, "Bozeman Wild Cat," drew with Richie Fountain, Missoula, in ten rounds. This was the sweetest fight Montana fans have witnessed in many a month. Matchmakers are trying to match these boys fo. fifteen rounds in February. Jimmy Best, Billings, decisioned Leo Phalen, Miles City in eight. This also was a very pleasing go. Spider McCullum, Missoula, stopped Art Gaey, Fromberg, in one.

Billings—Billings' first amateur card went big. There were eleven bouts and one wrestling match. The crowd showed more real enthusiasm at this card than any professional card staged in Billings since the Al Webster days. The American Legion is planning a three-day Midland Empire tourney in February.

IN AND AROUND BILLINGS — Spider Kelly, known by his right name as Henry Alberts, is in the hardware and plumbing business at Red Lodge . . . . Billy Hyde, the Oklahoma cyclone, is in the forest service for Uncle Sam at Red Lodge . . . . Bert Castalino, known in his day among the best, drives a beer truck for his brother (Dom) at Red Lodge . . . . Bobby Wyman, Billings welter, who has been on the shelf from a long illness, says he is ready for the comeback . . . . Jack Delano has the re-appointment as inspector for the Montana commission at Billings . . . . Speed Roberts, the announcer, is working at the Stockman in Billings . . . . Bill Hunter now has his own gym at Roundup.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

INDEPENDENCE, KANS.—Amateur boxing results: Martin Davis knocked out Tiny Patton in three. View Sigler shaded Everett Ogle. Chas. Johnson knocked out Henry Fisher in two. Bat Green knocked out Earl Anderson in two. Unk Gilliland knocked out Ralph Frame in one. Kenneth Kelly won from Johnny Wilson. Johnny Henderson knocked out Kid Baker in two. Floyd Everly knocked out Sonny Prebble in one. Paul Nickolas knocked out Paul Payne in two. Jerry Davis knocked out Kenny Hill in one round.

Dodge City, Kans.—Les Showers just finished another gigantic three-day boxing tournament at the Hooer Pavilion in this city. Packed houses the first two nights greeted Showers, and the third and final night several hundred were turned away, something to think about these days.

Pittsburg, Kans.—The next big A.A.U. amateur boxing tournament in the state will be held at the Shrine Mosque in this city during January. Howard Millington will be director in charge. Promoted by the Pittsburg *Sun*, under the auspices of the Shriners, all winners in this tourney will compete in the M.V.A.A.U. at Kansas City in February, the big boxing classic of the Southwest, the tournament of champions.

Independence, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Earl Rutherford beat Ham Harris. Unk Gilliand beat View Sigler. Ug Freeman beat Jimmie Hataway. Floyd Grimsley knocked out Floyd Everly, three. Jim Phelps knocked out Dennis Kelly in two. Kenneth Kelly beat Johnny Wilson. Shorty May beat Buddy Hughes. Bob Powell knocked out Kid Wilton in one. Max Pixley knocked out Kid Hill in three rounds.

Dodge City, Kans.—Winners in the three-day amateur boxing tournament: Heavyweight, Howard Mann; light-heavyweight, Paul Sims; middleweight, Joe Leonard; welterweight, Pat Cavanaugh; lightweight, Marvin Brown; featherweight, Clinton Barnes; bantamweight, Roy Wright; flyweight, Jimmy McClean.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Tony Novak knocked out Rollie Radke in three. Gerald Stuart knocked out Roscoe Prime in one. Maurice Brown knocked out Walter Biga in one. Grover Nolan knocked out Bill Weber in one. Bill Todd beat Victor Hill. Ray McDonald beat Gene Sly. Mike Krpan knocked out Pat Owens in two. Everett Stuart knocked out Jack Hinton in one. Tony Lapari beat Eddie Wheeler. Mark Peek beat Dale McCool. Jack Maines beat Jimmy Shamrell. Jay Hoffman beat Vincent Ramirez in three rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Junior Munsell defeated the veteran Babe Hunt in ten rounds. Joe Rennier and Joe Vernon fought eight rounds to a draw. Cookie Cook beat Danny Britt in four. Carl Brandt beat Johnny Levinger in four. Tiger Gibson knocked out Ralph Lee in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Cecil Colley beat Tony Novak. Del Kelly beat Verne Gregory. Gene Sly beat Stanley Scherzer. Baby Lou Alcanter beat Jack Gingery. Marvin Ross knocked out Eddie Hall in two. Glenn Beck knocked out Bill Bosse in three. Eli Castro knocked out Bill Audley in one. Lester Ross beat Jack Forsen. Tony Lepari beat Charles Beller. Maurice Brown beat Louis Jamison. Billy Stone beat Cecillo Lopez in three rounds.

Ponca City, Okla.—Jimmy Merriott knocked out Tyrus Smith in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round main event. This was a real setback for the youngster, Smith, who was considered a comer, just graduating from the amateur ranks, and Merriott is past his heyday. Kid Stamper knocked out Brownie Thurman in the third of an eight-round semi-final.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Kreuger, matchmaker and promoter for the Metron Club of Independence, Kans., states he will continue to conduct bi-monthly amateur boxing shows for at least four more months.

Joplin, Mo.—Les Showers, ace of all the big amateur boxing directors, is at his home here over the holidays, taking a few days' rest and visiting with his immediate relatives. He advises he will be back in the harness again in a few days, but does not know what spot he will show at next, he has so many in view.

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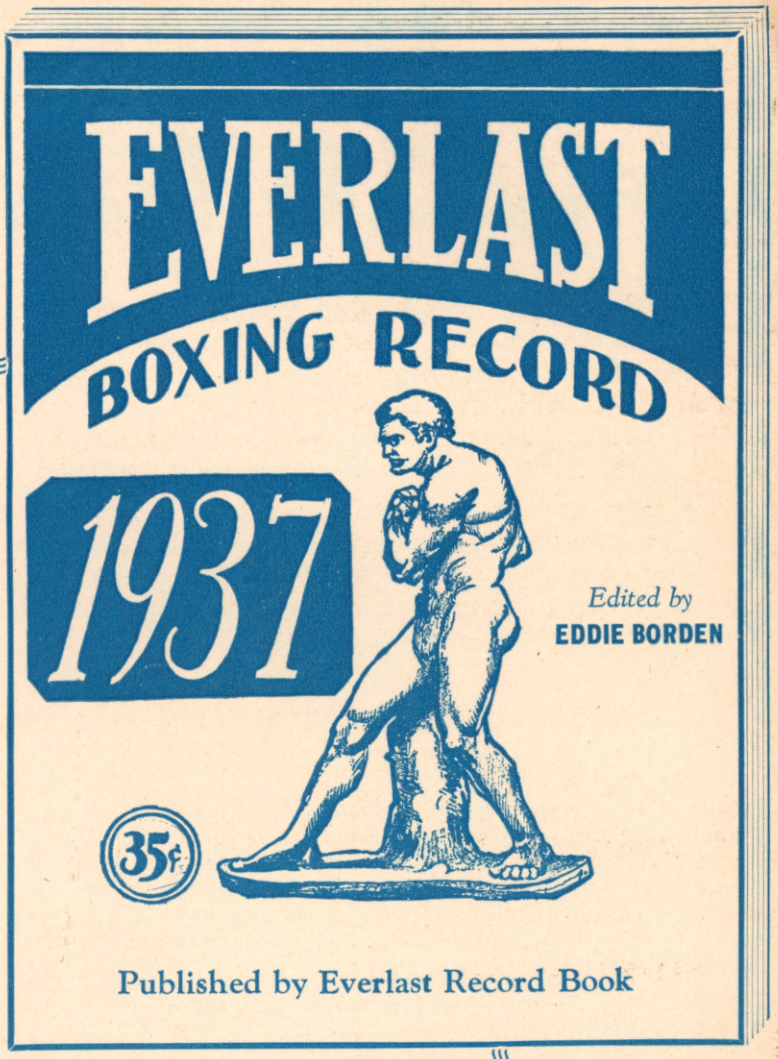

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If You Had Only 10 Days to Live

SUPPOSE the doctors told you that you had only ten *days* more to live! What would you give to have another ten YEARS of gloriously healthy life? "Anything in the world," you would say. But, unfortunately, it would then be too late. NOW, while you still have many more years to live, is the time to fortify yourself against later troubles.

Are *you* getting paunchy around the waistline—worried about constipation, heartburn, short-wind, nervousness, continual tiredness? Or are you too thin, under-weight, anaemic—always getting hacking coughs and colds, frequent headaches? Then here are some interesting facts it will pay you to read:

Constipation is Only ONE of the World's Plagues

One of the most common ailments today is Constipation—so common that many people do not realize the serious results of it. Just think what would happen if the sewers of any city were clogged and did not drain out daily. Disease and death would break out everywhere! That is exactly what begins to happen in your system when you are chronically constipated. Yet to end Constipation is not very difficult providing you have no organic ailment.

But Constipation—common as it is—is only ONE of the world's plagues! Another is just the result of pure carelessness—many of us simply let our general physical condition "go to seed." We "take our bodies for granted"! First, we may begin to notice that we are getting "a little heavy around the waist." We do nothing about it. Suddenly we are amazed to find that we have a *real* "pot-belly." To our dismay, we find we are FAT! And no wonder! . . . because *all* of our processes are slowing up, due to lack of attention and healthful stimulation. Just carelessness. We get nervous, jumpy. Flabby, sluggish. Shortwinded. Pepless. We begin to look old, feel old. Yet are NOT old in years! Even our *hair* gets lifeless, caked with dandruff. It starts to fall out and—another shock!—DOES NOT COME BACK IN!

"You Have Made a NEW MAN of Me"

I have helped over 90,000 men (of all ages and in all parts of the world) WIN OUT over conditions like these. Thousands write to say, "You have made a New Man of me!"

My records show, for example, that I have helped relieve of Constipation nine out of ten of my clients. My method of body building tones up your entire system—actually overhauling your body. I give exercise and life to those numerous little-used muscles in your body that begin to shrivel up and atrophy. I do not believe in any weights, springs or other old-fashioned, dangerous methods. My system of Dynamic-Tension is natural and effective, and may easily be applied right in the privacy of *your own home!* And results can be *guaranteed.*

CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the Title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

Author of "Everlasting Health and Strength"—

of which 972,000 copies have been distributed

Charles Atlas, who was once a sickly 97-lb. weakling, is today known internationally as the world's outstanding physical instructor. Read below just a few of the thousands of letters he has received from grateful clients all over the world:

"I used to feel tired and run down. I could never eat a good meal, get a good night's sleep. Now I sleep like a log and rise early in the morning feeling like a new person, ready to tackle the day's work. I was never before in such good condition and am glad I took your advice."—C. H., Staten Island, N. Y.

"You have done more for me in one month than others, at 10 times the cost, did in one year. Today at 51, I feel younger than I did at 31."—P. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Has given me a new and finer outlook on life. Being 'body-conscious' is certainly much more constructive than just enduring poor health. I have lots more pep, and, after being cursed with constipation for many years, I find it gone."—L. C. C., Phila., Pa.

"My nervous troubles have vanished, and constipation is a thing of the past."—G. T. F., Ohio.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80R,
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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To you who are interested in adding years of health and happiness to your life I would like to send a copy of my book telling how I have helped over 90,000 men.

Some of these men were run-down, nervous and constipated. I showed them how to be able to enjoy the many pleasures of life. They got rid of their "bay windows." They felt the surge of new vigor flowing through their systems. They have actually added many years to their lives.

Don't you think this is worth investigating? For the mere cost of a postage stamp! Just write your name and address carefully on the coupon here and I shall immediately send you a copy of my book, "EVERLASTING HEALTH AND STRENGTH." and full particulars. Of course this places you under no obligation, and I also want you to know that no one will call upon you to try to sell you anything. Merely address: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 80R, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**